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NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER,"

&c. &c.

Hominem, pagina nostra sapit.—MART.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.—POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

A Foggy Night 1

CHAPTER II.

Female Colleges 33

CHAPTER III.

Gypseying 73

CHAPTER IV.

The World before the Flood 101

CHAPTER V.

Lost at Sea 135

CHAPTER VI.

Holding up the Mirror 169

CHAPTER VII.

The Bundle of Sticks 206

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

Town and Country 131

CHAPTER IX.

The Honeymoon 259

CHAPTER X.

A Dish of Clams 290

CHAPTER XI.

The Devil's Hole; or, Fish and Flesh . . . 322

CHAPTER XII.

The Cucumber Lake 347

CHAPTER XIII.

The Recall 386

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

CHAPTER I.

A FOGGY NIGHT.

THE wind, what there was of it, was off shore; it was a light north-wester, but after we made an offing of about ten miles, it failed us, being evidently nothing but a land breeze, and we were soon becalmed. After tossing about for an hour or two, a light cat's-paw gave notice that a fresh one was springing up, but it was from the east, and directly ahead.

"We shall make poor work of this," said the pilot, "and I am afraid it will bring up a fog with it, which is a dangerous thing on this

coast, I would advise returning to Ship Harbour, but the Captain said, business must be attended to, and as there was nothing more of the kind to be done there, we must only have patience and beat up for Port Liscomb, which is a great resort for fishermen. I proposed we should take the wind as we found it, and run for Chesencook, a French settlement, a short distance to the westward of us, and effect our object there, which I thought very probable as no American vessels put in there if they can avoid it. This proposition met the approval of all parties, so we put the 'Black Hawk' before the wind, and by sunset were safely and securely anchored. The sails were scarcely furled, before the fog set in, or rather rose up, for it seemed not so much to come from the sea as to ascend from it as steam rises from heated water.

It seemed the work of magic, its appearance was so sudden. A moment before there was a glorious sunset, now we had impenetrable darkness. We were enveloped as it were in a cloud, the more dense, perhaps, because its progress was arrested by the spruce hills, back of the village, and it had receded upon itself. The little French settlement, (for the inhabitants were all

descended from the ancient Acadians,) was no longer discernable, and heavy drops of water fell from the rigging on the deck. The men put on their "sow-wester" hats, and yellow oiled cotton jackets. Their hair looked grey, as if there had been sleet falling. There was a great change in the temperature—the weather appeared to have suddenly retrograded to April, not that it was so cold, but that it was raw and uncomfortable. We shut the companion-door to keep it from descending there, and paced the deck and discoursed upon this disagreeable vapour bath, its cause, its effects on the constitution, and so on.

"It does not penetrate far into the country," said the Doctor, "and is by no means unhealthy —as it is of a different character altogether from the land fog. As an illustration, however, of its density, and of the short distance it rises from the water, I will tell you a circumstance to which I was an eye-witness. I was on the citadel hill at Halifax once, and saw the points of the masts of a mail-steamer above the fog, as she was proceeding up the harbour, and I waited there to ascertain if she could possibly escape George's Island, which lay directly in her

track, but which it was manifest her pilot could not discern from the deck. In a few moments she was stationary. All this I could plainly perceive, although the hull of the vessel was invisible. Some idea may be formed of the obscurity occasioned by the fog, from the absurd stories that were waggishly put abroad at the time of the accident. It was gravely asserted, that the first notice the sentinel had of her approach, was a poke in the side from her jib-boom, which knocked him over into the moat and broke two of his ribs, and it was also maintained with equal truth that when she came to the wharf, it was found she had brought away a small brass gun on her bowsprit into which she had thrust it like the long trunk of an elephant. "Well," sais I, "let Halifax alone for hoaxes. There are some droll coves in that place, that's a fact. Many a laugh have I had there I tell *you*. But Doctor," sais I, "just listen to the noises on shore here at Chesencook. It's a curious thing to hear the shout of the anxious mother to her vagrant boy to return, before night makes it too dark to find his way home, ain't it? and to listen to the noisy gambols of invisible children, the man in the cloud bawling to his oxen, as if the

fog had affected their hearing instead of their sight, the sharp ring of the axe at the wood pile, and the barking of the dogs as they defy or salute each other. One I fancy is a grumbling bark, as much as to say, 'No sleep for us old boy to-night, some of these coasters will be making love to our sheep as they did last week, if we don't keep a bright look out. If you hear a fellow speak English, pitch right into the heretic, and bite like a snapping turtle, I always do so in the dark, for they can't swear to you when they don't see you. If they don't give me my soup soon, (how like a French dog that, aint it,) I'll have a cod fish for my supper to-night, off of old Jodry's flakes at the other end of the harbour, for our masters bark so loud they never bite, so let them accuse little Paul Longille of theft.' I wonder if dogs do talk, Doctor ?" said I.

"There is no doubt of it," he replied. "I believe both animals and birds have some means of communicating to each other, all that is necessary for them—I don't go further."

"Well, that's reasonable," sais I; "I go that figure, too, but not a cent higher. Now there is a nigger," sais I; and I would have given him a wink if I could, and made a jupe of my head

towards Cutler, to show him I was a goin to get the Captain's dander up for fun; but what's the use of a wink in a fog? In the first place, it ain't easy to make one; your lids are so everlastin heavy; and who the plague can see you if you do? and if they did notice it, they would only think you were tryin to protect your peepers, that's all. Well, a wink is no better nor a nod to a blind horse; so I gave him a nudge instead. "Now, there is the nigger, Doctor," sais I, "do you think he has a soul?* It's a question I always wanted to ask Brother Eldad, for I never see him a dissectin of a darky. If I had, I should

* This very singular and inconsequential rhodomontade of Mr. Slick is one of those startling pieces of levity that a stranger often hears from a person of his class in his travels on this side of the water. The odd mixture of strong religious feeling and repulsive looseness of conversation on serious subjects, which may here and there be found in his diary, naturally results from a free association with persons of all or no creeds. It is the most objectionable trait in his character—to reject it altogether would be to vary the portrait he has given us of himself—to admit it lowers the estimate we might otherwise be disposed to form of him; but as he has often observed, what is the use of a sketch if it be not faithful?

have known; for nature has a place for everything, and everything in its place."

"*Mr.* Slick," said Cutler—he never called me *Mr.* before, and it showed he was mad,—"do you doubt it?"

"No," sais I, "I don't; my only doubt is whether they have three?"

"What in the world do you mean?" said he.

"Well," sais I, "two souls we know they have—their great flat splaw feet show that, and as hard as jackasses' they are too; but the third is my difficulty; if they have a soul, where is it? We aint jest satisfied about its locality in ourselves. Is it in the heart, or the brain, or where does it hang out? We know geese have souls, and we know where to find them."

"Oh, oh!" said Cutler.

"Cut off the legs and wings and breast of the goose," sais I, "and split him down lengthways, and right agin the back-bone is small cells, and there is the goose's soul, it's black meat, pretty much nigger colour. Oh, it's grand! It's the most delicate part of the bird. It's what I always ask for myself, when folks

say, 'Mr. Slick, what part shall I help you to—a slice of the breast, a wing, a side-bone, or the deacon's nose, or what?' Everybody laughs at that last word, especially if there is a deacon at table, for it sounds unctious, as he calls it, and he can excuse a joke on it. So he laughs himself, in token of approbation of the tid-bits being reserved for him. 'Give me the soul,' sais I; and this I will say, a most delicious thing it is, too. Now, don't groan, Cutler—keep that for the tooth-ache, or a camp-meetin; it's a waste of breath; for as we don't exactly know where our own souls reside, what harm is there to pursue such an interesting investigation as to our black brethren. My private opinion is, if a nigger has one, it is located in his heel."

"Oh, *Mr.* Slick!" said he, "oh!" and he held up both hands.

"Well," sais I, "Cutler, just listen to reason now, just hear me; you have been all round the world, but never in it; now, I have been a great deal in it, but don't care for goin round it. It don't pay. Did you ever see a nigger who had the gout? for they feed on the best, and drink of the best, when they are household

servants down south, and often have the gout. If you have, did you ever hear one say, 'Get off my toes?' No, never, nor any other created critter. They always say, 'Get off my heel.' They are all like Lucy Long, 'when her foot was in the market-house, her heel was in Main street.' It is the pride and boast of a darkey. His head is as thick as a ram's, but his heel is very sensi*tive*. Now, does the soul reside there? Did you ever study a dead nigger's heel, as we do a horse's frog. All the feeling of a horse is there. Wound that, and he never recovers; he is foundered—his heart is broke. Now, if a nigger has a soul, and it ain't in his gizzard, and can't in natur be in his skull, why, it stands to reason it must be in his heel."

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said Cutler, "I never thought I should have heard this from you. It's downright profanity."

"It's no such thing," sais I, "it's merely a philosophical investigation. Mr. Cutler," sais I, "let us understand each other. I have been brought up by a minister as well as you, and I believe your father, the clergyman at Barnstable, was as good a man as ever lived; but Barn-

staple is a small place. My dear old master, Mr. Hopewell, was an old man who had seen a great deal in his time, and knew a great deal, for he had 'gone through the mill.'"

"What is that?" said he.

"Why," sais I, "when he was a boy, he was intended, like Washington, for a land-surveyor, and studied that branch of business, and was to go to the woods to lay out lots. Well, a day or two arter he was diplomatised as a surveyor, he went to bathe in a mill-pond, and the mill was a goin like all statiee, and sucked him into the flume, and he went through into the race below, and came out t'other side with both his legs broke. It was a dreadful accident, and gave him serious reflections, for as he lay in bed, he thought he might just as easily have broke his neck. Well, in our country about Slickville, any man arter that who was wise and had experience of life, was said to have 'gone through the mill. Do you take?'"

But he didn't answer.

"Well, your father and my good old friend brought us both up religiously, and I hope taught us what was right. But, *Mr.* Cutler—"

"Don't call me *Mr.*," said he.

"Well, Cutler, then, I have been 'through the mill,' in that sense. I have acquired a knowledge of the world; if I havn't, the kicks I have taken must have fallen on barren ground. I know the chalk line in life won't do always to travel by. If you go straight a-head, a bottomless quag or a precipice will bring you up all standing as sure as fate. Well, they don't stop me, for I give them the go-by, and make a level line without a tunnel, or tubular bridge, or any other scientific folly; I get to the end my own way—and it aint a slow one neither. Let me be, and put this in your pipe. I have set many a man straight before now, but I never put one on the wrong road since I was raised. I dare say you have heard I cheated in clocks—I never did. I have sold a fellow one for five pounds that cost me one; skill did that. Let him send to London, and get one of Barraud's, as father did, for twenty-five pounds sterling. Will it keep better time? I guess not. Is that a case of sell? Well, my knowledge of horse-flesh aint to be sneezed at. I buy one for fifty dollars and sell him for two hundred; that's skill again—it aint a cheat. A merchant thinking a Russian war inevitable, buys flour at four dollars

a barrel, and sells it in a month at sixteen. Is that a fraud? *There is roguery in all trades but our own.* Let me alone therefore. There is wisdom sometimes in a fool's answer; the learned are simple, the ignorant wise; hear them both; above all, hear them out; and if they don't talk with a looseness, draw them out. If Newman had talked as well as studied, he never would have quitted his church. He didn't convince himself he was wrong; he bothered himself, so he didn't at last know right from wrong. If other folks had talked freely, they would have met him on the road, and told him, 'You have lost your way, old boy; there is a river a-head of you, and a very civil ferryman there; he will take you over free gratis for nothing; but the deuce a bit will he bring you back, there is an embargo that side of the water.' Now let me alone; I don't talk nonsense for nothing, and when you tack this way and that way, and beat the 'Black Hawk' up agen the wind, I won't tell you you don't steer right on end on a bee line, and go as straight as a loon's leg. Do you take?"

"I understand you," he said, "but still I don't see the use of saying what you don't

mean. Perhaps it's my ignorance or prejudice, or whatever you choose to call it ; but I dare say you know what you are about."

"Cutler," sais I, "I warn't born yesterday. The truth is, so much nonsense is talked about niggers, I feel riled when I think of it. It actilly makes me feel spotty on the back.* When I was to London last, I was asked to attend a meetin, for foundin a college for our coloured brethren. Uncle Tom had set some folks half crazy, and others half mad, and what he couldn't do Aunt Harriet did. 'Well,' sais I to myself, 'is this bunkum or what in natur is it? If I go, I shall be set down as a spooney abolitionist ; if I don't go, I shall be set down as an overseer or nigger driver, and not a clock-maker. I can't please nobody any way, and

* This extraordinary effect of anger and fear on animals was observed centuries before America was discovered. Statius, a writer who fully equals Mr. Slick both in his affectation and bombast, thus alludes to it :—

"Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris,
Horruit in maculas."

"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin."

what is wus, I don't believe I shall please Mr. Slick, no how I can fix it. Howsoever, I will go and see which way the mule kicks.'

"Well, Lord Blotherumskite jumps up, and makes a speech; and what do you think he set about proving? Why that darkies had immortal souls—as if any created critter ever doubted it! and he pitched into us Yankees and the poor colonists like a thousand of bricks. The fact is the way he painted us both out, one would think he doubted whether *we* had any souls. The pious galls turned up the whites of their eyes like ducks in thunder, as if they expected drakes to fall from the skies, and the low church folks called out, hear, hear, as if he had discovered the passage at the North Pole, which I do think might be made of some use if it warn't blocked up with ice for everlastingly. And he talked of that great big henigger, Uncle Tom Lavender, who was as large as a bull buffalo. He said he only wished he was in the House of Peers, for he would have astonished their lordships. Well, so far he was correct, for if he had been in their hot room, I think Master Lavender would have astonished their weak nerves so, not many would have

waited to be counted. There would soon have been a *dispersion*, but there never would have been a *division*."

"Well, what did you do?" said Cutler.

"Kept my word," sais I, "as I always do. I seconded the motion, but I gave them a dose of common sense, as a foundation to build upon. I told them niggers must be prepared for liberty, and when they were sufficiently instructed to receive and appreciate the blessing, they must have elementary knowledge, furst in religion and then in the useful arts, before a college should be attempted, and so on, and then took up my hat and walked out. Well, they almost hissed me, and the sour virgins who bottled up all their humanity to pour out on the niggers, actilly pointed at me, and called me a Yankee Pussyite. I had some capital stories to excite em with, but I didn't think they were worth the powder and shot. It takes a great many strange people, Cutler," sais I, "to make a world. I used to like to put the leake into folks wunst, but I have given it up in disgust now."

"Why?" sais he.

"Because," sais I, "if you put a leake into

cask that haint got much in it, the grounds and settlin's won't pay for the trouble. Our people talk a great deal of nonsense about emancipation, but they know it's all bunkum, and it serves to palmeteer on, and makes a pretty party catch-word. But in England, it appears to me, they always like what they don't understand, as niggers do Latin and Greek quotations in sermons. But here is Sorrow. I suppose tea is ready, as the old ladies say. Come, old boy," sais I to Cutler, "shake hands; we have the same object in view, but sometimes we travel by different trains, that's all. Come, let us go below. Ah, Sorrow," sais I, "something smells good here; is it a moose steak? Take off that dish-cover."

"Ah, Massa," said he, as he removed it, "dat are is lubbly, dat are a fac."

When I looked at it, I said very gravely.

"Take it away, Sorrow, I can't eat it; you have put the salt and pepper on it before you broiled it, and drawn out all the juice. It's as dry as leather. Take it away."

"Does you tink it would be a little more better if it was a little more doner, Sar? People of 'finement, like you and me, sometime differ

in tastes. But, Massa, as to de salt, now how you talks! does you railly tink dis here niggar hab no more sense den one ob dees stupid white fishermen has? No, Massa; dis child knows his work, and is de boy to do it, too. When de steak is een amost done, he score him lengthway—dis way," passing a finger of his right hand over the palm of the left, "and fill up de crack wid salt an pepper, den gub him one turn more, and dat resolve it all beautiful. Oh no, Massa, moose meat is naterally werry dry, like Yankee preacher when he got no baccy. So I makes graby for him. Oh, here is some lubbly graby! Try dis, Massa. My old missus in Varginy was werry ticular about her graby. She usen to say, 'Sorrow, it tante fine clothes makes de gentleman, but a delicate taste for soups, and grabys, and currys. Barbacues, roast pigs, salt meat, and such coarse tings, is only fit for Congress men.' I kirsait my graby, Massa, is done to de turn ob a hair, for dis child is a rambitious niggar. Fust, Massa, I puts in a lump ob butter bout size ob peace ob chalk, and a glass ob water, and den prinkle in flour to make it look like milk, den put him on fire, and when he hiss, stir him wid spoon to make him hush; den I adds inion, dat is fust biled to

take off de trong taste, eetle made mustard, and a pinch ob most elegant super-superor yellow snuff."

"Snuff, you rascal!" said I, "how dare you? Take it away—throw it overboard! Oh, Lord! to think of eating snuff! Was there ever anything half so horrid since the world began? Sorrow, I thought you had better broughtens up."

"Well, now, Massa," said he, "does you tink dis niggar hab no soul?" and he went to the locker, and brought out a small square pint bottle, and said, "smell dat, Massa; dat are oliriferous, dat are a fac."

"Why, that's curry-powder," I said. "why don't you call things by their right name?"

"Massa," said he, with a knowing wink, "*dere is more snuff den is made of baccy, dat are an undoubtable fac.* De scent ob dat is so good, I can smell it ashore amost. Den, Massa, when graby is all ready, and distrained beautiful, dis child warms him up by de fire and stirs him; but," and he put his finger on his nose, and looked me full in the face, and paused, "but, Massa, it must be stir all de one way, or it iles up, and de debbil hisself won't put him right no more."

"Sorrow," sais I, "you don't know nothin

about your business. Suppose it did get iled up, any fool could set it right in a minute."

"Yes, yes, Massa," he said, "I know. I ab done it myself often—drink it all up, and make it ober again, until all right wunst more; sometimes I drink him up de matter ob two or tree times before he get quite right."

"No," sais I, "take it off the fire, add two spoonsful of cold water, heat it again, and stir it the right way, and it is as straight as a boot-jack."

"Well, Massa," said he, and he showed an unusual quantity of white in his eyes, "well, Massa, you is actilly right. My ole missus taught me dat secret herself, and I did actilly tink no libbin soul but me and she in de whole univarsal United States did know dat are, for I take my oat on my last will and testament, I nebber tole nobody. But, Massa," said he, "I ab twenty different ways—ay, fifty different ways, to make graby; but, at sea, one must do de best he can with nottin to do with, and when nottin is simmered a week in nottin by de fire, it ain't nottin of a job to sarve him up. Massa, if you will scuze me, I will tell you what dis here niggar tinks on de subject ob his perfession. Some grand folks, like missus, and de Queen

ob England and de Emperor ob Roosia, may be fust chop cooks, and I won't deny de fac; and no tanks to 'em, for dere saucepans is all silber and gold; but I have 'skivered dey don't know nuffin' about de right way to eat tings after dey has gone done 'em. Me and Miss Phillesy Anne, de two confdential sarvants, allers had de dinner sent into our room when missus done gone feedin. Missus was werry kind to us, and we nebber stinted her in nuffin'. I allers gib her one bottle wine and "no-he-no" (noyeau) more den was possible for her and her company to want, and in course good conduct is allers rewarded, cause we had what was left. Well, me and Miss Phillis used to dress up hansum for dinner to set good sample to niggars, and two ob de coloured waiters tended on us.

"So one day, said Miss Phillis to me: 'What shall I ab de honor to help yaw to Mr. Sorrow.'

"'Aunt Phillis,' sais I, 'skuse me one minit, I ab made a grand skivery.'

"'What is dat, uncle,' sais she, 'you is so clebber! I clare you is wort you weight in gold. What in natur would our dear missus do widout you and me; for it was me skivered how to cure de pip in chickens, and make de eggs all hatch out, roosters or hens; and how to souse young

turkeys like young children in cold water to prevent staggers, but what is your wention, Mr. Sorrow?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'aunty, skuse me one half second. What does you see out ob dat winder, Sambo? you imperent rascal.'

"'Nuffin, Sar.'

"'Well, you black niggar, if you stare bout dat way, you will see yourself flogged next time. If you ab no manners, I must teach you for de credit ob de plantation; hold a plate to Miss Phillis right away. Why, aunty,' sais I, 'dis is de skivery: *a house must have solid foundation, but a dinner a soft one*—on count ob disgestion; so I begins wid custard and jelly, (dey tastes werry well together, and are light on de stomac;) den I takes a glass ob whisky to keep em from turnin sour; dat is de first step. Sambo pour me out some. Second one is presarves, ices, fruits—strawberry and cream, or mustache churnings (pistachio cream) and if dey is skilful stowed, den de cargo don't shift under de hatches—arter dat comes punkin pie, pineapple tarts, and raspberry charlotte.'

"'Mr. Sorrow,' sais aunty, 'I is actilly ashamed ob you to name a dish arter a yaller

gall dat way, and call it Charlotte; it's ondecent, specially afore dese niggars.'

"'Law, sakes,' sais I, 'Miss Phillis, does you tink I ab no sense; I hate a yaller gall as I do pyson.'

"'So does I,' said she, 'dey is neider chalk nor cheese; dey is a disgrace to de plantation dey is on; but raspberry Charlotte is a name I nebber heard tell ob for a dish."

"'Why how you talks,' sais I. 'Well, den is de time for fish, such as stewed rocks.'

"'Now you is a funnin,' sais aunty, 'isn't you? how on airth do you stew rocks? yah! yah! yah!'

"'Easy as kiss my hand to you,' sais I, 'and if dere be no fish, (and dat white Yankee oberseer is so cussed lazy, bout catchin of dem, I must struct missus to discharge him.) Den dere is two nice little genteel dishes, 'birds in de grobe,' and 'plover on de shore,' and den top off wid soup; and I aint particular about dat, so long as I ab de best; and dat Miss Phillis makes a grand soft bed, you see, for stantials like beef or mutton, or ham, or venson, to lay down easy on.'

"'Well, you is a wonderful man, Mr. Sorrow,' sais Miss Phillis, 'I do really tink dat stands to reason and experience. When I married my

fiff husband— no, it warn't my fiff, it was my sixth—I had lubly baby tree month old, and my old man killed it maken speriments. He would give it soup, and minced veal to make it trong. Sais I, 'Mr. Cæsar, 'dat aint natur; fust you know it must ab milk, den pap, and so on in order.' Sais he,' I allus feeds master's young bull-dogs on raw meat. Well, Cæsar died dat same identical night, child did,' (and she gub me a wink;) 'sunthen disagreed wid him also that *he* eat.' ('Oh Massa,' he continued, '*bears dat ab cubs and women dat ab childern is dangerous.*) 'Mr. Sorrow,' said she, 'dat is a great skivery of yourn; you'd best tell missus.'

"'I is most afeard she is too much a slave to fashion,' sais I.

"'Uncle,' said she, 'you mustn't say dat ob dear Miss Lunn, or I must decline de onor to dine wid you. It aint spectful. Mr. Sorrow, my missus aint de slave ob fashion—she sets it, by golly!' and she stood up quite dignant.

"'Sambo, clar out ob dis dinin room quick stick,' sais I to de waiter; 'you is so fond ob lookin out on de field, you shall go work dere, you lazy hound; walk out ob de room dis minit; when I has finished my dinner, I will make you

jine de labor gang. Miss Phillis, do resume your seat agin, you is right as you allus is; shall I ab de honour to take glass ob wine wid you.'

"Now, Massa, try dat skivery; you will be able to eat tree times as much as you do now. Arter dat invention, I used to enjoy my sleep grand. I went into de hottest place in de sun, laid up my face to him, and sleep like a cedar stump, but den I allus put my veil on."

"To keep the flies off?" said I.

"Lordy gracious! no, master, dey nebber trouble me; dey is afraid in de dark, and when dey see me, dey tink it is night, and cut off."

"What is the use of it, then?"

"To save my complexion, massa; I is afraid it will fade white. Yah, yah, yah!"

While we were engaged in eating our steak, he put some glasses on the table and handed me a black bottle, about two thirds full, and said "Massa dis here fog ab got down my troat, and up into my head, and most kill me, I can't tell wedder dat is wine or rum, I is almost clean gwine distracted. Will Massa please to tell me?"

I knew what he was at, so sais I, "If you can't smell it, taste it." Well, he poured a glass so full, nobody but a nigger could have reached

his mouth with it, without spilling. When he had swallowed it he looked still more puzzled.

"Peers to me," he said, "dat is wine, he is so mild, and den it peers to me it's rum, for when it gets down to de stomach he feel so good. But dis child ab lost his taste, his smell, and his finement, altogedder."

He then poured out another bumper, and as soon as he had tossed it off, said, "dat is de clear grit; dat is oleriferous—wake de dead amost, it is de genuine piticular old Jamaicky, and no mistake. I must put dat bottle back and give you todder one, dat must be wine for sartain, for it is chock full, but rum vaporates bery fast when de cork is drawn. Missus used to say, 'Sorrow, meat, when kept, comes bery *high*, but rum gets bery *low*.'"

"Happy fellow and lucky fellow too, for what white man in your situation would be treated so kindly and familiarly as you are. The fact is Doctor, the negroes of America, as a class, whether slaves or free men, experience more real consideration, and are more comfortable than the peasants of almost any country in Europe. Their notions of the origin of white

men are very droll, when the things are removed I will make him give you his idea on the subject.

"Sorrow," said I, "what colour was Adam and Eve."

"Oh, Massa," said he "don't go for to ask dis child what you knows yourself, better nor what he does. I will tell you some oder time, I is bery poorly just now, dis uncountable fog ab got into my bones. Dis is shocking bad country for niggars; oh, dere is nuffin like de lubbly sout; it's a nateral home for blackies.

"In Souf Carolina de niggars grow
If de white man will only plant his toe,
Den dey water de ground wid baccy smoke,
And out ob de soil dere heads will poke.
Ring de hoop, blow de horn,
I nebber see de like since I was born,
Way down in de counte-ree,
Four or five mile from de ole Peedee.

"Oh, Massa, dis coast is only fit for seals, porpoises, and dog-fish, but not for gentlemen, nor niggars, nor ladies. Oh, I berry bad," and he pressed both hands on his stomach as if he was in great pain.

"Perhaps another glass of old Jamaica would set you right," I said.

"Massa, what a most a grand doctor you would ab made," he said. "Yah yah, yah —you know de wery identical medicine for de wery identical disease, don't you; dat is just what natur was callin' for eber so bad."

"Natur," sais I, "what's that, spell it."

"R-u-m," said he, "dat is human natur, and whiskey is soft sawder, it tickle de troat so nice and go down so slick. Dem is de names my old missus used to gib em. Oh, how she would a lubb'd you, if you had spunked up to her and tied up to our plantation; she didn't fection Yankees much, for dem and dead niggars is too cold to sleep with, and cunnuchs (Canadians) she hated like pison, cause they 'ticed off niggars; but she'd a took to you naterally, you is such a good cook. I always tink, Massa, when folks take to eatin same breakfast, same lunch, same dinner, same tea, same supper, drinkin same soup, lubbin same graby, and fectioning same presarves and pickles, and cakes and pies, and wine, and cordials, and ice-creams, den dey plaguy soon begin to ram-

bition one anodder, and when dey do dat, dey is sure to say, 'Sorrow, does you know how to make weddin cake, and frost him, and set him off partikelar jam, wid wices of all kinds, little koopids, and cocks and hens, and bales of cotton, figs of baccy, and ears of corn, and all sorts of pretty things done in clarfied sugar. It do seem nateral to me, for when our young niggars go sparkin, and spendin evenings, dey most commonly marries. It stand to reason. But, massa I is bery bad indeed wid dis dreadful pain in my infernal parts — I is indeed. Oh," said he smackin' his lips, and drainin' his glass, "dat is def to a white man, but life to a niggar; dat is sublime. What a pity it is though dey make de glasses so almighty tunderin small; de man dat inwented dem couldn't a had no remaginable nose at all, dat are a fac."

"But the colour of Adam," said I.

"Oh, Massa," he said, "you knows bery well he was a black gentleman, and Missus Eve a most splendid Swanga black lady. Oh, yes, Massa, dey were made black to enjoy de grand warm sun. Well, Cain was a wicked man, cause he killed his brudder. So de Lord say

to him one day, 'Cain, where is your brudder?' 'I don't know, massa,' said he, 'I didn't see him nowhere.' Well, de next time he asked him de sef-same question, and he answered quite sarcy, 'How in de world does I know, sais he, I ain't my brudder's keeper.' Well, afore he know'd where he was, de Lord said to him, in a voice of tunder, 'You murdered him, you villain!' And Cain, he was so scared, he turned white dat very instant. He nebber could stand heat, nor enjoy summer no more again, nor none ob his childer arter him, but Abel's children remain black to dis day. Fac, Massa, fac, I does assure you. When you like supper, Massa?"

"At ten o'clock," sais I.

"Well den, I will go and get sunthen nice for you. Oh! my ole missus was a lubbly cook; I don't believe in my heart de Queen ob England could hold a candle to her! she knowed twenty-two and a half ways to cook Indian corn, and ten or twelve ob em she inwented herself dat was de stonishment ob ebbery-one."

"Half a way," I said "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, Massa, de common slommachy way people ab ob boiling it on de cob; dat she said was only half a way. Oh, Lordy gracious, one way she wented, de corn was as white as snow, as light as puff, and so delicate it disgested itself in de mout."

"You can go," said Cutler.

"Tankee, Massa," said Sorrow, with a mingled air of submission and fun, as much as to say, "I guess I don't want leave for that, anyhow, but I thank you all the same as if I did," and making a scrape of his hind-leg, he retired.

"Slick," said Cutler, "it isn't right to allow that nigger to swallow so much rum? How can one wonder at their degradation, when a man like you permits them to drink in that manner?"

"Exactly," sais I, "you think and talk like all abolitionists, as my old friend Colonel Crockett used to say, the Yankees always do. He said, 'When they sent them to pick their cherries, they made them whistle all the time, so that they couldn't eat any.' I understand blacks better than you do. Lock up your liquor and they will

steal it, for their moral perceptions are weak. Trust them, and teach them to use, and not abuse it. Do that, and they will be grateful, and prove themselves trustworthy. That fellow's drinking is more for the fun of the thing, than the love of liquor. Negroes are not drunkards. They are droll boys; but, Cutler, long before thrashing machines were invented, there was a command, 'not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Put that in your pipe, my boy, the next time you prepare your Kinnikennic for smoking, will you?"

"Kinnikennic," said the Doctor, "what under the sun is that?"

"A composition," sais I, "of dry leaves of certain aromatic plants and barks of various kinds of trees, an excellent substitute for tobacco, but when mixed with it, something super-superior. If we can get into the woods, I will show you how to prepare it; but, Doctor," sais I, "I build no theories on the subject of the Africans; I leave their construction to other and wiser men than myself. Here is a sample of the raw material, can it be manufactured into civilization of a high order? Q stands for query, don't it? Well, all I

shall do is to put a Q to it, and let politicians answer it; but I can't help thinking there is some truth in the old saw '*where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.*'"

CHAPTER II

FEMALE COLLEGES.

After Sorrow had retired, we lighted our cigars, and turned to for a chat, if chat it can be called one, where I did most of the talking myself.

"Doctor," said I, "I wish I had had more time to have examined your collection of minerals. I had no idea Nova Scotia could boast of such an infinite variety of them. You could have taught me more in conversation in five minutes than I could have learned by books in a month. You are a mineralogist, and I am sorry to say I aint, though every boarding-school miss, now-a-days in our country consaits she is. They are up to *trap* at any rate, if nothing else, you may depend," and I gave him a wink.

"Now don't, Slick," said he, "now don't set me off, that's a good fellow."

"'Mr. Slick,' said a young lady of about twelve years of age, to me wunst, 'do you know what gray wackey is? for I do.'

"'Don't I,' sais I; 'I know it to my cost. Lord! how my old master used to lay it on!'

"'Lay it on!' she said, 'I thought it reposed on a primitive bed.'

"'No it don't,' said I. 'And if anybody knows what gray wackey is, I ought; but I don't find it so easy to repose after it as you may. *Gray* means the gray birch rod, dear, and *wackey* means layin it on. We always called it gray whackey in school, when a feller was catching particular Moses.'

"'Why how ignorant you are!' said she. 'Do you know what them mining tarms, *clinch*, *parting*, and *black bat* means?'

"'Why, in course I do!' sais I; 'clinch is *marrying*, parting is getting *divorced*, and black bat is where a fellow *beats* his wife black and blue.'

"'Pooh!' said she, "you don't know nothing.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'what do you know?'

"Why,' said she, 'I know Spanish and mathematics, ichthiology and conchology, astronomy and dancing, mineralogy and animal magnetism, and German and chemistry, and French and botany. Yes, and the use of the globes too. Can you tell me what attraction and repulsion is?'

"'To be sure I can,' said I, and I drew her on my knee, and kissed her. 'That's attraction, dear.' And when she kicked and screamed as cross as two cats, 'that, my pretty one,' I said, 'is repulsion. Now I know a great many things you don't. Can you hem a pocket-handkerchief?'

"'No.'

"'Nor make a pudding?'

"'No.'

"'Nor make Kentucky batter?'

"'No.'

"'Well, do you know any useful thing in life?'

"'Yes, I do; I can sing, and play on the piano, and write valentines,' sais she, 'so get

out.' And she walked away, quite dignified, muttering to herself, 'Make a pudding, eh! well, I *want to know!*'

"Thinks I to myself, my pretty little mayflower, in this everlastin' progressive nation of ourn, where the wheel of fortune never stops turning day or night, and them that's at the top one minute are down in the dirt the next, you may say 'I *want* to know' before you die, and be very glad to change your tune, and say, 'Thank heaven I *do* know!'"

"Is that a joke of yours," said the doctor, "about the young girl's geology, or is it really a fact?"

"Fact, I assure you," said I. "And to prove it I'll tell you a story about a Female College that will shew you what pains we take to spoil our young ladies to home. Miss Liddy Adams, who was proprietor and 'dentess (presidentess) of a Female College to Onionville, was a relation of mother's, and I knew her when she was quite a young shoat of a thing to Slickville. I shall never forget a flight into Egypt I caused once in her establishment. When I returned from the embassy, I stopped a day in Onionville, near her university—

for that was the name she gave hern; and thinks I, I will just call and look in on Lid for old acquaintance sake, and see how she is figuring it out in life. Well, I raps away with the knocker, as loud as possible, as much as to say, make haste, for there is somebody here, when a tall spare gall with a vinegar face, opened the door just wide enough to show her profile, and hide her back gear, and stood to hear what I had to say. I never see so spare a gall since I was raised. Pharaoh's lean kine warn't the smallest part of a circumstance to her. She was so thin, she actilly seemed as if she would have to lean agin the wall to support herself when she scolded, and I had to look twice at her before I could see her at all, for I warn't sure *she warn't her own shadow*."

"Good gracious!" said the Doctor, "what a description! but go on."

"'Is the mistress to home?' said I.

"'I have no mistress,' said she.

"'I didn't say you had,' sais I, 'for I knew you hadn't afore you spoke.'

"'How did you know that?' said she.

"'Because,' sais I, 'seein so handsome a

lady as you, I thought you was one of the professors; and then I thought you must be the mistress herself, and was a thinking how likely she had grow'd since I seed her last. Are you one of the class-teachers?'

"It bothered her; she didn't know whether it was impudence or admiration; *but when a woman arbitrates on a case she is interested in, she always gives an award in her own favour.*

"'Walk in, Sir,' said she, 'and I will see,' and she backed and backed before me, not out of deference to me, but to the hooks of her gown, and threw a door open. On the opposite side was a large room filled with galls, peeping and looking over each other's shoulders at me, for it was intermission.

"'Are these your pupils?' sais I; and before she could speak, I went right past into the midst of em. Oh, what a scuddin' and screamin' there was among them! A rocket explodin' there couldn't a done more mischief. They tumbled over chairs, upsot tables, and went head and heels over each other like anything, shouting out, 'A man! a man!'

"'Where—where?' sais I, a chasin' of them

'show him to me, and I'll soon clear him out. What is he a doing of?'

"It was the greatest fun you ever see. Out they flew through the door at the other eend of the room, some up and some down-stairs, singing out, 'A man! a man!' till I thought they would have hallooed their daylights out. Away I flew after them, calling out, 'Where is he? show him to me, and I'll soon pitch into him!' when who should I see but Miss Liddy in the entry, as stiff and as starch as a stand-up shirt collar of a frosty day. She looked like a large pale icicle, standing up on its broad end, and cold enough to give you the ague to look at her.

"'Mr. Slick,' said she, 'may I ask what is the meaning of all this unseemly behaviour in the presence of young ladies of the first families in the State?'

"Says I, '*Miss* Adam,' for as she used the word *Mr.* as a handle to me, I thought I'de take a pull at the *Miss*, 'some robber or housebreaker has got in, I rather think, and scared the young fem*enine* gender students, for they seemed to be running after somebody, and I thought I would assist them.'

"'May I ask, Sir,' a drawin' of herself up to her full height, as straight and as prim as a Lombardy poplar, or rather, a bull-rush, for that's all one size. 'May I ask, Sir, what is the object of your visit here—at a place where no gentlemen are received but the parents or guardians of some of the children.'

"I was as mad as a hatter; I felt a little bit vain of the embassy to London, and my Paris dress, particularly my boots and gloves, and all that, and I will admit, there is no use talkin, I rather kinder sorter thought she would be proud of the connection. I am a good-natured man in a general way, when I am pleased, but it ain't safe to ryle me, I tell you. When I am spotty on the back, I am dangerous. I bit in my breath, and tried to look cool, for I was determined to take revenge out of her.

"'Allow me to say, Sir,' said she, a perkin up her mouth like the end of a silk purse, 'that I think your intrusion is as unwelcome as it is unpardonable. May I ask the favour of you to withdraw? if not, I must introduce you to the watchman.'

"'I came,' sais I, 'Miss Adam, having heard

of your distinguished college in the saloons of Paris and London, to make a proposal to you; but, like a bull—'

"'Oh dear!' said she, 'to think I should have lived to hear such a horrid word, in this abode of learning!'

"'But,' I went on, without stopping, 'like a bull in a chiny-shop, I see I have got into the wrong pew; so nothin' remains for me but to beg pardon, keep my proposal for where it will be civilly received, at least, and back out.'

"She was as puzzled as the maid. But women ain't throwed off their guard easily. If they are in a dark place, they can feel their way out, if they can't see it. So says she, dubious like:

"'About a child, I suppose?'

"'It is customary in Europe,' sais I, 'I believe, to talk about the marriage first, isn't it? but I have been so much abroad, I am not certified as to usages here.'

"Oh, warn't she brought to a hack! She had a great mind to order me out, but then that word 'proposal' was one she had only seen in a dictionary—she had never heard it; and it is such a pretty one, and sounded so nice to the

ear; and then that word 'marriage' was used also, so it carried the day.

"'This is not a place, Mr. Slick, for foundlings, I'de have you to know,' said she, with an air of disgust, 'but children whose parents are of the first class of society. If,' and she paused and looked at me scrutinisin, 'if your proposals are of *that* nature, walk in here, Sir, if you please, where our conversation will not be overheard. Pray be seated. May I ask, what is the nature of the proposition with which you design to honour me?' and she gave me a smile that would pass for one of graciousness and sweet temper, or of encouragement. It hadn't a decided character, and was a non-committal one. She was doin' quite the lady, but I consaited her ear was itching to hear what I had to say, for she put a finger up, with a beautiful diamond ring on it, and brushed a fly off with it; but, after all, perhaps it was only to show her lily-white hand, which merely wanted a run at grass on the after-feed to fatten it up, and make it look quite beautiful.

"'Certainly,' sais I, 'you may ask any question of the kind you like.'

"It took her aback, for she requested leave

to ask, and I granted it; but she meant it different.

"Thinks I, 'My pretty grammarian, there is a little grain of difference between, "May I ask," and, "I must ask." Try it again.'

"She didn't speak for a minute; so to relieve her, sais I:

"'When I look round here, and see how charmingly you are located, and what your occupation is, I hardly think you would feel disposed to leave it; so perhaps I may as well forbear the proposal, as it isn't pleasant to be refused.'

"'It depends,' she said, 'upon what the nature of those proposals are, Mr. Slick, and who makes them,' and this time she did give a look of great complacency and kindness. 'Do put down your hat, Sir. I have read your Clockmaker,' she continued; 'I really feel quite proud of the relationship; but I hope you will excuse me for asking, why did you put your own name to it, and call it "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," now that you are a distinguished diplomatist, and a member of our embassy at the court of Victoria the First? It's not an elegant appellation that, of Clockmaker,' sais she, 'is it?' (She had

found her tongue now). 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker, a factorist of wooden clocks especially, sounds trady, and will impede the rise of a colossal reputation, which has already one foot in the St. Lawrence, and the other in the Mississippi.'

"'And sneezes in the Chesapeake,' sais I.

"'Oh,' said she, in the blandest manner, 'how like you, Mr. Slick! you don't spare a joke, even on yourself. You see fun in everything.'

"'Better,' sais I, 'than seeing harm in everything, as them galls—'

"'Young ladies,' said she.

"'Well, young ladies, who saw harm in me because I was a man. What harm is there in their in seeing a man? You ain't frightened at one, are you, Liddy?'

"She evaded that with a smile, as much as to say, 'Well, I ain't much skeered, that's a fact.'

"'Mr. Slick, it is a subject not worth while pursuing,' she replied. 'You know the sensit*ive*ness, nervous delicacy, and scrupulous innocence of the fair sex in this country, and I may speak plainly to you as a man of the world.

You must perceive how destructive of all modesty in their juvenile minds, when impressions are so easily made, it would be to familiarise their youthful eyes to the larger limbs of gentlemen enveloped in pantaloons. To speak plainly, I am sure I needn't tell you it ain't decent.'

'"Well,' sais I, 'it wouldn't be decent if they wern't enveloped in them.'

" She looked down to blush, but it didn't come natural, so she looked up and smiled, (as much as to say, do get out you impudent critter. I know its bunkum as well as you do, but don't bother me. I have a part to play.) Then she rose and looked at her watch, and said the lecture hour for botany has come.

"'Well,' sais I, a taking up my hat, 'that's a charming study, the loves of the plants, for young ladies, ain't it? they begin with natur, you see, and—' (well, she couldn't help laughing). 'But I see you are engaged.'

"'Me,' said she, 'I assure you, Sir, I know people used to say so, afore General Peleg Smith went to Texas.'

"'What that scallawag,' said I. 'Why, that fellow ought to be kicked out of all refined society. How could you associate with a man

who had no more decency, than to expect folks to call him by name !'

" ' How ?' said she.

" ' Why,' sais I, ' what delicate-minded woman could ever bring herself to say Pe-*leg*. If he had called himself Hujacious Smith, or Larger-limb Smith, or something of that kind, it would have done, but Pe*leg* is downright ondecent. I had to leave Boston wunst a whole winter, for making a mistake of that kind. I met Miss Sperm one day from Nantucket, and says I, 'Did you see me yesterday, with those two elegant galls from Albany ?'

" ' No, said she, ' I didn't.'

" ' Strange, too,' said I, ' for I was most sure I caught a glimpse of you, on the other side of the street, and I wanted to introduce you to them, but warn't quite sartain it was you. My,' sais I, ' didn't you see a very *unfashionable* dressed man,' (and I looked down at my Paris boots, as if I was doing modest), ' with two angeliferous females. Why, I had a *leg* on each arm.'

" ' She fairly screamed out at that expression, rushed into a milliner's shop, and cried like a gardner's watering-pot. The names she called

me ain't no matter. They were the two Miss Legge's of Albany, and cut a tall swarth, I tell you, for they say they are descended from a govenor of Nova Scotia, when good men, according to their tell, could be found for govenors, and that their relations in England are some pumpkins, too. I was as innocent as a child, Letty.'

"'Well,' said she, 'you are the most difficult man to understand, I ever see—there is no telling whether you are in fun or in earnest. But as I was a saying, there was some such talk afore General Smith went to Texas; but that story was raised by the Pawtaxet College folks, to injure this institution. They did all they could to tear my reputation to chitlins. Me engaged, I should like to see the man that—'

"'Well, you seemed plaguey scared at one just now,' sais I. 'I am sure it was a strange way to show you would like to see a man.'

"'I didn't say that,' she replied, 'but you take one up so quick.'

"'It's a way I have,' said I, 'and always had, since you and I was to singing-school together, and larnt sharps, flats, and naturals. It was a

crochet of mine,' and I just whipped my arm round her waist, took her up and kissed her, afore she knowed where she was. Oh Lordy! Out came her comb, and down fell her hair to her waist, like a mill-dam broke loose; and two false curls and a braid fell on the floor, and her frill took to dancin' round, and got wrong side afore, and one of her shoes slipt off, and she really looked as if she had been in an indgian-scrimmage, and was ready for scalpin.

"'Then you ain't engaged, Liddy,' sais I; 'how glad I am to hear that, it makes my heart jump, and cherries is ripe now, and I will help you up into the tree, as I used to did when you and I was boy and gall together. It does seem so nateral, Liddy, to have a game of romps with you again; it makes me feel as young as a two-year-old. How beautiful you do look, too! My, what a pity you is shut up here, with these young galls all day, talking by the yard about the corrallas, calyxes, and staminas of flowers, while you

"'Are doomed to blush unseen,
And waste your sweetness on the desert air.'

"'Oh,' said she, 'Sam, I must cut and run,

and "blush unseen," that's a fact, or I'm ruinated,' and she up curls, comb, braid, and shoe, and off like a shot into a bed-room that adjoined the parlour, and bolted the door, and double-locked it, as if she was afraid an attachment was to be levied on her and her chattels, by the sheriff, and I was a bum-bailiff.

"Thinks I, old gall, I'll pay you off for treating me the way you did just now, as sure as the world. 'May I ask, Mr. Slick, what is the object of this visit?' A pretty way to receive a cousin that you haven't seen so long, ain't it? and though I say it, that shouldn't say it, that cousin, too, Sam Slick, the attaché to our embassy to the Court of Victoria, Buckingham Palace. You couldn't a treated me wuss, if I had been one of the liveried, powdered, bedizened, be-bloated footmen from 't'other big house there of Aunt Harriette's.' I'll make you come down from your stilts, and walk naterel, I know, see if I don't.

"Presently she returned, all set to rights, and a little righter, too, for she had put a touch of rouge on to make the blush stick better, and her hair was slicked up snugger than before,

and looked as if it had growed like anything. She had also slipped a handsome habit-shirt on, and she looked, take her altogether, as if, though she warn't engaged, she ought to have been afore the last five hot summers came, and the general thaw had commenced in the spring, and she had got thin, and out of condition. She put her hand on her heart, and said, 'I am so skared, Sam, I feel all over of a twitteration. The way you act is horrid.'

"'So do I,' sais I, 'Liddy, it's so long since you and I used to—'

"'You ain't altered a bit, Sam,' said she, for the starch was coming out, 'from what you was, only you are more forrider. Our young men, when they go abroad, come back and talk so free and easy, and take such liberties, and say it's the fashion in Paris, it's quite scandalous. Now, if you dare to do the like again, I'll never speak to you the longest day I ever live, I'll go right off and leave, see if I don't.'

"'Oh, I see, I have offended you,' sais I, 'you are not in a humour to consent now, so I will call again some other time.'

"'This lecture on botany must now be postponed,' she said, 'for the hour is out some time

ago. If you will be seated, I will set the young students at embroidery, instead, and return for a short time, for it does seem so nateral to see you, Sam, you saucy boy,' and she pinched my ear, 'it reminds one, don't it, of by-gones?' and she hung her head a-one side, and looked sentimental.

"'Of by-gone larks,' said I.

"'Hush, Sam,' she said 'don't talk so loud, that's a dear soul. Oh, if anybody had come in just then, and caught *us*.'

("*Us*," thinks I to myself, "I thought you had no objection to it, and only struggled enough for modesty-like; and I did think you would have said, caught *you*.")

"'I would have been ruinated for ever and ever, and amen, and the college broke up, and my position in the literary, scientific, and intellectual world scorched, withered, and blasted for ever. Ain't my cheek all burning, Sam? it feels as if it was all a-fire;' and she put it near enough for me to see, and feel tempted beyond my strength. 'Don't it look horrid inflamed, dear?' And she danced out of the room, as if she was skipping a rope.

"Well, well," sais I, when she took herself off. "What a world this is. This is evangelical learning; girls are taught in one room to faint or scream if they see a man, as if he was an incarnation of sin; and yet they are all educated and trained to think the sole object of life is to win, not convert, but win one of these sinners. In the next room propriety, dignity, and decorum, romp with a man in a way to make even his sallow face blush. Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent, and so soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it, than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the inclosures of cant, for it has only conterfeit ones, but go to the gardens of truth and of sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark, open the door and it's off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself, but the caged one the moment it leaves its bars and

bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

"Puritans whether in or out of the church (for there is a whole squad of 'em in it, like rats in a house who eat up its bread and undermine its walls,) make more sinners than they save by a long chalk. They ain't content with real sin, the pattern ain't sufficient for a cloak, so they sew on several breadths of artificial offences, and that makes one big enough to wrap round them, and cover their own deformity. It enlarges the margin, and the book, and gives more texts.

"Their eyes are like the great magnifier at the Polytechnic, that shows you many-headed, many-armed, many-footed, and many-tailed awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope, (which discloses the secrets of the moon,) and given us springs that had none of these canables in 'em. Water is our drink, and it was made for us to take when we were dry and be thankful. After I first saw one of these drops, like an old cheese chock full of livin things, I couldn't drink nothing but pure gin or

brandy for a week. I was scared to death. I consaited when I went to bed I could audibly feel these critters fightin like Turks and minin my inerds, and I got narvous lest my stomach like a citadel might be blowed up and the works destroyed. It was frightful.

"At last I sot up and said Sam, where is all your common sense gone. You used to have a considerable sized phial of it, I hope you ain't lost the cork and let it all run out. So I put myself in the witness-stand, and asked myself a few questions.

"'Water was made to drink, warn't it?'

"'That's a fact.'

"'You can't see them critters in it with your naked eye?'

"'I can't see them at all, neither naked or dressed.'

"'Then it warn't intended you should?'

"'Seems as if it wasn't,' sais I.

"'Then drink, and don't be skeered.'

"'I'll be darned if I don't, for who knows them wee-monstrosities don't help digestion, or feed on human pyson. They warn't put into Adam's ale for nothin, that's a fact.'

"It seems as if they warn't,' sais I. 'So now I'll go to sleep.'

"Well, puritans' eyes are like them magnifiers; they see the devil in everything but themselves, where he is plaguy apt to be found by them that want him; for he feels at home in their company. One time they vow he is a dancin master, and moves his feet so quick folks can't see they are cloven, another time a music master, and teaches children to open their mouths and not their nostrils in singing. Now he is a tailor or miliner, and makes fashionable garments, and then a manager of a theatre, which is the most awful place in the world; it is a reflex of life, and the reflection is always worse than the original, as a man's shadow is more dangerous than he is. But worst of all, they solemnly affirm, for they don't swear, he comes sometimes in lawn sleeves, and looks like a bishop, which is popery, or in the garb of high churchmen, who are all Jesuits. Is it any wonder these cantin fellows pervert the understanding, sap the principles, corrupt the heart, and destroy the happiness of so many? Poor dear old Minister used to say, 'Sam, you must instruct your conscience, for an ignorant or

superstitious conscience is a snare to the unwary. If you think a thing is wrong that is not, and do it, then you sin, because you are doing what you believe in your heart to be wicked. It is the intention that constitutes the crime.' Those sour crouts, therefore, by creating artificial and imitation sin in such abundance, make real sin of no sort of consequence, and the world is so chock full of it, a fellow gets careless at last and wont get out of its way, it's so much trouble to pick his steps.

"Well, I was off in a brown study so deep about artificial sins, I didn't hear Liddy come in, she shut the door so softly and trod on tiptoes so light on the carpet. The first thing I knew was I felt her hands on my head, as she stood behind me, a dividin of my hair with her fingers.

"'Why, Sam,' said she, 'as I'm a livin' sinner if you aint got some white hairs in your head, and there is a little bald patch here right on the crown. How strange it is! It only seems like yesterday you was a curly-headed boy.'

"'Yes,' sais I, and I hove a sigh so loud it made the window jar; 'but I have seen a great deal of trouble since then. I lost two wives in Europe.'

"'Now do tell,' said she. 'Why you don't! —oh, jimminy criminy! two wives! How was it, poor Sam?' and she kissed the bald spot on my pate, and took a rockin-chair and sat opposite to me, and began rockin backwards and forwards like a fellow sawin wood. 'How was it, Sam, dear?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'first and foremost Liddy, I married a fashionable lady to London. Well, bein out night arter night at balls and operas, and what not, she got kinder used up and beat out, and unbeknownst to me used to take opium. Well, one night she took too much, and in the morning she was as dead as a herring.'

"'Did she make a pretty corpse?' said Lid, lookin very sanctimonious. 'Did she lay out handsum? They say prussic acid makes lovely corpses; it keeps the eyes from fallin in. Next to dyin happy, the greatest thing is to die pretty. Ugly corpses frighten sinners, but elegant ones win them.'

"'The most lovely subject you ever beheld,' said I. 'She looked as if she was only asleep; she didn't stiffen at all, but was as limber as ever you see. Her hair fell over her neck and shoulders in beautiful curls just like yourn; and

she had on her fingers the splendid diamond rings I gave her; she was too fatigued to take 'em off when she retired the night afore. I felt proud of her even in death, I do assure you. She was handsome enough to eat. I went to ambassador's to consult him about the funeral, whether it should be a state affair, with all the whole diplomatic corps of the court to attend it, or a private one. But he advised a private one; he said it best comported with our dignified simplicity as republicans, and, although cost was no object, still it was satisfactory to know it was far less expense. When I came back she was gone.'

"'Gone!' said Liddy, 'gone where?'

"'Gone to the devil, dear, I suppose,'

"'Oh my!' said she. 'Well, I never, in all my born days! Oh, Sam, is that the way to talk of the dead!'

"'In the dusk of the evening,' sais I, 'a carriage, they said, drove to the door, and a coffin was carried up-stairs; but the undertaker said it wouldn't fit, and it was taken back again for a larger one. Just afore I went to bed, I went to the room to have another look at her, and she was gone, and there was a letter on

the table for me; it contained a few words only. 'Dear Sam, my first husband is come to life, and so have I. Good-bye, love.'"

"'Well, what did you do?'

"'Gave it out,' said I, 'she died of the cholera, and had to be buried quick and private, and no one never knew to the contrary.'

"'Didn't it almost break your heart, Sammy?'

"'No,' sais I. 'In her hurry, she took my dressing-case instead of her own, in which was all her own jewels, besides those I gave her, and all our ready-money. So I tried to resign myself to my loss, for it might have been worse, you know,' and I looked as good as pie.

"'Well, if that don't beat all, I declare!' said she.

"'Liddy,' sais I, with a mock solemcoly air, 'every bane has its antidote, and every misfortin its peculiar consolation.'

"Oh, Sam, that showed the want of a high moral intellectual education, didn't it?' said she. 'And yet you had the courage to marry again?'

"'Well, I married,' sais I, 'next year in France a lady who had refused one of Louis Philip's sons. Oh, what a splendid gall she was,

Liddy! she was the star of Paris. Poor thing! I lost her in six weeks.'

"'Six weeks! Oh, Solomon!' said she, 'in six weeks!'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'in six short weeks.'

"'How was it, Sam? do tell me all about it; it's quite romantic. I vow, it's like the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. You are so unlucky, I swow I should be skeered—'

"'At what?' sais I.

"'Why, at—'

"She was caught there; she was a goin to say, 'At marryin you,' but as she was a leadin of me on, that wouldn't do. Doctor, you may catch a gall sometimes, but if she has a mind to, she can escape if she chooses, for they are as slippery as eels. So she pretended to hesitate on, till I asked her again.

"'Why,' sais she, a looking down, 'at sleeping alone to-night, after hearing of these dreadful catastrophes.'

"'Oh,' sais I, 'is that all?'

"'But how did you lose her?' said she.

"'Why, she raced off,' said I, 'with the Turkish ambassador, and if I had a got hold of him, I'de a lammed him wuss than the devil

beatin tan-bark, I know. I'de a had his melt, if there was a bowie-knife out of Kentucky.'

"'Did you go after her?'

"'Yes; but she cotched it afore I cotched her.'

"'How was that, Sam?'

"'Why, she wanted to sarve him the same way, with an officer of the Russian Guards, and Mahomet caught her, sewed her up in a sack, and throwed her neck and crop into the Bosphorus, to fatten eels for the Greek ladies to keep Lent with.'

"'Why, how could you be so unfortunate?' said she.

"'That's a question I have often axed myself, Liddy,' sais I; 'but I have come to this conclusion: London and Paris ain't no place for galls to be trained in.'

"'So I have always said, and always will maintain to my dying day,' she said, rising with great animation and pride. 'What do they teach there but music, dancing, and drawing? The deuce a thing else; but here is Spanish, French, German, Italian, botany, geology, mineralogy, icthiology, conchology, theology—'

"'Do you teach angeolology and doxyology?' sais I.

"'Yes, angeolology and doxyology,' she said, not knowing what she was a talking about.

"'And occult sciences?' sais I.

"'Yes, all the sciences. London and Paris, eh! Ask a lady from either place if she knows the electric battery from the magnetic—'

"'Or a *needle* from a *pole*,' sais I.

"'Yes,' sais she, without listening, 'or any such question, and see if she can answer it.'

"She resumed her seat.

"'Forgive my enthusiasm,' she said, 'Sam, you know I always had a great deal of that.'

"'I know,' said I, 'you had the smallest foot and ankle of anybody in our country. My! what fine-spun glass heels you had! Where in the world have you stowed them to?' pretendin to look down for them.

"'Kept them to kick you with,' she said, 'if you are sassy.'

"Thinks I to myself; what next as the woman said to the man who kissed her in the tunnel. You are coming out, Liddy.

"'Kick,' said I, 'oh, you wouldn't try that, I am sure, let me do what I would.'

"'Why not,' said she.

"'Why,' sais I, 'if you did you would have

to kick so high, you would expose one of the larger limbs.'

"'Mr. Slick,' said she, 'I trust you will not so far forget what is due to a lady, as to talk of showing her larger limbs, it's not decent.'

"'Well, I know it ain't decent,' said I, 'but you said you would do it, and I just remonstrated a little, that's all.'

"'You was saying about London and Paris,' said she, 'being no place for educating young ladies in.'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'that painful story of my two poor dear wives, (which is 'all in my eye,' as plain as it was then) illustrates my theory of education in those two capitals. In London, females who are a great deal in society in the season, like a man who drinks, can't stop, they are at it all the time, and like him, sometimes forget the way home again. In Paris, galls are kept so much at home before marriage, when they once get out, they don't want to enter the cage again. They are the two extremes. If ever I marry, I'll tell you how I will lay down the law. Pleasure shall be the recreation and not the business of life with her. Home the rule—parties the exception. Duty first,

amusement second. Her head-quarters shall always be in her own house, but the outposts will never be neglected.'

"'Nothin like an American woman for an American man, is there?' said she, and she drew nearer, lookin up in my face to read the answer, and didn't rock so hard.

"'It depends upon how they are brought up,' said I, looking wise. 'But Liddy,' sais I, 'without joking, what an amazin small foot that is of yours. It always was, and wunst when it slipt through a branch of the cherry-tree, do you recollect my saying, well I vow that calf was suckled by two cows? now don't you Liddy?'

"'No, Sir,' said she, 'I don't, though children may say many things that when they grow up, they are ashamed to repeat; but I recollect now, wunst when you and I went through the long grass to the cherry-tree, your mother said, 'Liddy, beware you are not bit by a garter-snake, and I never knew her meanin till now,' and she rose up and said, 'Mr. Slick, I must bid you good morning.'

"'Liddy,' sais I, 'don't be so pesky starch, I'll be dod fetched if I meant any harm, but you

beat me all holler. I only spoke of the calf, and you went a streak higher and talked of the garter.'

"'Sam,' said she, 'you was always the most impedent, forredest, and pertest boy that ever was, and travellin hain't improved you one mite or morsel.'

"'I am sorry I have offended you Liddy,' sais I, 'but really now how do you manage to teach all them things with hard names, for we never even heard of them at Slickville. Have you any masters?'

"'Masters,' said she, 'the first one that entered this college, would ruin it for ever. What, a man in this college! where the juvenile pupils belong to the first families—I guess not. I hire a young lady to teach rudiments.'

"'So I should think,' sais I, 'from the specimen I saw at your door, she was rude enough in all conscience.'

"'Pooh,' said she, 'well, I have a Swiss lady that teaches French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and an English one that instructs in music and drawing, and I teach history, geography, botany, and the sciences, and so on.'

"'How on earth did you learn them all?' said I, 'for it puzzles me.'

"'Between you and me, Sam,' said she, 'for you know my broughtens up, and it's no use to pretend—primary books does it all, there is question and answer. I read the question, and they learn the answer. It's the easiest thing in the world to teach now a days.'

"'But suppose you get beyond the rudiments?'

"'Oh, they never remain long enough to do that. They are brought out before then. They go to Saratoga first in summer, and then to Washington in winter, and are married right off after that. The domestic, seclusive, and exclusive system, is found most conducive to a high state of refinement and delicacy. I am doing well, Sam,' said she, drawing nearer, and looking confidential in my face. 'I own all this college, and all the lands about, and have laid up forty thousand dollars besides;' and she nodded her head at me, and looked earnest, as much as to say, 'that is a fact, ain't it grand?'

"'The devil you have,' said I, as if I had taken the bait. 'I had a proposal to make.'

"'Oh,' said she, and she coloured up all over, and got up and said, 'Sam, won't you have a glass of wine, dear?' She intended it to give me courage to speak out, and she went to a closet, and brought out a tray with a decanter, and two or three glasses on it, and some frosted plumb-cake. 'Try that cake, dear,' she said, 'I made it myself, and your dear old mother taught me how to do it;' and then she laid back her head, and larfed like anything. 'Sam,' said she, 'what a memory you have; I had forgot all about the cherry-tree, I don't recollect a word of it.'

"'And the calf,' said I.

"'Get along,' said she, 'do get out;' and she took up some crumbs of the cake, and made em into a ball as big as a cherry, and fired it at me, and struck me in the eye with it, and nearly put it out. She jumped up in a minit: 'Did she hurt her own poor cossy's eye?' she said, 'and put it een amost out,' and she kissed it. 'It didn't hurt his little peeper much, did it?'

"Hullo, sais I to myself, she's coming it too *pee*owerful strong altogether. The sooner I dig out the better for my wholesomes. How-

ever, let her went, she is wrathy. 'I came to propose to you—'

"'Dear me,' said she, 'I feel dreadful, I warn't prepared for this; it's very unexpected. What is it, Sam? I am all over of a twiteration.'

"'I know you will refuse me,' sais I, 'when I look round and see how comfortable and how happy you are, even if you ain't engaged.'

"'Sam, I told you I weren't engaged,' she said; 'that story of General Smith is all a fabrication, therefore, don't mention that again.'

"'I feel,' said I, 'it's no use. I know what you will say, you can't quit.'

"'You have a strange way,' said she, rather tart, 'for you ask questions, and then answer them yourself. What *do* you mean?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I'll tell you Liddy,'

"'Do, dear,' said she, and she put her hand over her *eyes*, as if to stop her from *hearing* distinctly. 'I came to propose to you—'

"'Oh, Sam,' said she, 'to think of that!'

"'To take a seat in my buggy,' sais I, 'and come and spend a month with sister Sally and me, at the old location.'

"Poor thing, I pitied her; she had one

knee over the other, and, as I said, one hand over her eyes, and there she sot, and the way the upper foot went bobbin up and down was like the palsy, only a little quicker. She never said another word, nor sighed, nor groaned, nor anything, only her head hung lower. Well, I felt streaked, Doctor, I tell *you*. I felt like a man who had stabbed another, and knew he ought to be hanged for it; and I looked at her as such a critter would, if he had to look on, and see his enemy bleed to death. I knew I had done wrong—I had acted spider-like to her—got her into the web—tied her hand and foot, and tantalized her. I am given to brag, I know, Doctor, when I am in the saddle, and up in the stirrups, and leavin all others behind; but when a beast is choaked, and down in the dirt, no man ever heard me brag I had rode the critter to death.

"No, I did wrong, she was a woman, and I was a man, and if she did act a part, why, I ought to have known the game she had to play, and made allowances for it. I dropt the trump card under the table that time, and though I got the odd trick, she had the honours. It warn't manly in me, that's a fact; but confound

her, why the plague did she call me 'Mr.,' and act formal, and give me the bag to hold, when she knew me of old, and minded the cherry-tree, and all that. Still she was a woman, and a defenceless one, too, and I didn't do the pretty. But if she was a woman, Doctor, she had more clear grit than most men have. After a while, she took her hand off her eyes, and rubbed them, and she opened her mouth and yawned so, you could see down to her garters amost.

"'Dear me!' said she, trying to smile; but, oh me! how she looked! Her eyes had no more expression than a China aster, and her face was so deadly pale it made the rouge she had put on look like the hectic of a dying consumption. Her ugly was out in full bloom, I tell *you*. 'Dear cousin Sam,' said she, 'I am so fatigued with my labours as presidentess of this institution, that I can hardly keep my peepers open. I think, if I recollect—for I am ashamed to say I was a noddin—that you *proposed* (that word lit her eyes up) that I should go with you to visit dear Sally. Oh, Sam!' said she, (how she bit in her temper that hitch, didn't she?) 'you see, and you saw it at first, I can't

leave on so short a notice; but if my sweet Sally would come and visit me, how delighted I should be! Sam, I must join my class now. How happy it has made me to see you again after so many years! Kiss me, dear; good bye—God bless you!' and she yawned again till she nearly dislocated her jaw. 'Go on and write books, Sam, for no man is better skilled in human natur and *spares it less* than yourself.' What a reproachful look she gave me then! 'Good bye, dear!'

"Well, when I closed the door, and was opening of the outer one, I heard a crash. I paused a moment, for I knew what it was. She had fainted, and fell into a conniption fit.

"'Sam,' sais I to myself, 'shall I go back?'

"'No,' sais I, 'if you return there will be a scene; and if you don't, if she can't account naterally for it, the devil can't, that's all.'

"Doctor, I felt guilty, I tell you. I had taken a great many rises out of folks in my time, but that's the only one I repent of. Tell you what, Doctor, folks may talk about their southern gentlemen, their New York prince-merchants, and so on, but the clear grit, bottom and game is New England (Yankee-

doodle-dum). Male or female, young or old, I'll back 'em agin all creation."

Squire show this chapter to Lord Tandembery, if you know him; and if you don't, Uncle Tom Lavender will give you a letter of introduction to him; and then ask him if ever he has suffered half so much as Sam Slick has in the cause of edication.

CHAPTER III.

GIPSEYING.

We tried the deck again, but the fog was too disagreeable to remain there, for the water fell from the ropes in such large drops, and the planks were so wet and slippery, we soon adjourned again to the cabin.

"I have to thank you, Doctor," said I, "for a most charming day at the Beaver-Dam. That was indeed a day in the woods, and I believe every one there knew how to enjoy it. How different it is from people in a town here, who go out to the country for a picnic. A citizen thinks the pleasure of gipseying, as they call it in England, consists solely in the abundance and variety of the viands, the quality and quantity of the wines, and as near an approach to a city dinner,

as it is possible to have, where there are neither tables, chairs, side-boards, nor removes. He selects his place for the encampment in the first opening adjoining the clearing, as it commands a noble view of the harbour, and there is grass enough to recline upon. The woods are gloomy, the footing is slippery, and there is nothing to be seen in a forest but trees, windfalls which are difficult to climb, and boggy ground that wets your feet, and makes you feel uncomfortable. The limbs are eternally knocking your hat off, and the spruce gum ruins your clothes, while ladies, like sheep, are for ever leaving fragments of their dress on every bush. He chooses the skirts of the forest, therefore, the background is a glorious wood, and the foreground is diversified by the shipping. The o-heave-o of the sailors, as it rises and falls in the distance, is music to his ears, and suggestive of agreeable reflections, or profitable conversation peculiarly appropriate to the place, and the occasion. The price of fish in the West Indies, or of deals in Liverpool, or the probable rise of flour in the market, amuse the vacant mind of himself and his partner, not his wife, for she is only his *sleeping* partner, but the wide awake

partner of the firm, one of those who are embraced in the comprehensive term the 'Co.' He is the depository of his secrets, the other of his complaints.

"His wife is equally happy, she enjoys it uncommonly, for she knows it will spite those horrid Mudges. She is determined not to invite them, for they make too much noise, it gives her the headache, and their flirting is too bad. Mrs. White called them garrison hacks. And besides (for women always put the real reason last—they live in a postscript) they don't deserve it, for they left her girls out when they had the lobster-spearing party by torch-light, with the officers of the flag-ship, though that was no loss, for by all accounts it was a very romping party, knocking off the men's hats and then exchanging their bonnets for them. And how any mother could allow her daughter to be held round the waist by the flag-lieutenant, while she leaned over the boat to spear the fish, is a mystery to her. The polka is bad enough, but to her mind, that is not decent, and then she has something to whisper about it, that she says is too bad, (this is a secret though, and she must whisper it, for

walls have ears, and who knows but trees have, and besides, the *good* things are never repeated, but the *too bad* always is), and Mrs. Black lifts up both her hands, and the whites of both eyes in perfect horror.

"'Now did you ever! Oh, is that true? Why, you don't!'

"'Lucy Green saw him with her own eyes,' and she opens her own as big as saucers.

"'And what did Miss Mudge say?'

"'Well, upon my word,' said she, 'I wonder what you will do next,' and laughed so they nearly fell overboard.

"'Oh, what carryings on, ain't it, dear. But I wonder where Sarah Matilda is? I don't see her and Captain de la Cour. I am afraid she will get lost in the woods, and that would make people talk as they did about Miss Mudge and Doctor Vincent who couldn't find their way out once till nine o'clock at night.'

"'They'll soon get back dear,' sais the other, 'let them be, it looks like watching them, and *you* know,' laying an emphasis on *you*, 'you and I were young *once* ourselves, and so they will come back when they want to, for though the woods have no straight paths in them, they

have short cuts enough for them that's in a hurry. Cupid has no *watch*, dear; his *fob* is for a *purse*,' and she smiles wicked on the mother of the heiress.

"Well, then, who can say this is not a pleasant day to both parties. The old gentlemen have their nice snug business chat, and the old ladies have their nice snug gossip chat, and the third estate, (as the head of the firm calls it, who was lately elected member for Grumble Town, and begins to talk parliamentary,) the third estate, the young folks the people of progression, who are not behind but rather ahead of the age they live in, don't they enjoy themselves? It is very hard if youth, beauty, health, good spirits, and a desire to please, (because if people havn't that they had better stay to home) can't or won't make people happy. I don't mean for to go for to say, that will ensure it, because nothin is certain, and I have known many a gall that resembled a bottle of beautiful wine. You will find one sometimes as enticin to appearance as ever was, but shake it up and there is grounds there for all that, settled, but still there, and enough too to spile all, so you can't put it to your lips any how you can fix it.

What a pity it is sweet things turn sour, ain't it?

"But in a general way these things will make folks happy. There are some sword-knots there, and they do look very like woodmen that's a fact. If you never saw a forrester, you would swear to them as perfect. A wide-awake hat, with a little short pipe stuck in it, a pair of whiskers that will be grand when they are a few years older—a coarse check, or red flannel shirt, a loose neck-handkerchief, tied with a sailor's knot—a cut-away jacket, with lots of pockets —a belt, but little or no waistcoat—homespun trowsers and thick buskins—a rough glove and a delicate white hand, the real, easy, and natural gait of the woodman, (only it's apt to be a little, just a little too stiff, on account of the ramrod they have to keep in their throats while on parade,) when combined, actilly beat natur, for they are too nateral. Oh, these amateur woodsmen enact their parts so well, you think you almost see the identical thing itself. And then they have had the advantage of Woolwich or Sandhurst, or Chobham, and are dabs at a bivouac, grand hands with an axe—cut a hop-pole down in half-a-day

amost, and in the other half stick it into the ground. I don't make no doubt in three or four days they could build a wigwam to sleep in, and one night out of four under cover is a great deal for an amateur hunter, though it ain't the smallest part of a circumstance to the Crimea. As it is, if a stick ain't too big for a fire, say not larger than your finger, they can break it over their knee, sooner than you could cut it with a hatchet for your life, and see how soon it's in a blaze. Take them altogether they are a killing party of coons them, never miss a moose if they shoot out of an Indian's gun, and use a silver bullet.

"Well, then, the young ladies are equipped so nicely—they have uglies to their bonnets, the only thing ugly about them, for at a distance they look like huge green spectacles. They are very useful in the forest, for there is a great glare of the sun generally under trees, or else they have green bonnets, that look like eagle's skins—thin dresses, strong ones are too heavy, and they don't display the beauty of nature enough, they are so high, and the whole object of the party is to admire that. Their walking shoes are light and thin, they don't fatigue you

like coarse ones, and India-rubbers are hideous, they make your feet look as if they had the gout, and they have such pretty, dear little aprons, how rural it looks altogether—they act a day in the woods to admiration. Three of the officers have nicknames, a very nice thing to induce good fellowship, especially as it has no tendency whatever to promote quarrels. There is Lauder, of the *Rifles*, he is so short, they call him *Pistol*, he has a year to grow yet, and may become a great *gun* some of these days. Russel takes a joke good humouredly, and therefore is so fortunate as to get more than his share of them, accordingly he goes by the name of Target, as every one takes a shot at him. Duke is so bad a shot, he has twice nearly pinked the marksman, so he is called Trigger. He always lays the blame of his want of skill on that unfortunate appendage of the gun, as it is either too hard or too quick on the finger. Then there is young Bulger, and as everybody pronounces it as if it had two 'g's' in it, he corrects them and says 'g' soft, my dear fellow, if you please; so he goes by the name of 'G' soft. Oh, the conversation of the third estate is so pretty, I could listen to it for ever.

"'Aunt,' sais Miss Diantha, 'do you know what gyp—gypsy—gypsymum—gypsymuming is? Did you ever hear how I stutter to-day? I can't get a word out hardly. Aint it provoking?'

"Well, stammering is provoking; but a pretty little accidental impediment of speech like that, accompanied with a little graceful bob of the head, is very taking, ain't it?'

"'Gypsuming,' sais the wise matron, 'is the plaster of Paris trade, dear. They carry it on at Windsor, your father says.'

"Pistol gives Target a wink, for they are honouring the party by their company, though the mother of one keeps a lodging-house at Bath, and the father of the other makes real genuine East India curry in London. They look down on the whole of the townspeople. It is natural; pot always calls kettle an ugly name.

"'No, Ma,' sais Di—all the girls address her as Di; ain't it a pretty abbreviation for a die-away young lady? But she is not a die-away lass; she is more of a Di Vernon. 'No, Ma,' sais Di, 'gipsey—ing, what a hard word it is! Mr. Russel says it's what they call these

parties in England. It is so like the gipsy life.'

"'There is one point,' sais Pistol, 'in which they differ.'

"'What's that?' sais Di.

"'Do you give it up?'

"'Yes.'

"'There the gipsy girls steal poultry; and here they steal hearts,' and he puts his left hand by mistake on his breast, not knowing that the pulsation there indicates that his lungs, and not his gizzard is affected, and that he is broken-*winded*, and not broken-*hearted*.

"'Very good,' every one sais; but still every one hasn't heard it, so it has to be repeated; and what is worse, as the habits of the gipsies are not known to all, the point has to be explained.

"Target sais, 'he, will send it to the paper, and put Trigger's name to it,' and Pistol says 'that is capital, for if he calls you out, he can't hit you,' and there is a joyous laugh. Oh dear, but a day in the woods is a pleasant thing. For my own part, I must say I quite agree with the hosier, who, when he first went to New Orleens, and saw such a

swad of people there said, he 'didn't onderstand how on earth it was that folks liked to live in a heap that way, altogether, where there was no corn to plant, and no bears to kill.'

"'My, oh my!' sais Miss Letitia, or Letkissyou, as Pistol used to call her. People ought to be careful what names they give their children, so as folks can't fasten nicknames on 'em. Before others the girls called her Letty, and that's well enough; but sometimes they would call her Let, which is the devil. If a man can't give a pretty fortune to his child, he can give it a pretty name at any rate.

"There was a very large family of Cards wunst to Slickville. They were mostly in the stage-coach and livery-stable line, and careless, reckless sort of people. So one day, Squire Zenas Card had a christenin at his house.

"Sais the Minister, 'what shall I call the child?'

"'Pontius Pilate,' said he.

"'I can't,' said Minister, 'and I won't. No soul ever heerd of such a name for a Christian since baptism came in fashion.'

"'I am sorry for that,' said the Squire, 'for

it's a mighty pretty name. I heard it once in church, and I thought if ever I had a son I'de call him after him; but if I can't have that—and it's a dreadful pity—call him Trump;' and he was christenened Trump Card.

"'Oh my!' sais Miss Letitia, lispin, 'Captain de la Cour has smashed my bonnet, see he is setting upon it. Did you ever?'

"'Never,' said Di, 'he has converted your *cottage* bonnet into a *country seat*, I do declare!'

"Everybody exclaimed, 'that is excellent,' and Russel said, 'capital by Jove.'

"'That kind of thing,' said de la Cour, 'is more honoured in the *breach*, than the *observance*?' and winked to Target.

"Miss Di is an inveterate punster, so she returns to the charge.

"'Letty, what fish is that the name of which would express all you said about your bonnet?—do you give it up? A bonnet-o!' (Boneto).

"'Well, I can't *fathom* that,' sais de la Cour.

"'I don't wonder at that,' sais the invincible Di; 'it is beyond your *depth*, for it is an out-of-*soundings* fish.'

"Poor de la Cour, you had better let her alone, she is too many guns for you. Scratch your head, for your curls and your name are all that you have to be proud of. Let her alone, she is wicked, and she is meditating a name for you and Pistol that will stick to you as long as you live, she has it on the tip of her tongue. 'The babes in the wood.'

"Now for the baskets—now for the spread. The old gentlemen break up their Lloyds' meeting—the old ladies break up their scandal club—the young ladies and their beaux are busy in arrangements, and though the corkscrews are nowhere to be found, Pistol has his in one of the many pockets of his woodsman's coat, he never goes without it, (like one of his mother's waiters,) which he calls his *young man's best companion;* and which another, who was a year in an attorney's office, while waiting for his commission, calls *the crown circuit assistant;* and a third, who has just arrived in a steamer designates as *the screw propeller.* It was a sensible provision, and Miss Di said, 'a *corkscrew* and a *pocket pistol* were better suited to him than a rifle,' and every one

said it was a capital joke that—for everybody likes a shot that don't hit themselves.

"'How tough the goose is!' sais G soft. 'I can't carve it.'

"'Ah!' sais Di, 'when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

"Eating and talking lasts a good while, but they don't last for ever. The ladies leave the gentlemen to commence their smoking, and finish their drinking, and presently there is a loud laugh; it's more than a laugh, it's a roar; and the ladies turn round and wonder.

"Letty sais, 'when the wine is in, the wit is out.'

"'True,' sais Di, 'the wine is there, but when you left them, the wit went out.'

"'Rather severe,' said Letty.

"'Not at all,' sais Di, 'for I was with you.'

"It is the last shot of poor Di. She won't take the trouble to talk well for ladies, and those horrid Mudges have a party on purpose to take away all the pleasant men. She never passed so stupid a day. She hates picnics, and will never go to one again. De la Cour is a fool, and is as full of airs as a night hawk is of

feathers. Pistol is a bore; Target is both poor and stingy; Trigger thinks more of himself than anybody else; and as for G soft he is a goose. She will never speak to Pippen again for not coming. They are a poor set of devils in the garrison; she is glad they are to have a new regiment.

"Letty hasn't enjoyed herself, either, she has been devoured by black flies and musquitoes, and has got her feet wet, and is so tired she can't go to the ball. The sleeping partner of the head of the firm is out of sorts, too. Her crony-gossip gave her a sly poke early in the day, to show her she recollected when she was young (not that she is so old now, either, for she knows the grave gentleman who visits at her house is said to like the mother better than the daughter) but before she was married, and friends who have such wonderful memories are not very pleasant companions, though it don't do to have them for enemies. But then, poor thing, and she consoles herself with the idea the poor thing has daughters herself, and they are as ugly as sin, and not half so agreeable. But it isn't that altogether. Sarah Matilda should not have gone wandering

out of hearing with the Captain, and she must give her a piece of her mind about it, for there is a good deal of truth in the old saying, 'if the girls won't run after the men, the men will run after them;' so she calls out loudly, 'Sarah Matilda, my love, come here, dear,' and Sarah Matilda knows when the honey is produced, physic is to be taken; but she knows she is under observation, and so she flies to her dear mamma, with the feet and face of an angel, and they gradually withdraw.

"'Dear ma, how tired you look.'

"'I am not tired, dear.'

"'Well, you don't look well; is anything the matter with you?'

"'I didn't say I wasn't well, and it's very rude to remark on one's looks that way.'

"'Something seems to have put you out of sorts, ma, I will run and call pa. Dear me, I feel frightened. Shall I ask Mrs. Bawdon for her salts?'

"'You know very well what's the matter; it's Captain de la Cour.'

"'Well, now, how strange,' said Sarah Matilda. 'I told him he had better go and walk with you; I wanted him to do it; I told him

you liked attention. Yes, I knew you would be angry, but it isn't my fault. It ain't indeed.'

"'Well, I am astonished,' replies the horrified mother. 'I never in all my life. So you told him I liked attention. I, your mother, your father's wife, with my position in *societee*; and pray what answer did he make to this strange conduct?'

"' He said; no wonder, you were the handsomest woman in town, and so agreeable; the only one fit to talk to.'

"'And you have the face to admit you listened to such stuff.'

"'I could listen all day to it, ma, for I knew it was true. I never saw you look so lovely, the new bishop has improved your appearance amazingly.'

"' Who?' said the mother, with an hysterical scream; 'what do you mean?'

"'The new bustler, ma.'

"' Oh,' said she, quite relieved, 'oh, do you think so?'

"' But what did you want of me, ma?'

"'To fasten my gown, dear, there is a hook come undone.'

"'Coming,' she said, in a loud voice.

"There was nobody calling, but somebody ought to have called; so she fastens the hook, and flies back as fast as she came.

"Sarah Matilda, you were not born yesterday; first you put your mother on the defensive, and then you stroked her down with the grain, and made her feel good all over, while you escaped from a scolding you know you deserved. A jealous mother makes an artful daughter. But Sarah Matilda, one word in your ear. Art ain't cleverness, and cunning ain't understanding. Semblance only answers once; the second time the door ain't opened to it.

"Henrietta is all adrift, too; she is an old maid, and Di nick-named her 'the old hen.' She has been shamefully neglected to-day. The young men have been flirting about with those forward young girls—children—mere children, and have not had the civility to exchange a word with her. The old ladies have been whispering gossip all day, and the old gentlemen busy talking about freights, the Fall-catch of mackarel, and ship-building. Nor could their talk have been solely confined to these subjects,

for once when she approached them, she heard the head of the firm say:

"'The 'lovely lass' must be thrown down and scraped, for she is so foul, and her knees are all gone.'

"And so she turned away in disgust. Catch her at a picnic again! No, never! It appears the world is changed; girls in her day were never allowed to romp that way, and men used to have some manners. Things have come to a pretty pass!

"'Alida, is that you, dear? You look dull.'

"'Oh, Henrietta! I have torn my beautiful thread-lace mantilla all to rags; it's ruined for ever. And do *you* know—oh, *I* don't know how I shall ever dare to face ma again! I have lost her beautiful little enamelled watch. Some of these horrid branches have pulled it off the chain,' And Alida cries and is consoled by Henrietta, who is a good-natured creature after all. She tells her for her comfort that nobody should ever think of wearing a delicate and expensive lace mantilla in the woods; she could not expect anything else than to have it destroyed; and as for exposing a beautiful gold

watch outside of her dress, nobody in her senses would have thought of such a thing. Of course she was greatly comforted: kind words and a kind manner will console any one.

"It is time now to re-assemble, and the party are gathered once more; and the ladies have found their smiles again, and Alida has found her watch; and there are to be some toasts and some songs before parting. All is jollity once more, and the head of the firm and his vigilant partner, and the officers have all a drop in their eye, and Henrietta is addressed by the junior partner, who is a bachelor of about her own age, and who assures her he never saw her look better; and she looks delighted, and is delighted, and thinks a pic-nic not so bad a thing after all.

"But there is a retributive justice in this world. Even picnic parties have their moral, and folly itself affords an example from which a wise saw may be extracted. Captain de Courcy addresses her, and after all he has the manners and appearance of a gentleman, though it is whispered he is fond of practical jokes, pulls 'colt ensigns' out of bed, makes them go through their sword exercise standing shirtless in their

tubs, and so on. There is one redeeming thing in the story, if it be true, he never was known to do it to a young nobleman; he is too well bred for that. He talks to her of society as it was before good-breeding was reformed out of the colonies. She is delighted; but, oh! was it stupidity, or was it insolence, or was it cruelty? he asked her if she recollected the Duke of Kent. To be sure it is only fifty-two years since he was here; but to have recollected him! How old did he suppose she was? She bears it well and meekly. It is not the first time she has been painfully reminded she was not young. She says her grandmother often spoke of him as a good officer and a handsome man; and she laughs though her heart aches the while, as if it was a good joke to ask *her*. He backs out as soon as he can. He meant well though he had expressed himself awkwardly; but to back out shows you are in the wrong stall, a place you have no business in, and being out, he thinks it as well to jog on to another place.

"Ah Henrietta! you were unkind to Alida about her lace mantilla and her gold watch, and it has come home to you. You ain't made of

glass, and nothing else will hold vinegar long without being corroded itself.

"Well the toasts are drunk, and the men are not far from being drunk too, and feats of agility are proposed, and they jump up and catch a springing bow, and turn a somerset on it, or over it, and they are cheered and applauded when de Courcy pauses in mid-air for a moment, as if uncertain what to do. Has the bough given way, or was that the sound of cloth rent in twain. Something has gone wrong, for he is greeted with uproarious cheers by the men, and he drops on his feet, and retires from the company as from the presence of royalty, by backing out and bowing as he goes, repeatedly stumbling, and once or twice falling in his retrograde motion.

"Ladies never lose their tact—they ask no questions because they see something is amiss, and though it is hard to subdue curiosity, propriety sometimes restrains it. They join in the general laugh, however, for it can be nothing serious where his friends make merry with it. When he retires from view, his health is drank with three times three. Di, who seemed to take pleasure in annoying the spinster, said she

had a great mind not to join in that toast, for he was a *loose* fellow, otherwise he would have rent his *heart* and not his *garments*. It is a pity a clever girl like her will let her tongue run that way, for it leads them to say things they ought not. Wit in a woman is a dangerous thing, like a doctor's lancet, it is apt to be employed about matters that offend our delicacy, or hurt our feelings."

"'What the devil is that,' said the head of the firm, looking up, as a few drops of rain fell. 'Why, here is a thunder-shower coming on us as sure as the world. Come, let us pack up and be off.'

"And the servants are urged to be expeditious, and the sword-knots tumble the glasses into the baskets, and the cold hams a top of them, and break the decanters, to make them stow better, and the head of the firm swears, and the sleeping partner says she will faint, she could never abide thunder; and Di tells her if she does not want to abide all night, she had better move, and a vivid flash of lightning gives notice to quit, and tears, and screams, attest the notice is received, and the retreat is commenced; but alas, the carriages are a mile and a half off, and the tempest

rages, and the rain falls in torrents, and the thunder stuns them, and the lightning blinds them.

"'What's the use of hurrying,' says Di, 'we are now wet through, and our clothes are spoiled, and I think we might take it leisurely. Pistol, take my arm, I am not afraid of you now.'

"'Why?'

"'Your powder is wet, and you can't go off. You are quite harmless. Target, you had better run.'

"'Why?'

"'You will be sure to be hit, if you don't—won't he Trigger?'

"But Pistol, and Target, and Trigger are alike silent. G *soft* has lost his *softness*, and lets fall some *hard* terms. Everyone holds down his head, why, I can't understand, because being soaked, that attitude can't dry them.

"'Uncle,' says Di, to the head of the firm, 'you appear to enjoy it, you are buttoning up your coat as if you wanted to keep the rain in.'

"'I wish you would keep your tongue in,' he said, gruffly.

"'I came for a party of pleasure,' said the unconquerable girl, 'and I think there is great fun in this. Hen, I feel sorry for you, you can't stand the wet as those darling ducks can. Aunt will shake herself directly, and be as dry as an India rubber model.'

"Aunt is angry, but can't answer—every clap of thunder makes her scream. Sarah Matilda has lost her shoe, and the water has closed over it, and she can't find it. 'Pistol, where is your corkscrew, draw it out.'"

"'It's all your fault,' sais the sleeping partner, to the head of the firm, 'I told you to bring the umbrellas.'

"'It's all yours,' retorts the afflicted husband, 'I told you these things were all nonsense, and more trouble than they were worth.'

"'It's all Hen's fault,' said Di, 'for we came on purpose to bring her out; she has never been at a picnic before, and its holidays now. Oh! the brook has risen, and the planks are gone, we shall have to wade; Hen, ask those men to go before, I don't like them to see above my ancles.'

"'Catch me at a picnic again,' said the terrified spinster.

"'You had better get home from this first, before you talk of another,' sais Di.

"'Oh, Di, Di,' said Henrietta, 'how can you act so?'

"You may say Di, Di, if you please, dear,' said the tormentor; 'but I never say die—and never will while there is life in me. Letty, will you go to the ball to-night? we shall catch cold if we don't; for we have two miles more of the rain to endure in the open carriages, before we reach the steamer, and we shall be chilled when we cease walking.'

"But Letty can do nothing but cry, as if she wasn't wet enough already.

"'Good gracious!' sais the head of the house, 'the horses have overturned the carriage, broke the pole, and run away.'

"'What's the *upset* price of it, I wonder,' sais Di, 'the horses will make 'their *election* sure;' they are at the 'head of *the pole*, they are returned and they have left no *trace* behind.' I wish they had taken the *rain* with them also.'

"'It's a pity you wouldn't *rein* your tongue in also,' said the fractious uncle.

"Well, I will Nunky, if you will restrain

your *choler*. De Courcy, the horses are off at a '*smashing* pace;' G soft, it's all *dickey* with us now, aint it? But that *milk-sop*, Russel, is making a noise in his boots, as if he was '*churning* butter.' Well, I never enjoyed anything so much as this in my life; I do wish the Mudges had been here, it is the only thing wanting to make this picnic perfect. What do you say, Target?'

"But Target don't answer, he only mutters between his teeth something that sounds like, 'what a devil that girl is!' Nobody minds teazing now; their tempers are subdued, and they are dull, weary, and silent—dissatisfied with themselves, with each other, and the day of pleasure.

"How could it be otherwise? It is a thing they didn't understand, and had no taste for. They took a deal of trouble to get away from the main road as far as possible; they never penetrated farther into the forest, than to obtain a shade, and there eat an uncomfortable cold dinner, sitting on the ground, had an ill-assorted party, provided no amusements, were thoroughly bored, and drenched to the skin —and this some people call a day in the bush.

"There is an old proverb, that has a hidden meaning in it, that is applicable to this sort of thing—'*As a man calleth in the woods, so it shall be answered to him.*'"

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

We made another attempt at walking on the deck—the moon was trying to struggle through the fog, which was now of a bright copper colour.

"Doctor," said I, "have you ever seen a yellow fog before?"

"Yes;" he said, "I have seen a white, black, red, and yellow fog," and went off into a disquisition about optics, mediums, reflections, refractions, and all sorts of scientific terms.

Well I don't like hard words, when you crack them, which is plaguy tough work, you have to pick the kernel out with a cambric needle, and unless it's soaked in wine, like

the heart of a hickory nut is, it don't taste nice, and don't pay you for the trouble. So to change the subject, "Doctor," sais I, "how long is this everlasting mullatto lookin fog a goin to last, for it ain't white, and it ain't black, but kind of betwixt and between."

Sais he, and he stopped and listened a moment, "it will be gone by twelve o'clock to-night."

"What makes you think so?" said I.

"Do you hear that?" said he.

"Yes," sais I, "I do; it's children a playin and a chatterin in French. Now it's nateral they should talk French, seein their parents do. They call it their mother tongue, for old wives are like old hosses, they are all tongue, and when their teeth is gone, that unruly member grows thicker and bigger, for it has a larger bed to stretch out in—not that it ever sleeps much, but it has a larger sphere of action—do you take? I don't know whether you have had this feeling of surprise, Doctor, but I have, hearing those little imps talk French, when to save my soul, I can't jabber it that way myself. In course of nature they must talk that lingo, for they are quilted in French—kissed in

French—fed in French—and put to bed in French—and told to pray to the Virgin in French; for that's the language she loves best. She knows a great many languages, but she can't speak English since Henry the Eighth's time, when she said to him, "you be fiddled," which meant, the Scotch should come with their fiddles, and rule England.

"Still somehow I feel strange, when these little critters address me in it, or when women use it to me (tho' I don't mind that so much, for there are certain freemason signs the fair sex understand all over the world,) but the men puzzle me like Old Scratch, and I often say to myself, what a pity it is the critters can't speak English. I never pity myself for not being able to jabber French, but I blush for their ignorance. However, all this is neither here nor there. Now, Doctor, how can you tell this fog is booked for the twelve o'clock train. Is there a Bradshaw for weather?"

"Yes," said he, "there is, do you hear that?"

"I don't hear nothing," sais I, "but two Frenchmen ashore a jawing like mad. One darsen't, and tother is afraid to fight, so they

are taking it out in gab—they ain't worth listening to. How do they tell you the weather ?"

"Oh," said he, "it aint them ? Do you hear the falls at my lake ? the west wind brings that to us. When I am there and the rote is on the beach, it tells me it is the voice of the south wind giving notice of rain. All nature warns me. The swallow, the pig, the goose, the fire on the hearth, the soot in the flue, the smoke of the chimney, the rising and seting sun, the white frost, the stars—all, all tell me."

"Yes," sais I, "when I am to home, I know all them signs."

"The spider too is my guide, and the ant also. But the little pimpernel, the poor man's weather-glass, and the convolvulus are truer than any barometer, and a glass of water never lies."

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "you and I read and study the same book. I don't mean to assert we are as Sorrow says, nateral children, but we are both children of nature, and honour our parents. I agree with you about the fog, but I wanted to see if you could answer

signals with me. I am so glad you have come on board. You want amusement, I want instruction. I will swap stories with you, for bits of your wisdom, and as you won't take boot, I shall be a great gainer."

After a good deal of such conversation, we went below, and in due season turned in, in a place where true comfort consists in oblivion. The morning, as the Doctor predicted was clear, the fog was gone, and the little French village lay before us in all the beauty of ugliness. The houses were small, unpainted, and uninviting. Fish flakes were spread on the beach, and the women were busy in turning the cod upon them. Boats were leaving the shore for the fishing-ground. Each of these was manned by two or three or four hands, who made as much noise as if they were getting a vessel under weigh, and were severally giving orders to each other with a rapidity of utterance, that no people but Frenchmen are capable of.

"Every nation," said the Doctor, "has its peculiarity, but the French Acadians excel all others in their adherence to their own ways; and in this particular, the Chesencookers surpass even their own countrymen. The

men all dress alike, and the women all dress alike, as you will presently see, and always have done so within the memory of man. A round, short jacket which scarcely covers the waistcoat, trowsers that seldom reach below the ankle-joint, and yarn stockings, all four being blue, and manufactured at home, and apparently dyed in the same tub, with moccasins for the feet, and a round fur or cloth cap to cover the head, constitute the uniform and unvaried dress of the men. The attire of the women is equally simple. The short gown which reaches to the hip, and the petticoat which serves for a skirt, both made of coarse domestic cloth having perpendicular blue and white stripes, constitute the difference of dress that marks the distinction of the sexes, if we except a handkerchief thrown over the head, and tied under the chin, for the blue stockings and the mocassins are common to both, males and females.

"There has been no innovation for a century in these particulars, unless it be that a hat has found its way into Chesencook, not that such a stove-pipe looking thing as that, has any beauty in it; but the boys of Halifax are not to be despised, if a hat is, and even an ourang-

outang, if he ventured to walk about the streets would have to submit to wear one. But the case is different with women, especially modest, discreet, unobtrusive ones, like those of the 'long shore French.' They are stared at because they dress like those in the world before the flood, but it's an even chance if the antediluvian damsels were half so handsome; and what pretty girl can find it in her heart to be very angry at attracting attention? Yes, their simple manners, their innocence and their sex are their protection. But no cap, bonnet, or ribbon; velvet, muslin, or lace, was ever seen at Chesencook. Whether this neglect of finery, (the love of which is so natural to their countrywomen in Europe,) arises from a deep-rooted veneration for the ways of their predecessors, or from the sage counsel of their spiritual instructors, who desire to keep them from the contamination of the heretical world around them, or from the conviction that

"'The adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill,
'Tis like the barbing of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.'

I know not. Such, however, is the fact nevertheless, and you ought to record it, as an instance in which they have shewn their superiority to this universal weakness. Still both men and women are decently and comfortably clad. There is no such thing as a ragged Acadian, and I never yet saw one begging his bread. Some people are distinguished for their industry others for their idleness, some for their ingenuity, and others for their patience, but the great characteristic of an Acadian is talk, and his talk is from its novelty, amusing and instructive, even in its nonsense.

"These people live close to the banks where cod are found, and but little time is required in proceeding to the scene of their labour, therefore there is no necessity for being in a hurry, and there is lots of time for palaver. Every boat has an oracle in it, who speaks with an air of authority. He is a great talker, and a great smoker, and he chats so skilfully, that he enjoys his pipe at the same time, and manages it so as not to interrupt his jabbering. He can smoke, talk, and row at once. He don't smoke fast, for that puts his pipe out by consuming his tobacco; nor row fast, for it fatigues him."

"Exactly," sais I, "but the tongue, I suppose, having, like a clock, a locomotive power of its own, goes like one of my wooden ones, for twenty-four hours without ceasing, and like one of them also when it's e'en amost worn-out and up in years, goes at the rate of one hundred minutes to the hour, strikes without counting the number, and gives good measure, banging away often twenty times at one o'clock."

Every boat now steered for the 'Black Hawk,' and the oracle stopped talking French, to practice English. "How you do, Sare? how you do your wife?" said Lewis Le Blanc, addressing me.

"I have no wife."

"No wife, ton pee? Who turn your fish for you, den?"

Whereat they all laugh, and all talk French again. And oracle says, 'he takes his own eggs to market den.' He don't laugh at that, for wits never laugh at their own jokes; but the rest snicker till they actilly scream.

"What wind are we going to have, Lewis?'

Oracle stands up, carefully surveys the sky, and notices all the signs, and then looks wise, and answers in a way that there can be no mistake. "Now you see, Sare, if de wind blow off

de shore, den it will be west wind; if it blow from de sea, den it will be east wind; and if it blow down coast," pointing to each quarter with his hand, like a weather-cock, "den it will sartain be sout; and up de coast, den you will be sartain it will come from de nort. I never knew dat sign fail." And he takes his pipe from his mouth, knocks some ashes out of it and spits in the water, as much as to say, now I am ready to swear to that. And well he may, for it amounts to this, that the wind will blow from any quarter it comes from. The other three all regard him with as much respect, as if he was clerk of the weather.

"Interesting people these, Doctor," said I, "ain't they? It's the world before the flood. I wonder if they know how to trade? Barter was the primitive traffick. Corn was given for oil, and fish for honey, and sheep and goats for oxen and horses, and so on. There is a good deal of trickery in barter, too, for necessity has no laws. The value of money we know, and a thing is worth what it will fetch in cash; but swapping is a different matter. It's a horse of a different colour."

"You will find," said the Doctor, "the men

(I except the other sex always) are as acute as you are at a bargain. You are more like to be bitten than to bite, if you try that game with them."

"Bet you a dollar," sais I, "I sell that old coon as easy as a clock. What a Chesencooker a match for a Yankee! Come, I like that; that is good. Here goes for a trial, at any rate.

"Mounsheer," sais I, "have you any wood to sell?"

We didn't need no wood, but it don't do to begin to ask for what you want, or you can't do nothin.

"Yes," said he.

"What's the price," said I, "cash down on the nail?" for I knew the critter would see 'the *point*' of coming down with the *blunt*.

"It's ten dollars and a half," said he, "a cord at Halifax, and it don't cost me nothin to carry it there, for I have my own shallop—but I will sell it for ten dollars to oblige you." That was just seven dollars more than it was worth.

"Well," sais I, "that's not high, only cash is scarce. If you will take mackarel in pay, at six dollars a barrel, (which was two dollars more

than its value,) praps we might trade. Could you sell me twenty cord?"

"Yes, may be twenty-five."

"And the mackarel," said I.

"Oh," said he, "mackarel is only worth three dollars and a half at Halifax. I can't sell mine even at that. I have sixty barrels, number one, for sale."

"If you will promise me to let me have all the wood I want, more or less," sais I, "even if it is ever so little; or as much as thirty cords, at ten dollars a cord, real rock maple, and yellow birch, then I will take all your mackarel at three and a half dollars, money down."

"Say four," said he.

"No," sais I, "you say you can't git but three and a half at Halifax, and I won't beat you down, nor advance one cent myself. But mind, if I oblige you by buying all your mackarel, you must oblige me by letting me have all the wood *I want*."

"Done," said he, so we warped into the wharf, took the fish on board, and I paid him the money, and cleared fifteen pounds by the operation.

"Now," says I, "where is the wood?"

"All this is mine," said he, pointing to a pile, containing about fifty cords.

"Can I have it all," said I, "if I want it."

He took off his cap and scratched his head; scratching helps a man to think amazingly. He thought he had better ask a little more than ten dollars, as I appeared to be so ready to buy at any price. So he said,

"Yes, you may have it all at ten and a half dollars."

"I thought you said, I might have what I wanted at ten."

"Well, I have changed my mind," said he, "it is too low."

"And so have I," sais I, "I won't trade with a man that acts that way," and I went on board, and the men cast off and began to warp the vessel again up to her anchor.

Lewis took off his cap and began scratching his head again, he had over-reached himself. Expecting an immense profit on his wood, he had sold his fish very low, he saw I was in earnest, and jumped on board.

"Capitaine, you will have him at ten, so much as you want of him."

"Well, measure me off half a cord."

"What!" said he, opening both eyes to their full extent.

"Measure me off half a cord."

"Didn't you say you wanted twenty or thirty cord?"

"No," sais I, "I said I must have that much if I wanted it, but I don't want it, it is only worth three dollars, and you have had the modesty to ask ten, and then ten and a half, but I will take half a cord to please you, so measure it off."

He stormed, and raved, and swore, and threw his cap down on the deck and jumped on it, and stretched out his arm as if he was going to fight, and stretched out his wizzened face, as if it made halloing easier, and foamed at the mouth like a hoss that has eat lobelia in his hay.

"Be gar," he said, "I shall sue you before the common scoundrels, (council) at Halifax, I shall take it before the *sperm* (supreme) court, and *try* it out."

"How much *ile* will you get," sais I, "by *tryin me* out, do you think.

"Never mind," said I, in a loud voice, and looking over him at the mate, and pretending to answer him. "Never mind if he won't go on shore, he is welcome to stay, and we will land

him on the Isle of Sable, and catch a wild hoss for him to swim home on."

The hint was electrical; he picked up his cap and ran aft, and with one desperate leap reached the wharf in safety, when he turned and danced as before with rage, and his last audible words were, "Be gar I shall go to the *sperm* court and *try* it out."

"In the world before the flood, you see, Doctor," said I, "they knew how to cheat as well as the present race do; the only improvement this fellow has made on the antediluvian race is, he can take himself in, as well as others."

"I have often thought," said the Doctor, "that in our dealings in life, and particularly in trading, a difficult question must often arise whether a thing, notwithstanding the world sanctions it, is lawful and right. Now what is your idea of smuggling?"

"I never smuggled," said I, "I have sometimes imported goods, and didn't pay the duties; not that I wanted to smuggle, but because I hadn't time to go to the office. It's a good deal of trouble to go to a custom-house. When you get there you are sure to be delayed, and half the time to git sarce. It costs a good deal;

no one thanks you, and nobody defrays cab-hire, and makes up for lost time, temper, and patience to you—it don't pay in a general way; sometimes it will; for instance, when I left the embassy, I made thirty thousand pounds of your money by one operation. Lead was scarce in our market, and very high, and the duty was one third of the prime cost, as a protection to the n*ative* article. So what does I do, but go to old Galena, one of the greatest dealers in the lead trade in Great Britain, and ascertained the wholesale price.

"Sais I, 'I want five hundred thousand dollars worth of lead.'

"'That is an immense order,' said he, 'Mr. Slick. There is no market in the world that can absorb so much at once.'

"'The loss will be mine,' said I. 'What deductions will you make if I take it all from your house?'

"Well, he came down handsome, and did the thing genteel.

"'Now,' sais I, 'will you let one of your people go to my cab, and bring a mould I have there.'

"Well, it was done.

"'There,' said I, 'is a large bust of Washington. Every citizen of the United States ought to have one, if he has a dust of patriotism in him. I must have the lead cast into rough busts like that.'

"'Hollow,' said he, 'of course.'

"'No, no,' sais I, 'by no manner of means, the heavier and solider the better.'

"'But,' said Galena, 'Mr. Slick excuse me, though it is against my own interest, I cannot but suggest you might find a cheaper material, and one more suitable to your very laudable object.'

"'Not at all,' said I, 'lead is the very identical thing. If a man don't like the statue and its price, and it's like as not he wont, he will like the lead. There is no duty on statuary, but there is more than thirty per cent. on lead. The duty alone is a fortune, of not less than thirty thousand pounds, after all expenses are paid.'

"'Well now,' said he, throwing back his head and laughing, 'that is the most ingenious device to evade duties I ever heard of.'

"I immediately gave orders to my agents at Liverpool to send so many tons of Washington

to every port and place on the sea-board of the United States except New York, but not too many to any one town; and then I took passage in a steamer, and ordered all my agents to close the consignment immediately, and let the lead hero change hands. It was generally allowed to be the handsomest operation ever performed in our country. Connecticut offered to send me to Congress for it, the folks felt so proud of me.

"But I don't call that smugglin. It is a skilful reading of a revenue law. My idea of smugglin is, there is the duty, and there is the penalty; pay one and escape the other if you like, if not, run your chance of the penalty. If the state wants revenue, let it collect its dues. If I want my debts got in, I attend to drummin them up together myself; let government do the same. There isn't a bit of harm in smugglin. I don't like a law restraining liberty. Let them that impose shackles, look to the bolts; that's my idea."

"That argument won't hold water, Slick," said the Doctor.

"Why?"

"Because it is as full of holes as a cullender.'

"How?"

"The obligation between a government and a people is reciprocal. To protect on the one hand, and to support on the other. Taxes are imposed, first, for the maintenance of the government, and secondly, for such other objects as are deemed necessary or expedient. The moment goods are imported, which are subject to such exactions, the amount of the tax is a debt due to the state, the evasion or denial of which is a fraud. The penalty is not an alternative at your option; it is a punishment, and that always presupposes an offence. There is no difference between defrauding the state, or an individual. Corporeality, or incorporeality, has nothing to do with the matter."

"Well," sais I, "Domine Doctor, that doctrine of implicit obedience to the government won't hold water neither, otherwise, if you had lived in Cromwell's time, you would have to have assisted in cutting the king's head off, or fight in an unjust war, or a thousand other wicked but legal things. I believe every tub must stand on its own bottom; general rules won't do. Take each separate, and judge of it by itself."

"Exactly," sais the Doctor; "try that in law and see how it would work. No two cases would be decided alike; you'd be adrift at once, and a drifting ship soon touches bottom. No, that won't hold water. Stick to general principles, and if a thing is an exception to the rule, put it in Schedule A or B, and you know where to look for it. General rules are fixed principles. But you are only talking for talk sake; I know you are. Do you think now that merchant did right to aid you in evading the duty on your leaden Washingtons?"

"What the plague had he to do with our revenue laws? They don't bind him," sais I.

"No," said, the Doctor, "but there is a higher law than the statutes of the States or of England either, and that is the moral law. In aiding you, he made the greatest sale of lead ever effected at once in England; the profit on that was his share of the smuggling. But you are only drawing me out to see what I am made of. You are an awful man for a bam. There goes old Lewis in his fishing boat," sais he. "Look at him shaking his fist at you. Do you hear him jabbering away about *trying* it out in the '*sperm* court?'"

"I'll make him draw his fist in, I know," sais I. So I seized my rifle, and stepped behind the mast, so that he could not see me; and as a large grey gull was passing over his boat high up in the air, I fired, and down it fell on the old coon's head so heavily and so suddenly, he thought he was shot; and he and the others set up a yell of fright and terror that made everybody on board of the little fleet of coasters that were anchored round us, combine in three of the heartiest, merriest, and loudest cheers I ever heard.

"*Try* that out in the *sperm* court, you old bull-frog," sais I. "I guess there is more ile to be found in that fishy gentleman than in me. "Well," sais I, "Doctor, to get back to what we was a talking of. "It's a tight squeeze sometimes to scrouge between a lie and a truth in business, ain't it? The passage is so narrow, if you don't take care it will rip your trowser buttons off in spite of you. Fortunately I am thin and can do it like an eel, squirmey fashion; but a stout, awkward fellow is most sure to be catched.

"I shall never forget a rise I once took out of a set of jockies at Albany. I had an everlastin fast Naraganset pacer once to Slickville,

one that I purchased in Mandarin's place. I was considerable proud of him, I do assure you, for he took the rag off the bush in great style. Well, our stable-help, Pat Monoghan, (him I used to call Mr. Monoghan) would stuff him with fresh clover without me knowing it, and as sure as rates, I broke his wind in driving him too fast. It gave him the heaves, that is, it made his flanks heave like a blacksmith's bellows. We call it 'heaves,' Britishers call it 'broken wind.' Well, there is no cure for it, though some folks tell you a hornet's nest cut up fine, and put in their meal will do it, and others say sift the oats clean, and give them juniper berries in it, and that will do it, or ground ginger, or tar, or what not; but these are all quackeries. You can't cure it, for it's a ruption of an air vessel, and you can't get at it to sew it up. But you can fix it up by diet and care, and proper usage, so that you can deceive even an old hand, providin you don't let him ride or drive the beast too fast.

"Well, I doctored and worked with him so, the most that could be perceived was a slight cold, nothin to mind, much less frighten you. And when I got him up to the notch, I adver-

tised him for sale, as belonging to a person going down east, who only parted with him because he thought him too heav*ey* for a man who never travelled less than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds. Well, he was sold at auction, and knocked down to Rip Van Dam, the Attorney-General, for five hundred dollars; and the owner put a saddle and bridle on him, and took a bet of two hundred dollars with me, he could do a mile in two minutes, fifty seconds. He didn't know me from Adam parsonally, at the time, but he had heard of me, and bought the horse, because it was said Sam Slick owned him.

"Well, he started off, and lost his bet; for when he got near the winnin-post the horse choked, fell, and pitched the rider off half-way to Troy, and nearly died himself. The umpire handed me the money, and I dug out for the steam-boat intendin to pull foot for home. Just as I reached the wharf, I heard my name called out, but I didn't let on I noticed it, and walked a-head. Presently, Van Dam seized me by the shoulder, quite out of breath, puffin and blowin like a porpoise.

"'Mr. Slick?' said he.

"'Yes,' sais I, 'what's left of me; but good gracious,' sais I, 'you have got the 'heaves.' I hope it ain't catchin.'

"'No I haven't,' said he, 'but your cussed hoss has, and nearly broke my neck. You are like all the Connecticut men I ever see, a nasty, mean, long-necked, long-legged, narrow-chested, slab-sided, narrow-souled, lantern-jawed, Yankee cheat.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'that's a considerable of a long name to write on the back of a letter, ain't it? It ain't good to use such a swad of words, it's no wonder you have the heaves; but I'll cure you; I warn't brought up to wranglin; I hain't time to fight you, and besides,' said I, 'you are broken-winded; but I'll chuck you over the wharf into the river to cool you, boots and all, by gravy.'

"'Didn't you advertise,' said he, 'that the only reason you had to part with that horse was, that he was too heavy for a man who never travelled slower than a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds.'

"'Never!' sais I, 'I never said such a word. What will you bet I did?'

"'Fifty dollars,' said he.

"'Done,' said I. 'And Vanderbelt, (he was just going on board the steamer at the time.) Vanderbelt,' sais I 'hold these stakes. Friend,' sais I, 'I won't say you lie, but you talk uncommonly like the way I do when I lie. Now prove it.'

"And he pulled out one of my printed advertisments, and said 'read that.'

"Well, I read it. 'It ain't there,' said I.

"'Ain't it?' said he. 'I leave it to Vanderbelt.'

"'Mr. Slick,' said he, 'you have lost—it is here.'

"'Will *you* bet fifty dollars,' said I, 'though you have seen it, that it's there?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I will.'

"'Done,' said I. 'Now how do you spell heavy?'

"'H-e-a-v-y,' said he.

"'Exactly,' sais I; 'so do I. But this is spelt *heav-ey*. I did it on purpose. I scorn to take a man in about a horse, so I published his defect to all the world. I said he was too *heavey* for harness, and so he is. He aint worth fifty dollars—I wouldn't take him as a gift—he aint worth *von dam*.'

"'Well, I did see that,' said he, 'but I

thought it was an error of the press, or that the owner couldn't spell.'

"'Oh!' sais I, 'don't take me for one of your Dutch boors, I beg of you. I can spell, but you can't read, that's all. You remind me,' says I, 'of a feller in Slickville when the six-cent letter stamps came in fashion. He licked the stamp so hard, he took all the gum off, and it wouldn't stay on, no how he could fix it, so what does he do but put a pin through it, and writes on the letter, "Paid, if the darned thing will only stick." Now, if you go and lick the stamp etarnally that way, folks will put a pin through it, and the story will stick to you for ever and ever. But come on board, and let's liquor, and I will stand treat.'

"I felt sorry for the poor critter, and I told him how to feed the horse, and advised him to take him to Saratoga, advertise him, and sell him the same way; and he did, and got rid of him. The rise raised his character as a lawyer amazing. He was elected governor next year; a sell like that is the making of a awyer.

"Now I don't call the lead Washingtons nor

the *heavey* horse either on 'em a case of cheat; but I do think a man ought to know how to read a law and how to read an advertisement, don't you? But come, let us go ashore, and see how the galls look, for you have raised my curiosity."

We accordingly had the boat lowered; and taking Sorrow with us to see if he could do anything in the catering line, the Doctor, Cutler and myself landed on the beach, and walked round the settlement.

The shore was covered with fish flakes, which sent up an aroma not the most agreeable in the world except to those who lived there, and they, I do suppose, snuff up the breeze as if it was loaded with wealth and smelt of the Gold coast. But this was nothing (although I don't think I can ever eat dum fish again as long as I live) to the effluvia arising from decomposed heaps of sea-wood, which had been gathered for manure, and was in the act of removal to the fields. No words can describe this, and I leave it to your imagination, Squire, to form an idea of a new perfume in nastiness that has never yet been appreciated but by an Irishman.

I heard a Paddy once, at Halifax, describe the wreck of a carriage which had been dashed to pieces. He said there was not "a smell of it left." Poor fellow, he must have landed at Chesencook, and removed one of those oloriferous heaps, as Sorrow called them, and borrowed the metaphor from it, that there was not "a smell of it left." On the beach between the "flakes" and the water, were smaller heaps of the garbage of the cod-fish and mackarel, on which the grey and white gulls fought, screamed, and gorged themselves, while on the bar were the remains of several enormous black fish, half the size of whales, which had been driven on shore, and hauled up out of the reach of the waves by strong ox teams. The heads and livers of these huge monsters had been "*tried* out in the *Sperm* court" for ile, and the putrid remains of the carcass were disputed for by pigs and crows. The discordant noises of these hungry birds and beasts were perfectly deafening.

On the right hand side of the harbour, boys and girls waded out on the flats to dig clams, and were assailed on all sides by the screams of wild fowl who resented the invasion of their

territory, and were replied to in tones no less shrill and unintelligible. On the left was the wreck of a large ship, which had perished on the coast, and left its ribs and skeleton to bleach on the shore, as if it had failed in the vain attempt to reach the forest from which it had sprung, and to repose in death in its native valley. From one of its masts, a long, loose, solitary shroud was pendant, having at its end a large double block attached to it, on which a boy was seated, and swung backward and forward. He was a little, saucy urchin, of about twelve years of age, dressed in striped homespun, and had on his head a red yarn clackmutch, that resembled a cap of liberty. He seemed quite happy, and sung a verse of a French song with an air of conscious pride and defiance as his mother, stick in hand, stood before him, and at the top of her voice now threatened him with the rod, his father, and the priest—and then treacherously coaxed him with a promise to take him to Halifax, where he should see the great chapel, hear the big bell, and look at the bishop. A group of little girls stared in amazement at his courage, but trembled when they heard his mother predict a broken

neck — purgatory — and the devil as his portion.

The dog was as excited as the boy—he didn't bark, but he whimpered, as he gazed upon him, as if he would like to jump up, and be with him, or to assure him he would catch him if he fell, if he had but the power to do so.

What a picture it was—the huge wreck of that, that once "walked the waters as a thing of life"— the merry boy—the anxious mother —the trembling sisters—the affectionate dog— what bits of church-yard scenes were here combined—children playing on the tombs—the young and the old—the merry and the aching heart—the living among the dead. Far beyond this were tall figures wading in the water, and seeking their food in the shallows; cranes who felt the impunity that the superstition of the simple *habitans* had extended to them and sought their daily meal in peace.

Above the beach and parallel with it, ran a main road, on the upper side of which were the houses, and on a swelling mound behind them rose the spire of the chapel visible far off in the Atlantic, a sacred signal-post for the guidance

of the poor coaster. As soon as you reach this street or road and look around you, you feel at once you are in a foreign country and a land of strangers. The people, their dress, and their language, the houses, their form and appearance, the implements of husbandry, their shape and construction—all that you hear and see is unlike anything else. It is neither above, beyond, or behind the age. It is the world before the flood. I have sketched it for you, and I think without bragging I may say I can take things off to the life. Once I drawed a mutton chop so nateral, my dog broke his teeth in tearing the panel to pieces to get at it, and at another time I painted a shingle so like stone, when I threw it into the water, it sunk right kerlash to the bottom."

"Oh, Mr. Slick," said the Doctor, "let me get away from here. I can't bear the sight of the sea-coast, and above all of this offensive place. Let us get into the woods where we can enjoy ourselves. You have never witnessed what I have lately, and I trust in God you never will. I have seen within this month two hundred dead bodies on a beach in every possible shape of disfiguration and decomposition—mangled,

mutilated, and dismembered corpses; male and female, old and young, the prey of fishes, birds, beasts, and what is worse of human beings. The wrecker had been there—whether he was of your country or mine I know not, but I fervently hope he belonged to neither. Oh, I have never slept sound since. The screams of the birds terrify me, and yet what do they do but follow the instincts of their nature? They batten on the dead, and if they do feed on the living, God has given them animated beings for their sustenance, as he has the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the beasts of the field to us, but they feed not on each other. Man, man alone is a cannibal. What an awful word that is."

"Exactly," sais I, "for he is then below the canine species—'dog won't eat dog.'* The wrecker lives not on those who die, but on those whom he slays. The pirate has courage at least to boast of, he risks his life to rob the ship, but the other attacks the helpless and unarmed, and spares

* This homely adage is far more expressive than the Latin one :—

"Parcit
Cognates maculis, similis fera."—Juv.

neither age nor sex, in his thirst for plunder. I don't mean to say we are worse on this side of the Atlantic than the other, God forbid. I believe we are better, for the American people are a kind, a feeling and a humane race. But avarice hardens the heart, and distress when it comes in a mass, overpowers pity for the individual, while inability to aid a multitude, induces a carelessness to assist any. A whole community will rush to the rescue of a drowning man, not because his purse can enrich them all, (that is too dark a view of human nature,) but because he is the sole object of interest. When there are hundreds struggling for life, few of whom can be saved, and when some wretches are solely bent on booty, the rest regardless of duty, rush in for their share also, and the ship and her cargo attract all. When the wreck is plundered, the transition to rifling the dying and the dead is not difficult, and cupidity when once sharpened by success, brooks no resistance, for the remonstrance of conscience is easily silenced where supplication is not even heard. Avarice benumbs the feelings, and when the heart is hardened, man becomes a mere

beast of prey. Oh this scene afflicts me—let us move on. These poor people have never yet been suspected of such atrocities, and surely they were not perpetrated *in the world before the flood.*

CHAPTER V

LOST AT SEA.

"I BELIEVE, Doctor," sais I, "we have seen all that is worth notice here, let us go into one of their houses and ascertain if there is anything for Sorrow's larder; but Doctor," sais I, "let us first find out if they speak English, for if they do we must be careful what we say before them. Very few of the old people I guess know anything but French, but the younger ones who frequent the Halifax market, know more than they pretend to if they are like some other *habitans* I saw at New Orleans. They are as cunning as foxes."

Proceeding to one of the largest cottages, we immediately gained admission. The door, unlike those of Nova Scotian houses, opened out-

wards, the fastening being a simple wooden latch. The room into which we entered was a large dark, dingy, dirty apartment. In the centre of it was a tub containing some goslins, resembling yellow balls of corn-meal, rather than birds. Two females were all that were at home, one a little wrinkled woman, whose age it would puzzle a physiognomist to pronounce on, the other a girl about twenty-five years old. They sat on opposite sides of the fire-place, and both were clothed alike, in blue striped homespun, as previously described.

"Look at their moccasins," said the Doctor. "They know much more about deer-skins than half the English settlers do. Do you observe they are made of carriboo, and not moose hide. The former contracts with wet and the other distends and gets out of shape. Simple as that little thing is, few people have ever noticed it."

The girl had she been differently trained and dressed would have been handsome, but spare diet, exposure to the sun and wind, and field-labour, had bronzed her face, so that it was difficult to say what her real complexion was. Her hair was jet black and very luxuriant, but the handkerchief which served for bonnet, and

head-dress by day, and for a cap by night, hid all but the ample folds in front. Her teeth were as white as ivory, and contrasted strangely with the gipsy colour of her cheeks. Her eyes were black, soft, and liquid, and the lashes remarkably long, but the expression of her face which was naturally good, indicated, though not very accurately, the absence of either thought or curiosity.

After awhile objects became more distinct in the room, as we gradually became accustomed to the dim light of the small windows. The walls were hung round with large hanks of yarn, principally blue and white. An open cupboard displayed some plain coarse cups and saucers, and the furniture consisted of two rough tables, a large bunk,* one or two sea-chests, and a few chairs of simple workmanship. A large old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and a barrel-churn stood in one corner, and in the other a shoemaker's bench, while carpenter's tools were suspended on nails in such places as were not occupied by yarn. There was no ceiling or plaster-

* Bunk is a word in common use, and means a box that makes a seat by day and serves for a bedstead by night.

ing visible anywhere, the floor of the attic alone separated that portion of the house from the lower room, and the joice on which it was laid, were thus exposed to view, and supported on wooden cleets, leather, oars, rudders, together with some half dressed pieces of ash, snow-shoes, and such other things as necessity might require. The wood-work wherever visible, was begrimed with smoke, and the floor though doubtless sometimes swept, appeared, as if it had the hydrophobia hidden in its cracks, so carefully were soap and water kept from it. Hams and bacon were no where visible. It is probable if they had any, they were kept elsewhere, but still more probable that they had found their way to market, and been transmuted into money, for these people are remarkably frugal and abstemious, and there can be no doubt, the Doctor says, that there is not a house in the settlement, in which there is not a supply of ready money, though the appearance of the buildings and their inmates, would by no means justify a stranger in supposing so. They are neither poor nor destitute, but far better off than those who live more comfortably, and inhabit better houses.

The only article of food that I saw, was a barrel of eggs, most probably accumulated for the Halifax market, and a few small fish on rods, undergoing the process of smoking in the chimney corner.

The old woman was knitting and enjoying her pipe, and the girl was dressing wool, and handling a pair of cards with a rapidity and ease that would have surprised a Lancashire weaver. The moment she rose to sweep up the hearth I saw she was an heiress. When an Acadian girl has but her outer and under garment on, it is a clear sign, if she marries, there will be a heavy demand on the fleeces of her husband's sheep; but if she wears four or more thick woollen petticoats, it is equally cercertain her portion of worldly goods is not very small.

"Doctor," sais I, "it tante every darnin needle would reach her through them petticoats, is it?"

"Oh!" said he, "Mr. Slick—oh!" and he rose as usual, stooped forward, pressed his hands on his ribs, and ran round the room, if not at the imminent risk of his life, certainly to the great danger of the spinning wheel and

the goslings. Both the females regarded him with great surprise, and not without some alarm.

"He has the stomach ache," sais I, in French, "he is subject to it."

"Oh! oh!" said he, when he heard that, "oh, Mr. Slick, you will be the death of me."

"Have you got any peppermint," sais I.

"No," said she, talking in her own *patois*, and she scraped a spoonful of soot from the chimney, and putting it into a cup, was about pouring hot water on it for an emetic, when he could stand it no longer, but rushing out of the door, put to flight a flock of geese that were awaiting their usual meal, and stumbling over a pig, fell at full length on the ground, nearly crushing the dog, who went off yelling as if another such blow would be the death of him, and hid himself under the barn. The idea of the soot-emetic relieved the old lady, though it nearly fixed the Doctor's flint for him. She extolled its virtues to the skies; she saved her daughter's life, she said, with it once, who had been to Halifax, and was taken by an officer into a pastrycook's shop and treated.

He told her if she would eat as much as she could at once, he would pay for it all.

Well, she did her best. She eat one loaf of plumcake, three trays of jellies, a whole counter of little tarts, figs, raisins, and oranges, and all sorts of things without number. Oh! it was a grand chance, she said, and the way she eat was a caution to a cormorant; but at last she gave out she couldn't do no more. The foolish officer, the old lady observed, if he had let her fetch all them things home, you know we could have helped her to eat them, and if we couldn't have eat em all in one day, surely we could in one week; but he didn't think of that, I suppose. But her daughter liked to have died; too much of a good thing is good for nothing. Well, the soot-emetic cured her, and then she told me all its effects; and it's very surprising, it didn't sound bad in French, but it don't do to write it in English at all; it's the same thing, but it tells better in French. It must be a very nice language that for a doctor, when it makes emetics sound so pretty; you might hear of em while you was at dinner and not disturb you.

You may depend it made the old lady wake

snakes and walk chalks talking of physic. She told me if a man was dying or a child was born in all that settlement, she was always sent for, and related to me some capital stories; but somehow no English or Yankee woman could tell them to a man, and a man can't tell them in English. How is this Squire, do you know? Ah! here is the Doctor, I will ask him by and bye.

Women, I believe, are born with certain natural tastes. Sally was death on lace, and old Aunt Thankful goes the whole figure for furs; either on em could tell real thread or genuine sable clear across the church. Mother was born with a tidy devil, and had an eye for cobwebs and blue-bottle flies. She waged eternal war on em; while Phœbe Hopewell beat all natur for bigotry and virtue as she called them (*bijouterie* and *virtu.*) But most Yankee women when they grow old, specially if they are spinsters, are grand at compoundin medicines and presarves. They begin by nursin babies and end by nursin broughten up folks. Old Mother Boudrot now, was great on herbs, most of which were as simple and as harmless as herself. Some of them was new to me,

though I think I know better ones than she has; but what made her onfallible was she had faith. She took a key out of her pocket, big enough for a jail-door, and unlocking a huge sailor's chest, selected a box made by the Indians of birch bark, worked with porcupine quills, which enclosed another a size smaller, and that a littler one that would just fit into it, and so on until she came to one about the size of an old-fashioned coffee-cup. They are called a nest of boxes. The inner one contained a little horn thing that looked like a pill-box, and that had a charm in it.

It was a portion of the nail of St. Francis's big toe, which never failed to work a cure on them who believed in it. She said she bought it from a French prisoner, who had deserted from Melville Island, at Halifax, during the last war. She gave him a suit of clothes, two shirts, six pair of stockings, and eight dollars for it. The box was only a bit of bone, and not worthy of the sacred relic, but she couldn't afford to get a gold one for it.

"Poor St. Croix," she said, "I shall never see him again. He had great larning; he

could both read and write. When he sold me that holy thing, he said:

"'Madam, I am afraid something dreadful will happen to me before long, for selling that relic. When danger and trouble come, where will be my charm, then?'

"Well, sure enough, two nights after (it was a very dark night,) the dogs barked dreadful, and in the morning Peter La Roue, when he got up, saw his father's head on the gate-post, grinnin at him, and his daughter Annie's handkerchief tied over his crown and down under his chin. And St. Croix was gone, and Annie was in a trance, and the priest's desk was gone, with two hundred pounds of money in it, and old Jodrie's ram had a saddle and bridle on, and was tied to the gate of the widow of Justine Robisheau, that was drowned in a well at Halifax, and Simon Como's boat put off to sea of itself, and was no more heard of. Oh, it was a terrible night, and poor St. Croix, people felt very sorry for him, and for Annie La Roue, who slept two whole days and nights before she woke up. She had all her father's money in her room that night; but they searched day after day, and never found it."

Well, I didn't undeceive her. What's the use? Master St. Croix was an old privateersman. He had drugged La Roue's daughter to rob her of her money; had stolen two hundred pounds from the priest, and Como's boat, and sold the old lady a piece of his toenail for eight or ten pounds, worth in all. *I never shake the faith of an ignorant person. Suppose they do believe too much, it is safer than believing too little. You may make them give up their creed, but they ain't always quite so willing to take your's. It is easier to make an infidel than a convert.* So I just let folks be, and suffer them to skin their own eels.

After that, she took to paying me compliments on my French, and I complimented her on her good looks, and she confessed she was very handsome when she was young, and all the men were in love with her, and so on. Well, when I was about startin, I inquired what she had to sell in the eatin line.

"Eggs and fish," she said "were all she had in the house."

On examining the barrel containing the former, I found a white-lookin, tasteless powder among them.

"What's that," said I.

Well, she told me what it was (pulverised gypsum), and said, "it would keep them sweet and fresh for three months, at least, and she didn't know but more."

So I put my hand away down into the barrel and pulled out two, and that layer she said was three months' old. I held them to the light, and they were as clear as if laid yesterday.

"Boil them," sais I, and she did so; and I must say it was a wrinkle I didn't expect to pick up at such a place as that, for nothing could be fresher.

"Here is a dollar," said I, "for that receipt, for it's worth knowing, I can tell you."

"Now," thinks I, as I took my seat again, "I will try and see if this French gall can talk English." I asked her, but she shook her head.

So to prove her, sais I, "Doctor, ain't she a beauty, that? See what lovely eyes she has and magnificent hair! Oh, if she was well got up, and fashionably dressed, wouldn't she be a sneezer? What beautiful little hands and feet she has! I

wonder if she would marry me, seein I am an orthodox man."

Well, she never moved a muscle; she kept her eyes fixed on her work, and there wasn't the leastest mite of a smile on her face. I kinder sorter thought her head was rather more stationary, if anything, as if she was listening, and her eyes more fixed as if she was all attention; but she had dropped a stitch in her knitting, and was a taking of it up, so perhaps I might be mistaken. Thinks I, I will try you on t'other tack.

"Doctor, how would you like to kiss her, eh? Ripe-looking lips them, ain't they? Well, I wouldn't kiss her for the world," said I; "I would just as soon think of kissing a ham that is covered with creosote. There is so much ile and smoke on 'em, I should have the taste in my mouth for a week. Phew! I think I taste it now!"

She coloured a little at that and pretty soon got up, and went out of the room; and presently I heard her washing her hands and face like anything.

Thinks I, "You sly fox! you know English well enough to kiss in it, anyhow, if you can't talk in it easy. I thought I'de find you out; for a gall

that won't laugh when you tickle her, can't help screamin a little when you pinch her; that's a fact." She returned in a few minutes, quite a different lookin' person, and resumed her usual employment, but still persisted that she did not know English. In the midst of our conversation, the master of the house, Jerome Boudrot came in. Like most of the natives of Chesencook, he was short in stature, but very active, and like all the rest a great talker.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "you follow de sea, eh?"

"No," sais I, "the sea often follows us, especially when the wind is fair."

"True, true," he said; "I forget dat. It followed me one time. Oh, I was wunst lost at sea; and it's an awful feelin. I was out of sight of land one whole day, all night, and eetle piece of next day. Oh, I was proper frightened. It was all sea and sky, and big wave, and no land, and none of us knew our way back." And he opened his eyes as if the very recollection of his danger alarmed him. "At last big ship came by, and I hailed her, and ask:

"'My name is Jerry Boudrot; where am I?'

"'Aboard of your own vessel,' said they;

and they laughed like anything, and left us.

"Well, towards night we were overtaken by Yankee vessel, and I say, 'My name is Jerry Boudrot; where am I?'

"'*Thar*,' said the sarcy Yankee captain, 'and if you get this far, you will be *here*;' and they laughed at me, and I swore at them, and called 'em all manner of names.

"Well, then, I was proper frightened, and I gave myself up for lost, and I was so sorry I hadn't put my deed of my land on recor, and that I never got pay for half a cord of wood I sold a woman, who nevare return agin, last time I was to Halifax; and Esadore Terrio owe me two shillings and sixpence, and I got no note of hand for it, and I lend my ox-cart for one day to Martell Baban, and he will keep it for a week, and wear it out, and my wife marry again as sure as de world. Oh, I was very scare and propare sorry, you may depend, when presently great big English ship come by, and I hail her.

"'My name is Jerry Boudrot,' sais I, 'when did you see land last?'

"'Thirty days ago,' said the captain.

"'Where am I?' sais I.

"'In 44° 40′ north,' said he, 'and 63° 40′ west,' as near as I could hear him.

"'And what country is dat are?' said I. 'My name is Jerry Boudrot.'

"'Where are you bound?' said he.

"'Home,'* said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'at this season of the year you shall make de run in twenty-five day. A pleasant passage to you!' and away he went.

"Oh, I was plague scared; for it is a dreadful thing to be lost at sea.

"'Twenty-five days,' said I, 'afore we get home! Oh, mon Dieu! oh dear! we shall all starve to death; and what is worse, die first. What provision have we, boys?'

"'Well,' sais they, 'we counted, and we have two figs of tobocco, and six loaf baker's bread (for the priest), two feet of wood, three matches, and five gallons of water, and one pipe among us all.' Three matches and five gallons of water! Oh, I was so sorry to lose my life, and what was wus, I had my best clothes on bord.

"'Oh, boys we are out of sight of land now,

* All colonists call England "home."

sais I, 'and what is wus, may be we go so far we get out sight of de sun too, where is dark like down cellar. Oh, it's a shocking ting to be lost at sea. Oh, people lose deir way dere so bad, sometimes dey nevare return no more. People that's lost in de wood dey come back if dey live, but them that's lost at sea nevare. Oh, I was damn scared. Oh, mon Dieu! what is 44° 40′ north and 63° 40′ west? Is dat de conetry were people who are lost at sea go to? Boys is there any rum on board, and they said there was a bottle for the old ladies rhumatis. Well, hand it up,' sais I, 'and if ever you get back tell her it was lost at sea, and has gone to 44° 40′ north and 63° 40′ west. Oh, dear, dis all comes from going out of sight of land.'

"Oh, I was vary dry you may depend, I was so scared at being lost at sea that way, my lips stuck together like the sole and upper-leather of a shoe. And when I took down the bottle to draw breath, the boys took it away, as it was all we had. Oh, it set my mouth afire, it was made to warm outside and not inside. Dere was brimstone, and camphor, and eetle red pepper, and turpentene in it.

Vary hot, vary nasty, and vary trong, and it made me sea-sick, and I gave up my dinner, for I could not hole him no longer, he jump so in de stomach, and what was wus, I had so little for anoder meal. Fust I lose my way, den I lose my sense, den I lose my dinner, and what is wus I lose myself to sea. Oh, I repent vary mush of my sin, in going out of sight of land. Well, I lights my pipe and walks up and down, and presently the sun comes out quite bright.

"'Well, dat sun,' sais I, 'boys, sets every night behind my barn in the big swamp, somewhere about the Hemlock Grove. Well dat is 63° 40′ west I suppose. And it rises a few miles to the eastward of that barn, sometimes out of a fog bank, and sometimes out o' the water; well that is 44° 40′ north which is all but east I suppose. Now if we steer west we will see our barn, but steering east is being lost at sea, for in time you would be behind de sun.'

"Well, we didn't sleep much dat night you may depend, but we prayed a great deal, and we talked a great deal, and I was so cussed scared I did not know what to do.

Well, morning came and still no land, and I began to get diablement feared again. Every two or tree minntes I run up de riggin, and look out but couldn't see notin. At last I went down to my trunk, for I had bottle there for my rheumatics too, only no nasty stuff in it, that the boys didn't know of, and I took very long draught, I was so scared; and then, I went on deck and up de riggin again.

"'Boys,' sais I, 'there's the barn. That's 63° 40′ west. I tole you so.' Well when I came down I went on my knees, and I vowed as long as I lived I would hug as tight and close as ever I could."

"Your wife?" sais I.

"Pooh, no," said he, turning round contemptuously towards her, "hug her, eh! why, she has got the rheumatiz, and her tongue is in mourning for her teeth. No hug the shore, man, hug it so close as posseeble, and nevare lose sight of land for fear of being lost at sea."

The old woman perceiving that Jerry had been making some joke at her expense, asked the girl the meaning of it, when she

rose, and seizing his cap and boxing his ears with it, right and left, asked what he meant by wearing it before gentlemen, and then poured out a torrent of abuse on him, with such volubility I was unable to follow it.

Jerry sneaked off, and set in the corner near his daughter afraid to speak, and the old woman took her chair again unable to do so. There was a truce and a calm, so to change the conversation, sais I:

"Sorrow take the rifle and go and see if there is a Jesuit-priest about here, and if there is shoot him, and take him on board and cook him."

"Oh, Massa Sam," said he, and he opened his eyes and goggled like an owl awfully frightened. "Goody gracious me, now you is joking, isn't you? I is sure you is. You wouldn't now, massa, you wouldn't make dis child do murder, would you? Oh, massa!! kill de poor priest who nebber did no harm in all his born days, and him hab no wife and child to follow him to—"

"The pot," sais I, "oh yes, if they ask me arter him I will say he is gone to pot."

"Oh, massa, now you is funnin, ain't you?"

and he tried to force a laugh. "How in de world under de canopy ob hebbin must de priest be cooked?"

"Cut his head and feet off," sais I, "break his thighs short, close up to the stumps, bend 'em up his side, ram him into the pot and stew him with ham and vegetables. Lick! a Jesuit-priest is delicious done that way."

The girl dropped her cards on her knees and looked at me with intense anxiety. She seemed quite handsome, I do actilly believe if she was put into a tub and washed, laid out on the grass a few nights with her face up to bleach it, her great yarn petticoats hauled off and proper ones put on, and her head and feet dressed right, she'd beat the Blue-nose galls for beauty out and out; but that is neither here nor there, those that want white faces must wash them, and those that want white floors must scrub them, it's enough for me that they are white, without my making them so. Well, she looked all eyes and ears. Jerry's under jaw dropped. Cutler was flabbergasted, and the Doctor looked as if he thought: "Well, what are you at now?" while the old woman appeared anxious enough to give her whole

barrel of eggs to know what was going on.

"Oh, massa," said Sorrow, "dis here child can't have no hand it it. De priest will pyson you to a dead sartainty. If he was baked he mout do. In Africa dey is hannibals and eat dere prisoners, but den dey bake or roast 'em, but stew him massa! by golly he will pyson you as sure as 'postles. My dear ole missus died from only eaten hogs wid dere heads on."

"Hogs," said I.

"Yes, massa, in course, hogs wid dere heads on. Oh, she was a most a beautiful cook, but she was fizzled out by bad cookery at de last."

"You black villain," said I, "do, you mean to say your mistress ever eat whole hogs?"

"Yes, massa, in course I do, but it was abbin dere heads on fixed her flint for her."

"What an awful liar you are Sorrow."

"'Pon my sacred word and honour, massa," he said, "I stake my testament oat on it; does you tink dis here child now would swear to a lie? true as preachin, Sar."

"Go on," said I, "I like to see a fellow go the whole animal, while he is about it. How many did it take to kill her?"

"Well, massa, she told me herself, on her def bed, she didn't eat no more nor ten or a dozen hogs, but she didn't blame dem, it was havin dere heads on did all the mischief. I was away when dey was cooked, or it wouldn't a happened. I was down to Charleston Bank to draw six hundred dollars for her, and when I came back she sent for me. 'Sorrow,' sais she, 'Plutarch has poisoned me.'

"'Oh, de black villain,' sais I, 'missus, I will tye him to a tree and burn him.'

"'No, no,' she said, 'I will return good for ebil. Send for Rev. Mr. Hominy, and Mr. Succatash, de Yankee oberseer, and tell my poor granny Chloe her ole missus is dyin, and to come back, hot foot, and bring Plutarch, for my disgestion is all gone.' Well, when Plutarch came she said, 'Plue, my child, you have killed your missus by cooking de hogs wid dere heads on, but I won't punish you, I is intendin to extinguish you by kindness among de plantation niggers. I will heap coals of fire on your head.'

"'Dat's right, missus,' sais I, 'burn de villain up, but burn him with green wood so as to

make slow fire, dat's right, dat's de ticket missus, it sarves him right.'

"Oh, if you eber heard yellin massa, you'd a heard it den, Plue he trowed himself down on de ground, and he rolled and he kicked and he screamed like mad.

"'Don't make a noise, Plutarch,' said she, 'I can't stand it. I isn't a goin to put you to def. You shall lib. I will gib you a wife.'

"'Oh, tankee missus,' said he, 'oh, I will pray for you night and day, when I ain't at work or asleep, for eber and eber. Amen.'

"'You shall ab Cloe for a wife.'

"Cloe, massa, was seventy-five, if she was one blessed second old. She was crippled with rheumatis, and walked on crutches, and hadn't a tooth in her head. She was just doubled up like a tall niger in a short bed.

"'Oh, Lord, missus,' said Plutarch, 'hab mercy on dis sinner, oh dear missus, oh lubly missus, oh hab mercy on dis child.'

"'Tankee, missus,' said Cloe. 'God bless you, missus, I is quite appy now. I is a leetle too young for dat spark, for I is cuttin a new set o' teeth now, and ab suffered from teethin most amazin, but I will make him a lubin

wife. Don't be shy, Mr. Plue,' said she, and she up wid one ob her crutches and gub him a poke in de ribs dat made him grunt like a pig. 'Come tand up,' said she, 'till de parson tie de knot round your neck.'

"'Oh! Lord, missus,' said he, 'ab massy!' But de parson married 'em, and said 'Slute your bride!' but he didn't move.

"'He is so bashful,' said Cloe, takin him round de neck and kissin ob him. 'Oh, missus!' she said, 'I is so proud ob my bridegroom—he do look so genteel wid ole massa's frill shirt on, don't he?'

"When dey went out o' de room into de entry, Cloe fotched him a crack ober his pate with her crutch that sounded like a cocoa-nut, it was so hollow.

"'Take dat,' said she, 'for not slutin ob your bride, you good-for-nottin onmanerly scallawag you.'

"Poor dear missus! she died dat identical night."

"Come here, Sorrow," said I; "come and look me in the face,"

The moment he advanced, Jerry slipt across the room, and hid behind the tongues near his wife. He was terrified to death.

"Do you mean to say," said I, "she died of going the whole hog? Was it a hog—tell me the truth?"

"Well, massa," said he, "I don't know to a zact sartainty, for I was not dere when she was tooked ill—I was at de bank at de time—but I will take my davy it was hogs or dogs. I wont just zackly sartify which, because she was 'mazin fond of both; but I will swear it was one or toder, and dat dey was cooked wid dere heads on—dat I will stificate to till I die!"

"Hogs or dogs," said I, "whole, with their heads on—do you mean that?"

"Yes, massa, dis here child do, of a sartainty."

"Hogs like the pig, and dogs like the Newfoundlander at the door?"

"Oh, no, massa, in course it don't stand to argument ob reason it was. Oh, no, it was quatogs and quahogs—clams you know. We calls 'em down South, for shortness, hogs and dogs. Oh, massa, in course you knows dat—I is sure you does—you is only intendin on puppose to make game of dis here nigger, isn't you."

"You villain," said I, "you took a rise out of me that time, at any rate. It aint often any feller does that, so I think you deserve a glass of the old Jamaiky for it when we go on board. Now go and shoot a Jesuit-priest if you see one."

The gall explained the order to her mother.

"Shoot the priest," said she, in French.

"Shoot the priest," said Jerry; "shoot me!" And he popped down behind his wife, as if he had no objection to her receiving the ball first.

She ran to her chest, and got out the little horn box with the nail of St. Francis, and looked determined to die at her post. Sorrow deposited the gun in the corner, hung down his head, and said:

"Dis here child, Massa Slick, can't do no murder."

"Then I must do it myself," said I, rising and proceeding to get my rifle.

"Slick," said the Doctor, "what the devil do you mean?'

"Why," says I, a settin down again, "I'll tell you. Jesuit-priests were first seen in Spain

and Portugal, where they are very fond of them. I have often eaten them there."

"First seen in Spain and Portugal!" he replied. "You are out there—but go on."

"There is a man," said I, "in Yorkshire, who says his ancestor brought the first over from America, when he accompanied Cabot in his voyages, and he has one as a crest. But that is all bunkum. Cabot never saw one."

"What in the world do you call a Jesuit-priest?"

"Why a turkey to be sure," said I; "that's what they call them at Madrid and Lisbon, after the Jesuits who first introduced them into Europe."

"My goody gracious!" said Sorrow, "if that ain't fun alive it's a pity, that's all."

"Well," said Jerry, "I was lost at sea that time; I was out of sight of land. It puzzled me like 44° north, and 63° 40′ west."

"Hogs, dogs, and Jesuit-priests!" said the Doctor, and off he set again, with his hands on his sides, rushing round the room in convulsions of laughter.

"The priest," said I to the old woman, "has given him a pain in his stomach," when she

ran to the dresser again, and got the cup of soot for him which had not yet been emptied.

"Oh dear!" said he, "I can't stand that; oh, Slick, you will be the death of me yet," and he bolted out of the house.

Having purchased a bushel of clams from the old lady, and bid her and her daughter good-bye, we *vamosed the ranche*.* At the door I saw a noble gobbler.

"What will you take for that Jesuit-priest," said I, "Jerry?"

"Seven and sixpence," said he.

"Done," said I, and his head was perforated with a ball in an instant.

The dog unused to such a sound from his master's house, and recollecting the damage he received from the fall of the Doctor, set off with the most piteous howls that ever were heard, and fled for safety—the pigs squealed as if they had each been wounded—and the geese joined in the general uproar—while old Madam

* One of the numerous corruptions of Spanish words introduced into the States since the Mexican war, and signifies to quit the house or shanty. Rancho designates a hut, covered with branches, where herdsmen temporarily reside.

Boudrot and her daughter rushed screaming to the door to ascertain what these dreadful men were about, who talked of shooting priests and eating hogs and dogs entire, with their heads on. It was some time before order was restored, and when Jerry went into the house to light his pipe and deposit his money, I called Cutler's attention to the action and style of a horse in the pasture, whom my gun had alarmed.

"That animal," said I, "must have dropped from the clouds. If he is young and sound, and he moves as if he were both, he is worth six hundred dollars, I must have him; can you give him a passage till we meet one of our large coal ships coming from Pictou."

"Certainly," said he.

"Jerry," sais I, when he returned, "what in the world do you keep such a fly-away devil as that for? why don't you sell him and buy cattle? Can't you sell him at Halifax?"

"Oh!" said he, "I can't go there now no more, Mr. Slick. The boys call after me and say: Jerry, when did you see land last? My name is Jerry Boudrot, where am I? Jerry, I thought you was lost to sea! Jerry, has your

colt got any slippares on yet? (shoes) Jerry, what does 44—40 mean? Oh! I can't stand it!"

"Why don't you send him by a neighbour?"

"Oh! none o' my neighbours can ride him. We can't break him. We are fishermen, not horsemen."

"Where did he come from?"

"The priest brought a mare from Canada with him, and this is her colt. He gave it to me when I returned from being lost at sea, he was so glad to see me. I wish you would buy him, Mr. Slick; you will have him cheap; I can't do noting with him, and no fence shall stop him."

"What the plague," sais I, "do you suppose I want of a horse on board of a ship? do you want me to be lost at sea too? and besides, if I did try to oblige you," said I, "and offered you five pounds for that devil nobody can ride, and no fence stop, you'd ask seven pound ten right off. Now, that turkey was not worth a dollar here, and you asked at once seven and sixpence. Nobody can trade with you, you are so everlasting sharp. If you was lost at sea,

you know your way by land, at all events."

"Well," sais he, "say seven pounds ten and you will have him."

"Oh! of course," said I, "there is capital pasture on board of a vessel, ain't there? Where am I to get hay till I send him home?"

"I will give you tree hundred weight into the bargain."

"Well," sais I, "let's look at him; can you catch him?"

He went into the house and bringing out a pan of oats, and calling him, the horse followed him into the stable where he was secured. I soon ascertained he was perfectly sound, and that he was an uncommonly fine animal. I sent Sorrow on board for my saddle and bridle, whip and spurs, and desired that the vessel might be warped into the wharf. When the negro returned, I repeated the terms of the bargain to Jerry, which being assented to, the animal was brought out into the centre of the field, and while his owner was talking to him, I vaulted into the saddle. At first he seemed very much alarmed, snorting and blowing violently; he then bounded forward and lashed

out his with his hind feet most furiously, which was succeeded by alternate rearing, kicking, and backing. I don't think I ever see a crittur splurge so badly; at last he ran the whole length of the field, occasionally throwing up his heels very high in the air, and returned unwillingly, stopping every few minutes and plunging outrageously. On the second trial he again ran, and for the first time I gave him both whip and spur, and made him take the fence, and in returning I pushed him in the same manner, making him take the leap as before. Though awkward and ignorant of the meaning of the rein, the animal knew he was in the hands of a power superior to his own, and submitted far more easily than I expected.

When we arrived at the wharf, I removed the saddle, and placing a strong rope round his neck, had it attached to the windlass, not to drag him on board, but to make him feel if he refused to advance that he was powerless to resist, an indispensable precaution in breaking horses. Once and once only he attempted escape; he reared and threw himself, but finding the strain irresistable, he yielded and went on board quietly. Jerry was as delighted to get

rid of him as I was to purchase him, and though I knew that seven pound ten was as much as he could ever realize out of him, I felt I ought to pay him for the hay, and also that I could well afford to give him a little conciliation present; so I gave him two barrels of flour in addition, to enable him to make his peace with his wife, whom he had so grossly insulted by asserting that his vow to heaven was to hug the shore hereafter, and had no reference to her. If I aint mistaken, Jerry Boudrot, for so I have named the animal after him, will astonish the folks to Slickville; for of all the horses on this continent, to my mind the real genuine Canadian is the best by all odds.

"Ah! my friend," said Jerry, addressing the horse, "you shall soon be out of sight of land, like your master; but unlike him I hope you shall never be lost at sea."

CHAPTER VI.

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

From Halifax to Cumberland, Squire, the eastern coast of Nova Scotia presents more harbours fit for the entrance of men-of-war than the whole Atlantic coast of our country from Maine to Mexico. No part of the world I am acquainted with is so well supplied, and so little frequented. They are "thar" as we say, but where are the large ships? growing in the forest I guess. And the large towns, all got to be built I reckon. And the mines, why wanting to be worked. And the fisheries. Well I'll tell you, if you will promise not to let on about it. We are going to have them by treaty, as we now have them by trespass. Fact is, we treat with the British and the Indians in the same way.

Bully them if we can, and when that won't do, get the most valuable things they have in exchange for trash, like glass beads and wooden clocks. Still, Squire, there is a vast improvement here, though I won't say there ain't room for more; but there is such a change come over the people, as is quite astonishing. The Blue-nose of 1834 is no longer the Blue-nose of 1854. He is more active, more industrious, and more enterprising. Intelligent the crittur always was, but unfortunately he was lazy. He was asleep then, now he is wide awake and up and doing. He never had no occasion to be ashamed to shew himself, for he is a good looking feller, but he needn't now be no longer skeered, to answer to his name, when the muster is come and his'n is called out in the roll, and say, "here am I *Sirree*." A new generation has sprung up, some of the drones are still about the hive, but there is a young vigorous race coming on who will keep pace with the age.

It's a great thing to have a good glass to look in now and then, and see yourself. They have had the mirror held up to them.

Lord, I shall never forget when I was up to Rawdon here once, a countryman came to the

inn where I was, to pay me for a clock I had put off on him, and as I was a passin through the entry I saw the crittur standin before the glass, awfully horrified.

"My good gracious," said he, a talking to himself, "my good gracious, is this you, John Smiler, I havn't seen you before now, going on twenty years. Oh, how shockingly you are altered, I shouldn't a known you I declare."

Now, I have held the mirror to these fellows to see themselves in, and it has scared them so they have shaved slick up, and made themselves look decent. I won't say I made all the changes myself, for Providence scourged them into activity, by sending the weavel into their wheat-fields, the rot into their potatoes, and the drought into their hay crops. It made them scratch round I tell you, so as to earn their grub, and the exertion did them good. Well, the blisters I have put on their vanity, stung em so they jumped high enough to see the right road, and the way they travel ahead now is a caution to snails.

Now, if it was you, who had done your country this sarvice, you would have spoke as mealy-mouthed of it as if butter wouldn't melt

in it. "I flatter myself," you would have said, "I had some little small share in it." "I have lent my feeble aid." "I have contributed my poor mite," and so on, and looked as meek, and felt as proud as a Pharisee. Now, that's not my way. I hold up the mirror, whether when folks see themselves in it they see me there or not. The value of a glass is its truth. And where colonists have suffered, is from false reports; ignorance and misrepresentation. There is not a word said of them that can be depended on. Missionary returns of all kinds are coloured, and doctored to suit English subscribing palates, and it's a pity they should stand at the head of the list. British travellers distort things the same way. They land at Halifax, where they see the first contrast between Europe and America, and that contrast ain't favourable, for the town is dingy lookin and wants paint, and the land round it is poor and stony. But that is enough, so they set down and abuse the whole country, stock and fluke, and write as wise about it as if they had seen it all instead of overlooking one mile from the deck of a steamer. The military enjoy it beyond anything, and are far more comfortable than in soldiering in England;

but it don't do to say so, for it counts for foreign service, and like the witnesses at the court-marshall at Windsor, every feller sais, *non mi ricordo*. Governors who now-a-days have nothing to do, have plenty of leisure to write, and their sufferings are such, their pens are inadequate to the task. They are very much to be pitied.

Well, colonists on the other hand seldom get their noses out of it. But if provincials do now and then come up on the other side of the big pond, like deep sea-fish rising to the surface, they spout and blow like porpoises, and try to look as large as whales, and people only laugh at them. Navy officers extol the harbour and the market, and the kindness and hospitality of the Haligonians, but that is all they know, and as far as that goes they speak the truth. It wants an impartial friend like me to hold up the mirror, both for their sakes and the Downing Street officials too. Is it any wonder then that the English don't know what they are talking about? Did you ever hear of the devil's advocate, a nickname I gave to one of the understrappers of the Colonial office, an ear

mark that will stick to the feller for ever! Well when they go to make a saint at Rome and canonize some one who has been dead so long, he is in danger of being forgot, the cardinals hold a sort of court-martial on him, and a man is appointed to rake and scrape all he can agin him, and they listen very patiently to all he has to say, so as not to do things in a hurry. He is called 'the devil's advocate,' but he never gained a cause yet. The same form used to be gone through at Downing Street, by an underling, but he always gained his point. The nickname of the 'devil's advocate' that I gave him did his business for him, he is no longer there now.

The British cabinet wants the mirror held up to them, to show them how they look to others. Now, when an order is transmitted by a minister of the crown as was done last war, to send all Yankee prisoners to the fortress of Louisburg for safe keeping, when that fortress more than sixty years before had been effectually razed from the face of the earth by engineer officers sent from England for the purpose, why it is natural a colonist should laugh, and say capital! only it is a little too good; and when another minister says, he can't

find good men to be governors, in order to defend appointments that his own party say are too *bad*, what language is strong enough to express his indignation. Had he said openly and manly, we are so situated, and so bound by parliamentary obligations *we not only have to pass over the whole body of provincials themselves who have the most interest and are best informed in colonial matters*, but we have to appoint some people like those to whom you object, who are forced upon us by hollerin their daylights out for us at elections, when we would gladly select others, who are wholly unexceptionable, and their name is legion; why he would have pitied his condition, and admired his manliness. If this sweeping charge be true, what an encomium it is upon the Dalhousies, the Gosfords, the Durhams, Sydenhams, Metcalfs and Elgins that they were chosen because suitable men could not be found, if not supported by party. All that can be said for a minister who talks such stuff, is that a man who knows so little of London as to be unable to find the shortest way home, may easily lose himself in the wilds of Canada.

Now we licked the British when we had

only three millions of people including niggers, who are about as much use in a war as crows that feed on the slain, but don't help to kill em. We have "run up" an empire, as we say of a "wooden house," or as the gall who was asked where she was raised, said "she warn't raised, she growed up." We have shot up into manhood, afore our beards grew, and have made a nation that ain't afeard of all creation. Where will you find a nation like ours? Answer me that question, but don't reply as an Irishman does by repeating it. "Is it where I will find one your honour?"

Minister used to talk of some old chap, that killed a dragon and planted his teeth, and armed men sprung up. As soon as we whipped the British we sowed their teeth, and full-grown coons growed right out of the earth. Lord bless you, we have fellows like Crocket that would sneeze a man-of-war right out of the water.

We have a right to brag, in fact it ain't braggin, its talking history, and cramming statistics down a fellow's throat, and if he wants tables to set down to, and study them, there's the old chairs of the governors of the

thirteen united universal worlds of the old states, besides the rough ones of the new states to sit on, and canvas-back ducks, blue point oysters, and as Sorrow says "hogs and dogs," for soup and pies, for refreshment from labour, as Freemasons say. Brag is a good dog, and holdfast is a better one, but what do you say to a cross of the two—and that's just what we are. An English statesman actually thinks nobody knows anything but himself. And his conduct puts folks both on the defensive and offensive. He eyes even an American all over as much as to say, where the plague did you originate, what field of cotton or tobacco was you took from; and if a Canadian goes to Downing Street, the secretary starts as much as to say, I hope you han't got one o' them rotten eggs in your hand, you pelted Elgin with. Upon my soul, it wern't my fault, his indemnifyin' rebels, we never encourage traitors except in Spain, Sicily, Hungary, and places we have nothin' to do with. He brags of purity as much as a dirty piece of paper does, that it was originally clean.

"We appreciate your loyalty most fully I

assure you," he says. "When the militia put down the rebellion, without efficient aid from the military, parliament would have passed a vote of thanks to you for your devotion to *our* cause, but really we were so busy just then we forgot it. Put that egg in your pocket that's a good fellow, but don't set down on it, or it might stain the chair, and folks might think you was frightened at seeing so big a man as me," and then he would turn round to the window and laugh.

Whoever brags over me gets the worst of it, that's a fact. Lord I shall never forget a rise I once took out of one of these magnetized officials, who know all about the colonies, tho' he never saw one. I don't want any man to call me coward, and say I won't take it parsonal. There was a complaint made by some of our folks, against the people of the Lower provinces seizing our coasters under pretence they were intrudin on the fisheries. Our embassador was laid up at the time with rheumatism which he called gout, because it sounded diplomatic. So says he, "Slick take this letter and deliver it to the minister, and give him some verbal explanations."

Well, down I goes, was announced and ushered in, and when he saw me, he looked me all over as a tailor does a man before he takes his measure. It made me hoppin' mad I tell you, for in a general way I don't allow any man to turn up his nose at me without having a shot at it. So when I sat down I spit into the fire, in a way to put it out amost, and he drew back and made a face, a leettle, just a leettle uglier then his natural one was.

"Bad habit," sais I, "that of spittin, ain't it?" lookin up at him as innocent as you please, and makin a face exactly like his.

"Very," said he, and he gave a shudder.

Sais I, "I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but most bad habits are catching."

"I should hope not," said he, and he drew a little further off.

"Fact," sais I, "now if you look long and often at a man that winks, it sets you a winkin. If you see a fellow with a twitch in his face, you feel your cheek doin the same, and stammerin is catching too. Now I caught that habit at court, since I came to Europe. I dined wunst with the King of Prussia, when I was with our embassador on a visit at Berlin, and the

King beats all natur in spittin', and the noise he makes aforehand is like clearin' a grate out with a poker, it's horrid. Well, that's not the worst of it, he uses that ugly German word for it, that vulgarians translate 'spitting.' Now some of our western people are compelled to chew a little tobacco, but like a broker tasting cheese, when testing wine, it is only done to be able to judge of the quality of the article, but even them unsophisticated, free and enlightened citizens, have an innate refinement about them. They never use that nasty word, 'spitting,' but call it 'expressing the ambia.' Well, whenever his Majesty crosses my mind, I do the same out of clear sheer disgust. Some o' them sort of uppercrust people, I call them big bugs, think they can do as they like, and use the privilege of indulging those evil habits. When folks like the king do it, I call them 'High, low, jack, and the game."'

Well, the stare he gave me would a made you die a larfin'. I never saw a man in my life look so skeywonaky. He knew it was true that the king had that custom, and it dumbfoundered him. He looked at me as much as to say, "Well, that is capital; the idea of a

Yankee, who spits like a garden engine, swearing it's a bad habit he larned in Europe, and a trick he got from dining with a king, is the richest thing I ever heard in my life. I must tell that to Palmerston."

But I didn't let him off so easy. In the course of talk, sais he:

"Mr. Slick, is it true that in South Carolina, if a free nigger, on board of one of our vessels, lands there, he is put into jail, until the ship sails?" and he looked good as much as to say, "thank heaven I aint like that republican."

"It is," said I. "We consider a free nigger and a free Englishman on a parr; we imprison a free black, lest he should corrupt *our* slaves. The Duke of Tuscany imprisons a free Englishman, if he has a bible in his possession, lest he should corrupt *his* slaves. It's upon the principle, that what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

He didn't pursue the subject.

That's what I call brag for brag. We never allow any created critter, male or female, to go a-head of us in anything. I heard a lady say to embassador's wife, once, in answer to her question, "how she was?"

"Oh, I am in such *rude* health, I have grown quite *indecently* stout."

Embassadress never heard them slang words before (for even high life has its slang); but she wouldn't be beat.

"Oh," said she, "all that will yield to exercise. Before I was married, I was the *rudest* and *most indecent gall* in all Connecticut."

Well, an Irishman, with his elbow through his coat, and his shirt, if he has one, playing diggy-diggy-doubt from his trowsers, flourishes his shillalah over his head, and brags of the 'Imirald Isle,' and the most splindid pisantry in the world; a Scotchman boasts, that next to the devil and the royal owner of Etna, he is the richest proprietor of sulphur that ever was heard of; while a Frenchman, whose vanity exceeds both, has the modesty to call the English a nation of shopkeepers, the Yankees, *canaille*, and all the rest of the world beasts. Even John Chinaman swaggers about with his three tails, and calls foreigners "Barbarians." If we go a-head and speak out, do you do so, too. You have a right to do so. Hold the mirror to them, and your countrymen, too. It won't lie, that's a fact. They require it, I

assure you. The way the just expectations of provincials have been disappointed, the loyal portion depressed, the turbulent petted, and the manner the feelings of all disregarded, the contempt that has accompanied concessions, the neglect that has followed devotion and self-sacrifice, and the extraordinary manner the just claims of the meritorious postponed to parliamentary support, has worked a change in the feelings of the people, that the Downing Street officials cannot understand, or surely they would pursue a different course. They want to have the mirror held up to them.

I know they feel sore here about the picture my mirror gives them, and it's natural they should, especially comin' from a Yankee; and they call me a great bragger. But that's nothin' new; doctors do the same when a feller cures a poor wretch they have squeezed like a sponge, ruinated, and given up as past hope. They sing out quack. But I don't care; I have a right to brag nationally and individually, and I'd be no good if I didn't take my own part. Now, though I say it that shouldn't say it, for I ain't afraid to speak out, the sketches I send you are from life; I paint things as you will find

them and know them to be. I'll take a bet of a hundred dollars, ten people out of twelve in this country will recognize Jerry Boudrot's house who have never entered it, but who have seen others exactly like it, and will say, "I know who is meant by Jerry and his daughter and wife; I have often been there; it is at Clare or Arichat or Pumnico, or some such place or another."

Is that braggin? Not a bit; it's only the naked fact. To my mind there is no vally in a sketch if it ain't true to nature. We needn't go searching about for strange people or strange things; life is full of them. There is queerer things happening every day than an author can imagine for the life of him. It takes a great many odd people to make a world; that's a fact. Now, if I describe a house that has an old hat in one window, and a pair of trousers in another, I don't stop to turn glazier, take em out, and put whole glass in, nor make a garden where there is none, and put a large tree in the foreground for effect; but I take it as I find it, and I take people in the dress I find em in, and if I set em a talkin I take their very words down. Nothing gives you a

right idea of a country and its people like that.

There is always some interest in natur, where truly depicted. Minister used to say that some author (I think he said it was old Dictionary Johnson) remarked, that the life of any man, if wrote truly, would be interesting. I think so too; for every man has a story of his own, adventures of his own, and some things have happened to him that never happened to any body else. People here abuse me for all this, they say, after all my boastin' I don't do em justice. But after you and I are dead and gone, and things have been changed as it is to be hoped they will some day or another for the better, unless they are like their Acadian French neighbours, and intend to remain just as they are for two hundred and fifty years, then these sketches will be curious; and, as they are as true to life as a Dutch picture, it will be interestin to see what sort of folks were here in 1854, how they lived, and how they employed themselves, and so on.

Now it's more than a hundred years ago since Smollett wrote, but his men and women were taken from real life, his sailors from the

navy, his attorneys from the jails and criminal courts, and his fops and fine ladies from the herd of such cattle that he daily met with. Well, they are read now; I have em to home, and laugh till I cry over them. Why? Because natur is the same always. Although we didn't live a hundred years ago, we can see how the folks of that age did; and, although society is altered, and there are no Admiral Benbows; nor Hawser Trunnions, and folks don't travel in vans with canvas covers, or wear swords, and frequent taverns, and all that as they used to did to England; still it's a pictur of the times and instructin as well as amusin. I have learned more how folks dressed, talked, and lived, and thought, and what sort of critters they were, and what the state of society, high and low was then, from his books and Fielding's than any I know of. They are true to life, and as long as natur remains the same, which it always will, they will be read. That's my idea at least.

Some squeamish people turn up the whites of their peepers at both those authors and say they are coarse. How can they be otherwise? society was coarse. There are more veils worn now,

but the devil still lurks in the eye under the veil. Things ain't talked of so openly, or done so openly in modern as in old times. There is more concealment; and concealment is called delicacy. But where concealment is, the passions are excited by the difficulties imposed by society. Barriers are erected too high to scale, but every barrier has its wicket, its latch key, and its private door. Natur is natur still, and there is as much of that that is condemned in his books, now, as there was then. There is a horrid sight of hypocrisy now, more than there was one hundred years ago; vice was audacious then, and scared folks. It ain't so bold at present as it used to did to be; but if it is forbid to enter the drawing-room, the back staircase is still free. Where there is a will there is a way, and always will be. I hate pretence, and, above all, mock modesty; it's a bad sign.

I knew a clergyman to home a monstrous pious man, and so delicate-minded, he altered a great many words and passages in the Church Service, he said he couldn't find it in his heart to read them out in meetin, and yet that fellow to my sartain knowledge, was the greatest scamp in private life I ever knew. Gracious

knows, I don't approbate coarseness, it shocks me, but narvous sensibility makes me sick. I like to call things by their right names, and I call a leg a leg, and not a larger limb, a shirt a shirt, though it is next the skin, and not a linen vestment, and a stocking a stocking, though it does reach up the leg, and not a silk hose; and a garter a garter, though it is above the calf, and not an elastic band or a hose suspender. *A really modest woman was never squeamish. Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words, betrays a knowledge, and not an ignorance of evil.*

But that is neither here nor there, as I was sayin when you are dead and gone, these Journals of mine which you have edited, when mellowed by time, will let the hereafter-to be Blue-noses, see what the has been Nova Scotians here from '34 to '54 were. Now if something of the same kind had been done when Halifax was first settled a hundred years ago, what strange coons the old folks would seem to us. That state of society has passed away as well as the actors. For instance when the militia was embodied to do duty so

late as the Duke of Kent's time, Ensign Lane's name was called on parade. "Not here," said Lieutenant Grover, "he is mending Sargent Street's breeches."

Many a queer thing occurred then that would make a queer book, I assure you. There is much that is characteristic both to be seen and heard in every harbour in this province, the right way is to jot all down. Every place has its standing topic. At Windsor it is the gypsum trade, the St. John's steamer, the Halifax coach, and a new house that is building. In King's County it is export of potatoes, bullocks and horses. At Annapolis, cord, wood, oars, staves, shingles, and agricultural produce of all kinds. At Digby, smoked herrings, fish weirs, and St. John markets. At Yarmouth, foreign freights, berthing, rails, cat-heads, lower cheeks, wooden bolsters, and the crown, palm, and shank of anchors. At Shelburne, it is divided between fish, lumber, and the price of vessels. At Liverpool, ship-building, deals and timber, knees, transums and futtucks, pintles, keelsons, and moose lines. At Lunenburg, Jeddore and Chesencook, the state of the market at the capital. At the other harbours further to the

eastward, the coal trade and the fisheries engross most of the conversation. You hear continually of the fall *run* and the spring *catch* of mackerel that *set* in but don't stop to *bait*. The remarkable discovery of the French coasters, that was made fifty years ago, and still is as new and as fresh as ever, that when fish are plenty there is no salt, and when salt is abundant there are no fish, continually startles you with its novelty and importance. While you are both amused and instructed by learning the meaning of coal cakes, Albion tops, and what a Chesencooker delights in "slack," you also find out that a hundred tons of coal at Sydney, means when it reaches Halifax one hundred and fifteen, and that West India, Mediterranean and Brazilian fish are actually *made* on these shores. These local topics are greatly diversified by politics which like crowfoot and white-weed abound everywhere.

Halifax has all sorts of talk. Now if you was writin and not me, you would have to call it, to please the people, that flourishing great capital of the greatest colony of Great Britain, the town with the harbour, as you say of a feller, who has a large handle to his face, the

man with the nose, that place that is destined to be the London of America, which is a fact if it ever fulfils its destiny. The little scrubby dwarf spruces on the coast are destined not to be lofty pines, because that can't be in the natur of things although some folks talk as if they expected it; but they are destined to be enormous trees, and although they havn't grown an inch the last fifty years, who can tell but they may exceed the expectations that has been formed of them. Yes, you would have to give it a shove, it wants it bad enough, and lay it on thick too, so as it will stick for one season.

It reminds me of a Yankee I met at New York wunst, he was disposin of a new hydraulic cement he had invented. Now, cements either to resist fire or water, or to mend the most delicate china, or to stop a crack in a stove, is a thing I rather pride myself on. I make my own cement always, it is so much better than any I can buy.

Sais I, "what are your ingredients?"

"Yes," sais he, "tell you my secrets, let the cat out of the bag for you to catch by the tail. No, no," sais he, "excuse me if you please."

It ryled me that, so I just steps up to him, as savage as a meat-axe, intendin to throw him down stairs, when the feller turned as pale as a rabbit's belly, I vow I could hardly help laughin, so I didn't touch him at all.

"But," sais I, "you and the cat in the bag may run to Old Nick and see which will get to him first, and say tag—I don't want the secret, for I don't believe you know it yourself. If I was to see a bit of the cement, and break it up myself, I'd tell you in a moment whether it was good for anything."

"Well," sais he, "I'll tell you;" and he gave me all the particulars.

Sais I, "it's no good, two important ingredients are wantin', and you haven't tempered it right, and it won't stick."

Sais he, "I guess it will stick till I leave the city, and that will answer me and my eends."

"No," sais I, "it won't, it will ruin you for ever, and injure the reputation of Connecticut among the nations of the airth. Come to me when I return to Slickville, and I will show you the proper thing in use, tested by experience, in tanks, in brick and stone walls, and in a small furnace. Give me two thousand dollars

for the receipt, take out a patent, and your fortune is made."

"Well," sais he, "I will if it's all you say, for there is a great demand for the article, if it's only the true Jeremiah."

"Don't mind what I say," said I, "ask it what it says, there it is, go look at it."

Well, you would have to give these Haligonians a coat of white-wash that would stick till you leave the town. But that's your affair, and not mine. I hold the mirror truly, and don't flatter. Now, Halifax is a sizable place, and covers a good deal of ground, it is most as large as a piece of chalk, which will give a stranger a very good notion of it. It is the seat of government, and there are some very important officers there, judging by their titles. There are a receiver-general, an accountant-general, an attorney-general, a solicitor-general, a commissary-general, an assistant commissary-general, the general in command, the quarter-master-general, the adjutant-general, the vicar-general, surrogate-general and postmaster-general. His excellency the governor, and his excellency the admiral. The master of the Rolls, their lordships the judges, the lord bishop,

and the archbishop, archdeacon, secretary for the Home department, and a host of great men, with the handle of honourable to their names. Mayors, colonels, and captains, whether of the regulars or the militia, they don't count more than fore-cabin passengers. It ain't considered genteel for them to come abaft the paddle-wheel. Indeed, the quarter-deck wouldn't accommodate so many. Now, there is the same marvel about this small town, that there was about the scholar's head—

> "And still the wonder grew,
> How one small head could carry all he knew."

Well, it is a wonder so many great men can be warm-clothed, bedded-down, and well stalled there, ain't it? But they are, and very comfortably, too. This is the upper crust, now the under crust consists of lawyers, doctors, merchants, army and navy folks, small officials, articled clerks, and so on. Well, in course such a town, I beg pardon, it is a city, (which is more than Liverpool in England is,) and has two cathedral churches, with so many grades, trades, blades, and pretty maids in it, the talk must be various. The military talk is profes-

sional, with tender reminiscences of home, and some little boasting, that they are suffering in their country's cause, by being so long on foreign service at Halifax. The young sword-knots that have just joined, are brim full of ardour, and swear by Jove (the young heathens) it is too bad to be shut up in this vile hole, (youngsters, take my advice, and don't let the town's-people hear that, or they will lynch you) instead of going to Constantinople.

"I say, Lennox, wouldn't that be jolly work?"

"Great work," says Lennox, "rum coves those Turks must be in the field, eh? The Colonel is up to a thing or two; if he was knocked on the head, there would be such promotion, no one would lament him, but his dear wife and five lovely daughters, and they would be *really distressed* to lose him."

He don't check the youthful ardour, on the contrary, chimes in, and is in hopes he can make interest at the Horse-guards for the regiment to go yet, and then he gives a wink to the doctor, who was in the corps when he was a boy, as much as to say, "old fellow, you and I have seen enough of the pleasures of campaigning in our day, eh! Doctor, that is good

wine; but it's getting confounded dear lately; I don't mind it myself, but it makes the expense of the mess fall heavy upon the youngsters." The jolly subs look across the table and wink, for they know that's all bunkum.

"Doctor," sais a new hand, "do you know if Cargill has sold his orses. His leada is a cleverwish saut of thing, but the wheela is a riglar bute. That's a goodish orse the Admewall wides; I wonder if he is going to take him ome with him."

"Haven't heard—can't say. Jones, what's that thing that wont burn, do you know? Confound the thing, I have got it on the tip of my tongue too."

"Asphalt," sais Jones.

"No! that's not it; that's what wide-awakes are made of."

"Perhaps so," sais Gage, "*ass'felt* is very appropriate for a *fool's* cap."

At which there is a great roar.

"No; but really what is it?"

"Is it arbutus?" sais Simpkins, "I think they make it at Killarney—"

"No, no; oh! I have it, asbestos; well,

that's what I believe the cigars here are made of—they wont go."

"There are a good many things here that are no go," sais Gage, "like Perry's bills on Coutts; but, Smith, where did you get that flash waistcoat I saw last night?"

"Oh! that was worked by a poor despairing girl at Bath, during a fit of the *scarlet* fever."

"It was a *memento mori* then, I suppose," replies the other.

But all the talk is not quite so frivolous. Opposite to that large stone edifice, is an old cannon standing on end at the corner of the street, to keep carriages from trespassing on the pavement, and the non-military assemble round it; they are civic great guns. They are discussing the great event of the season—the vote of want of confidence of last night, the resignation of the provincial ministry this morning, and the startling fact that the head upholsterer has been sent for to furnish a new cabinet, that wont warp with the heat and fly apart. It is very important news; it has been telegraphed to Washington, and was considered so alarming, the President was waked up to be informed of it. He rubbed his eyes and said:

"Well, I acknowledge the coin, you may take my hat. I hope I may be cow-hided if I knew they had a ministry. I thought they only had a governor, and a regiment for a constitution. Will it affect the stocks? How it will scare the Emperor of Rooshia, wont it?" and he roared so loud he nearly choked. That just shows (everybody regards the speaker with silence for he is an oracle,) says Omniscient Pitt.

That just shows how little the Yankees know and how little the English care about us. "If we want to be indepindent and respictable," sais an Hibernian magnate, "we must repale the Union." But what is this, here is a fellow tied hand and foot on a truck, which is conveying him to the police court, swearing and screaming horribly. What is the meaning of all that?

A little cynical old man, commonly called the major, looks knowing, puts on a quizzical expression, and touching his nose with the tip of his finger, says, "One of the new magistrates qualifying as he goes down to be sworn into office."

It makes the politicians smile, restores their equanimity, and they make room for another

committee of safety. A little lower down the street, a mail-coach is starting for Windsor, and ten or fifteen men are assembled doing their utmost, and twenty or thirty boys helping them, to look at the passengers, but are unexpectedly relieved from their arduous duty by a military band at the head of a marching regiment.

Give me the bar though. I don't mean the bar-room, though there are some capital songs sung, and good stories told, and first-rate rises taken out of green ones, in that bar-room at the big hotel, but I mean the lawyers. They are the merriest and best fellows everywhere. They fight like prize-boxers in public and before all the world, and shake hands when they set to and after it's over. Preachers on the contrary, write anonymous letters in newspapers or let fly pamphlets at each other and call ugly names. While doctors go from house to house insinuating, undermining, shrugging shoulders, turning up noses, and looking as amazed as when they was fust born into the world, at each others prescriptions. Well, politicians are dirty birds too, they get up all sorts of lies against each other, and if any one lays an egg, tother swears it was stole out of his nest. But lawyers are

above all these tricks. As soon as court is ended, off they go arm-in-arm, as if they had both been fighting on one side. "I say Blowem that was a capital hit of yours, making old Gurdy swear he was king of the mountains."

"Not half as good as yours, Monk, telling the witness he couldn't be a partner, for the plaintiff had put in all the 'stock in hand,' and he had only put in his 'stock in feet.'"

They are full of stories too, tragic as well as comic, picked up in the circuits.

"Jones, do you know Mc'Farlane of Barney's River, a Presbyterian clergyman? He told me he was once in a remote district there where no minister had ever been, and visiting the house of a settler of Scotch descent, he began to examine the children.

"'Well, my man,' said he, patting on the shoulder a stout junk of a boy of about sixteen years of age, 'Can you tell me what is the chief end of man?'

"'Yes Sir,' said he. 'To pile and burn brush.'*

* In clearing woodland, after the trees are chopped down and cut into convenient sizes for handling, they are piled into heaps and burned.

"'No it aint,' said his sister.

"'Oh, but it is though,' replied the boy, 'for father told me so himself.'

"'No, no,' said the minister, 'it's not that; but perhaps my dear,' addressing the girl, 'you can tell me what it is?'

"'Oh, yes, Sir,' said she, 'I can tell you, and so could John, but he never will think before he speaks.'

"'Well, what is it dear?'

"'Why, the chief end of man, Sir, is his head and shoulders.'

"'Oh,' said a little lassie that was listening to the conversation, 'if you know all these things, Sir, can you tell me if Noah had any butterflies in the ark? I wonder how in the world he ever got hold of them! Many and many a beauty have I chased all day, and I never could catch one yet.'"

"I can tell you a better one than that," says Larry Hilliard. "Do you recollect old Hardwood, our under-sheriff? He has a very beautiful daughter, and she was married last week at St. Paul's Church, to a lieutenant in the navy. There was such an immense crowd present (for they were considered the hand-

somest couple ever married there) that she got so confused she could hardly get through the responses. When the archdeacon said, 'Will you have this man to be your wedded husband?'

"'Yes,' she said, and made a slight pause, and then became bewildered and got into her catechism. 'Yes,' she said, 'by God's grace I will, and I humbly thank my Heavenly Father for having brought me to this state of salvation.'

"It was lucky she spoke low, and that the people didn't distinctly hear her, but it nearly choaked the parson."

"Talking of church anecdotes," says Lawyer Martin, "reminds me of old Parson Byles, of St. John's, New Brunswick. Before the American rebellion, he was rector at Boston, and he had a curate who always preached against the Roman Catholics. It tickled the Puritans but didn't injure the Papists, for there were none there at that time. For three successive Sundays he expounded the text, 'And Peter's wife's mother lay ill of a fever.'

"From which he inferred priests ought to marry. Shortly after that the bell was tolling, and somebody asked Dr. Byles who was dead.

"Says he, and he looked solemcoly, shut one

eye and winked with the other, as if he was trying to shut that also. 'I rather think it is Peter's wife's mother, for she has been ill of a fever for three weeks.' "

There are charms in these little "home scenes," these little detached sketches which are wholly lost in a large landscape.

There is one very redeeming property about the people. Although they differ widely in politics, I infer that they live in the greatest possible harmony together, from the fact that they speak of each other like members of the same family. The word Mr. is laid aside as too cold and formal, and the whole Christian name as too ceremonious. Their most distinguished men speak of each other, and the public follow their example, as Joe A, or Jim B, or Bill C, or Tom D, or Fitz this, or Dick that. It sounds odd to strangers no doubt, but the inference that may be drawn from it, is one of great amiability.

Still, in holding up the mirror, hold it up fairly, and take in all the groups, and not merely those that excite ridicule. Halifax has more real substantial wealth about it, than any place of its size in America, wealth not amassed by reckless speculation, but by judicious enterprise,

persevering industry, and consistent economy In like manner, there is better society in it than in any similar American or colonial town. A man must know the people to appreciate them. He must not merely judge by those whom he is accustomed to meet at the social board, for they are not always the best specimens any where; but by those also who prefer retirement, and a narrower circle, and rather avoid general society, as not suited to their tastes. The character of its mercantile men stands very high, and those that are engaged in professional pursuits are distinguished for their ability and integrity. In short, as a colonist, Squire, you may at least be satisfied to hear from a stranger like me, that they contrast so favourably with those who are sent officially among them from England, that they need not be ashamed to see themselves grouped with the best of them, in the same mirror.

Yes, yes, Squire, every place has its queer people, queer talk, and queer grouping. I draw what is before me and I can't go wrong. Now, if the sketcher introduces his own person into his foregrounds, and I guess I figure in all mine as large as life, (for like a respectable

man I never forget myself,) he must take care he has a good likeness of his skuldiferous head, as well as a flattering one. Now, you may call it crackin and braggin, and all that sort of a thing if you please, but I must say, I I allot that I look, sit, walk, stand, eat, drink, smoke, think, and talk, aye and brag too like a Yankee clockmaker, don't you? Yes, there is a decided and manifest improvement in the appearance of this province. When I say the province, I don't refer to Halifax alone, though there are folks there, that think it stands for and represents the whole colony. I mean what I say in using that expression, which extends to the country at large—and I am glad to see this change, for I like it. And, there is a still more decided and manifest improvement in the people, and I am glad of that too, for I like them also. Now, I'll tell you one great reason of this alteration. Blue-nose has seen himself as other folks see him, he has had "*the mirror held up to him.*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

I had hardly entered these remarks in my Journal, and ascended the companion-ladder, when the Doctor joined me in my quarter-deck walk, and said, "Mr. Slick, what is your opinion of the state of these North American colonies."

What a curious thing these coincidences are, Squire, ain't they? How often when you are speaking of a man, he unexpectedly makes his appearance, don't he? or if you are thinking of a subject, the person who is with you starts the same topic, or if you are a going to say a thing, he takes as we say the very words out of your mouth. It is something more than accident that, but what is it?

Is it animal magnetism, or what is it? Well I leave you to answer that question, for I can't.

"Their growth beats all. The way they are going ahead is a caution to them that live in Sleepy Hollow, a quiet little place the English call Downing Street. It astonishes them as a young turkey does a hen that has hatched it, thinking it was a chicken of her own. She don't know what in the world to make of the great long-legged, long-bodied crittur, that is six times as large as herself that has cheeks as red as if it drank brandy, an imperial as large as a Russian dragoon, eats all the food of the poultry-yard, takes a shocking sight of nursing when it is young, and gets as sarcy as the devil when it grows up."

"Yes," said he, "I am aware of its growth; but what do you suppose is the destiny of British North America?"

"Oh," sais I, "I could tell you if I was Colonial minister, because I should then have the power to guide that destiny. I know full well what ought to be done, and the importance of doing it soon, but I am not in the position to give

them the right direction. No English statesmen have the information, the time, or the inclination to meddle with the subject. To get rid of the bother of them, they have given up all control and said to them, 'there is responsible government for you, now tortle off hum, and manage your own affairs.' Yes, yes, so far so good—they can manage their own *domestic* matters, but who is to manage their foreign affairs, as I said wunst to a member of parliament. They have outgrown colonial dependance; their minority is ended; their clerkship is out; they are of age now; they never did well in your house; they were put out to nurse at a distance; they had their schooling; they learnt figures early; they can add and multiply faster than you can to save your soul; and now they are uneasy. They have your name for they are your children, but they are younger sons. The estate and all the honours go to the eldest, who resides at home. They know but little about their parents, farther than that their bills have been liberally paid, but they have no personal acquaintance with you. You are tired of maintaining them, and they have too much pride and too much

energy to continue to be a burden to you. They can and they will do for themselves.

"Have you ever thought of setting them up in business on their own account, or of taking them into partnership with yourself? In the course of nature they must form some connexion soon. Shall they seek it with you or the States, or intermarry among themselves, and begin the world on their own hook? These are important questions, and they must be answered soon. Have you acquired their confidence and affection? What has been your manner to them? Do you treat them like your other younger children that remain at home? Them you put into your army and navy, place a sword in their hands and say, distinguish yourselves and the highest rewards are open to you, or you send them to the church or the bar, and say a mitre or a coronet shall be the prize to contend for. If you prefer diplomacy, you shall be attaché to your elder brother. I will place the ladder before you; ascend it. If you like politics, I will place you in parliament, and if you have not talents sufficient for the House of Commons, you shall go out as governor of one of

our colonies. *Those appointments belong of right to them, but they can't help themselves at present.* Get one while you can.

"Have you done this, or anything like it for your children abroad? If you have, perhaps you will be kind enough to furnish me with some names that I may mention them when I hear you accused of neglect. You are very hospitable, and very considerate to strangers. The representative of any little insignificant German state, of the size of a Canadian township, has a place assigned him on state occasions. Do you ever shew the same attention to the delegate of a colony, of infinitely more extent and value than even Ireland! There can't be a doubt you have, though I have never heard of it. Such little trifles are matters of course, but still as great interests are at stake, perhaps it would be as well to notice such things occasionally in the Gazette, for distant and humble relations are always touchy.

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "*things can't and won't remain long as they are.* England has three things among which to choose, for her North American colonies:—First: Incorporation with herself, and representation in Parliament.

Secondly: Independance. Thirdly: Annexation with the States. Instead of deliberating and selecting what will be most conducive to the interest of herself and her dependencies, she is allowing things to take their chance. Now, this is all very well in matters over which we have no control, because, Providence directs things better than we can; but if one of these three alternatives is infinitely better than the other, and it is in our power to adopt it, it is the height of folly not to do so. I know it is said, for I have often heard it myself, why we can but lose the colonies at last. Pardon me, you can do more than that, for you can lose their affections also. If the partnership is to be dissolved, it had better be done by mutual consent, and it would be for the interest of both that you should part friends. You didn't shake hands with, but fists at us, when we separated. We had a stand up fight, and you got licked, and wounds were given, that the best part of a century hasn't healed, and wounds that will leave tender spots for ever, so don't talk nonsense.

"Now, Doctor, mark my words. I say again, things won't remain long as they are. I am glad I have you to talk to instead of the Squire, for

he always says, I am chockfull of crotchets, and brim full of brag. Now, it is easy we all know to prophecy a thing after it has happened, but if I foretell a thing and it comes out true, if I haven't a right to brag of my skill, I have a right to boast that I guessed right at all events. Now, when I set on foot a scheme for carrying the Atlantic mail in steamers, and calculated all the distances and chances, and shewed them Bristol folks, (for I went to that place on purpose,) that it was shorter by thirty-six miles to come to Halifax, and then go to New York, than to go to New York direct, they just laughed at me, and so did the English Government. They said it couldn't be shorter in the nature of things. There was a captain in the navy to London too, who said, 'Mr. Slick, you are wrong, and I think I ought to know something about it,' giving a toss of his head. 'Well,' sais I, with another toss of mine, 'I think you ought too, and I am sorry you don't, that's all.'

"Then the Squire, said:—'Why how you talk, Mr. Slick! Recollect, if you please, that Doctor Lardner says that steam won't do to cross the Atlantic, and he is a great gun.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I don't care a fig for what

Lardner says, or any other locomotive lecturer under the light of the living sun. If a steamer can go agin a stream, and a plaguy strong one too, two thousand five hundred miles up the Mississippi, why in natur, can't it be fixed so as to go across the Atlantic.'

"Well, some time after that, my second Clockmaker came out in London, and, sais I, I'll stand or fall by my opinion, right or wrong and I just put it body and breeches all down in figures in that book. Well, that set inquiries on foot, folks began to calculate—a tender was made and accepted, and now steam across the Atlantic is a fixed fact, and an old story. Our folks warn't over pleased about it, they consaited I should have told them first, so they might have taken the lead in it, as they like to go ahead of the British in all things, and I wish to goodness I had, for thanks are better nor jeers at any time.

"Well, I was right there you see. So on this subject I have told Squire, and them who ought to know something of the colonies they rule, over and over again, and warned government that something was wanting to place these provinces on a proper permanent footing; that I knew the temper of colony folks better than they did,

and you will find in my Journals the subject often mentioned. But no, a debate on a beer bill, or a metropolitan bridge, or a constabulary act, is so pressing there is no time. Well, sure enough that's all come true. First, the Canadian league started up, it was a feverish symptom, and it subsided by good treatment, without letting blood. Last winter it was debated in the Legislature here, and the best and ablest speeches made on it, ever heard in British America, and infinitely superior to the great majority of those uttered in the House of Commons.* Do you suppose for a moment that proud-spirited, independant, able men like those members, will long endure the control of a Colonial minister, who, they feel, is as much below them in talent, as by accident he may be above them in rank? No, Sir, the day is past. The form of provincial government is changed, and with it provincial dependence also. *When we become men, we must put away childish things.*

* All these speeches are well worth reading, especially those of Mr. Howe, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. M. Wilkins. That of the former gentleman is incomparably superior to any one delivered during the last session of the Imperial Parliament.

"There is a sense of soreness that is uncomfortably felt by a colonist now when he surveys our condition, and that of Englishmen, and compares his own with it. He can hardly tell you what he wants, he has yet no definite plan; but he desires something that will place him on a perfect equality with either. When I was in Europe lately, I spent a day at Richmond, with one of them I had known out in America. He was a Tory, too, and a pretty staunch one, I tell you.

"Thinks I to myself, 'I'll put you through your paces a little, my young sucking Washington for fear you will get out of practice when you get back.

"So, sais I, 'how do you get on now? I suppose responsible government has put an end to all complaints, hain't it?'

"Sais he, 'Mr. Slick,' and I saw he felt sore, for he looked like it, and talked like it; 'Mr. Slick,' said he, 'kinder niblin at the question, I have no remonstrance to make. There is something very repulsive in a complaint. I can't bear the sound of it myself. It should never be pronounced, but in the ear of a doctor, or a police magistrate. Your

man with a grievance is every where voted a bore. If he goes to the Colonial office with one, that stout gentleman at the door, the porter, who has the keys of that realm of knowledge and bliss, and knows as much, and has as many airs as his master, soon receives an order not to admit him.

" ' Worn out with fatigue and disappointment, the unfortunate suitor finds at last his original grievance merged in the greater one, that he can obtain no hearing and no redress, and he returns to his own province, like Franklin, or the Australian delegate, with thoughts of deep revenge, and visions of a glorious revolution that shall set his countrymen free from foreign dominion. He goes an humble suppliant, he returns an implacable rebel. The restless Pole, who would rather play the part of a freebooting officer, than an honest farmer, and who prefers even begging to labour, wanders over Europe and America, uttering execrations against all monarchs in general, and his own in particular, and when you shake your head at his oft-told tale of fictitious patriotism, as he replaces his stereotyped memorial in his pocket, exhibits the handle of a stiletto, with

a savage smile of unmistakeable scoundrelism.'

"'*Poles* loom large,' sais I, 'in the fogs of London, but they dwindle into poor *sticks* with us.'

"He was in no temper, however, to laugh. It was evident he felt deeply, but he was unwilling to exhibit the tender spot. 'The world, Sir,' he said, 'is full of grievances. Papineau's parliament mustered ninety-two of them at one time, and a Falmouth packet-ship actually foundered with its shifting cargo. What a pity it is that their worthlessness, and lightness, alone caused them to float. The English, who reverse every wholesome maxim, in this instance pursued their usual course. The sage advice *parcere subjectis, et debilare superbos*, was disregarded. The loyalists suffered, the arrogant and turbulent triumphed. Every house, Sir, in the kingdom is infested with grievances. Fathers grieve over the extravagances of their sons, the giddiness of their daughters, and the ceaseless murmurs of their wives, while they in their turn unite in complaining of parental parsimony and meanness. Social intercourse I have long since given up, for I am tired of

tedious narratives of the delinquencies of servants and the degeneracy of the times. I prefer large parties, where, although you know the smile hides the peevish temper, the aching heart, the jealous fear, and the wounded pride; yet it is such a great satisfaction to know there is a truce to complaints, that I prefer its many falsehoods to unceasing wailings over the sad realities of life.'

"This was no answer, but something to bluff me off. I saw he was unwilling to speak out, and that it was a mere effort to button up and evade the subject. So to draw him out, I said,

"'Well, there is one thing you *can* boast, Canada is the most valuable and beautiful appendage of the British Crown.'

"'England may boast of it as such,' he said, 'but I have no right to do so. I prefer being one of the pariahs of the empire, a mere colonist, having neither grade nor caste, without a country of my own, and without nationality. I am an humble man, and when I am asked where I come from, readily answer the Chaudiere River. Where is that? Out of the world? *Extra flammantia limina mundi.* What is the name of your country? It is not a country, it

is only a place. It is better to have no flag than a borrowed one. If I had one I should have to defend it. If it were wrested from me I should be disgraced, while my victorious enemy would be thanked by the Imperial legislature, and rewarded by his sovereign. If I were triumphant, the affair would be deemed too small to merit a notice in the Gazette. He who called out the militia and quelled amid a shower of *balls*, the late rebellion, was knighted. He who assented amid a shower of *eggs* to a bill to indemnify the rebels, was created an earl. Now to pelt a governor-general with eggs, is an overt act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the *yoke*. If, therefore, he was advanced in the peerage for remunerating traitors for their losses, he ought now to assent to another act for reimbursing the expenses of the exhausted stores of the poultry yards, and be made a marquis, unless the British see a difference between a rebel mob, and an indignant crowd, between those whose life has been spent in hatching mischief, and those who desired to scare the foul birds from their nests.

"'If that man had been a colonist, the dispatch marked 'private' would have said, 'It

sarved you right,' whereas it announced to him, 'you are one of us,' and to mark our approbation of your conduct, you may add one of these savoury missiles to your coat of arms, that others may be *egged* on to do their duty. Indeed we couldn't well have a flag of our own. The Americans have a very appropriate and elegant one, containing stripes emblematical of their slaves, and stars to represent their free states, while a Connecticut goose typifies the good cheer of thanksgiving day. It is true we have the honour of fighting under that of England; but there is as we have seen this hard condition annexed to it, we must consent to be taxed, to reimburse the losses of those whom by our gallantry we subdue. If we take Sebastopol, we must pay for the damage we have done. We are not entitled to a separate flag, and I am afraid if we had one we should be subject to ridicule. A pure white ground would prefigure our snow drifts; a gull with outspread wings, our credulous qualities; and a few discoloured eggs, pourtray our celebrated missiles. But what sort of a flag would that be? No, Sir, these provinces should be united, and they would from their territorial extent, their commercial enterprise,

their mineral wealth, their wonderful agricultural productions, and above all, their intelligent, industrious, and still loyal population, in time form a nation second to none on earth; until then I prefer to be a citizen of the world.

"'I once asked an Indian where he lived, I meant of course where his camp was, but the question was too broad and puzzled him. Stretching out his arm and describing a circle with his heel, he said, 'I live in all these woods!' Like him, I live in all this world. Those who, like the English and Americans, have appropriated so large a portion of it to themselves, may severally boast if they think proper of their respective governments and territories. My boast, Sir, is a peculiar one, that I have nothing to boast of.'

"'If such are your views,' I said, 'I must say I do not understand that absurd act of firing your parliament house. It is, I assure you, reprobated everywhere. Our folks say your party commenced as old *Hunkers** and ended as *Barnburners*.'

* "We have been requested to give a definition of this term, 'old Hunkers.' Party nicknames are not often logically justified; and we can only say that that

"That remark threw him off his guard; he rose up greatly agitated; his eyes flashed fire, and he extended out his arm as if he intended by gesticulation to give full force to what he was about to say. He stood in this attitude for a moment without uttering a word, when by a sudden effort, he mastered himself, and took up his hat to walk out on the terrace and recover his composure.

"As he reached the door, he turned, and said:

"'The assenting to that infamous indemnity act, Mr. Slick, and the still more dis-

section of the late dominant party in this State (the democratic) which claims to be the more radical, progressive, reformatory, &c., bestowed the appellation of 'Old Hunker' on the other section, to indicate that it was distinguished by opposite qualities from those claimed for itself. We believe the title was also intended to indicate that those on whom it was conferred had an appetite for a large 'hunk' of the spoils, though we never could discover that they were peculiar in that. On the other hand, the opposite school was termed 'Barnburners,' in allusion to the story of an old Dutchman, who relieved himself of rats by burning his barns, which they infested—just like exterminating all banks and corporations to root out the abuses connected therewith. The fitness or unfitness of these family terms of endearment is none of our business."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

reputable manner in which it received the gubernational sanction, has produced an impression in Canada that no loyal man—' but he again checked himself and left the sentence unfinished.

"I was sorry I had pushed him so hard, but the way he tried to evade the subject at first, the bitterness of his tone, and the excitement into which the allusion threw him, convinced me that the English neither know who their real friends in Canada are, nor how to retain their affections.

"When he returned, I said to him, 'I was only jesting about your having no grievances in Canada, and I regret having agitated you. I agree with you, however, that it is of no use to remonstrate with the English public. They won't listen to you. If you want to be heard, attract their attention, in the first instance, by talking of their own immediate concerns, and while they are regarding you with intense interest and anxiety, by a sleight of hand shift the dissolving view, and substitute a sketch of your own. For instance, says you, "How is it the army in the Crimea had no tents in the autumn, and no huts in the winter—the hospitals no fittings, and the doctors no nurses or medi-

cines? How is it disease and neglect have killed more men than the enemy? Why is England the laughing-stock of Russia, and the butt of French and Yankee ridicule? and how does it happen this country is filled with grief and humiliation from one end of it to the other? I will tell you. These affairs were managed *by a branch of the Colonial Office.* The minister for that department said to the army, as he did to the distant provinces, 'Manage your own affairs, and don't bother us.' Then pause and say, slowly and emphatically, '*You now have a taste of what we have endured in the colonies. The same incompetency has ruled over both.*'"

"'Good heavens,' said he, 'Mr. Slick, I wish you was one of us.'

"'Thank you for the compliment,' sais I. 'I feel flattered, I assure you; but, excuse me, I have no such ambition. I am content to be a humble Yankee clockmaker. *A Colonial Office in which there is not a single man that ever saw a colony, is not exactly the government to suit me. The moment I found my master knew less than I did, I quit his school, and set up for myself.*'

"Yes, my friend, the English want to have the mirror held up to them; but that is your business and not mine. It would be out of place for me. I am a Yankee, and politics are not my line; I have no turn for them, and I don't think I have the requisite knowledge of the subject for discussing it; but you have both, and I wonder you don't.

"Now, Doctor, you may judge from that conversation, and the deep feeling it exhibits, that men's thoughts are wandering in new channels. The great thing for a statesman is to direct them to the right one. I have said there were three courses to be considered; first, incorporation with England; secondly, independence; thirdly, annexation. The subject is too large for a quarter-deck walk, so I will only say a few words more. Let's begin with annexation first. The thinking, reflecting people among us don't want these provinces. We guess we are big enough already, and nothing but our great rivers, canals, railroads, and telegraphs (which like skewers in a round of beef, fasten the unwieldy mass together,) could possibly keep us united. Without them we should fall to pieces, in no time. It's as much as they can keep all

tight and snug now; but them skewers nor no others can tie a greater bulk than we have. Well, I don't think colonists want to be swamped in our vast republic either. So there ain't no great danger from that, unless the devil gits into us both, which, if a favourable chance offered, he is not onlikely to do. So let that pass. Secondly, as to incorporation. That is a grand idea, but it is almost too grand for John Bull's head, and a little grain too large for his pride. There are difficulties, and serious ones, in the way. It would require participation in the legislature, which would involve knocking off some of the Irish brigade to make room for your members; and there would be a hurrush at that, as O'Connell used to say, that would bang Banaghar. It would also involve an invasion of the upper house, for colonists won't take half a loaf now, I tell you; which would make some o' those gouty old lords fly round and scream like Mother Cary's chickens in a gale of wind; and then there would be the story of the national debt, and a participation in imperial taxes to adjust, and so on, but none of these difficulties are insuperable.

"A statesman with a clever head, a sound

judgment, and a good heart, could adjust a scheme that would satisfy all; at least it would satisfy colonists by its justice, and reconcile the peers and the people of England, by its expediency, for the day Great Britain parts with these colonies, depend upon it, she descends in the scale of nations most rapidly. India she may lose any day, for it is a government of opinion only. Australia will emancipate itself ere long, but these provinces she may and ought to retain.

"Thirdly, independance. This is better for her than annexation by a long chalk, and better for the colonies too, if I was allowed to spend my opinion on it; but if that is decided upon, something must be done soon. The way ought to be prepared for it by an immediate federative and legislative union of them all. It is of no use to consult their governors, they don't and they can't know anything of the country but its roads, lakes, rivers, and towns; but of the people they know nothing whatever. You might as well ask the steeple of a wooden church whether the sill that rests on the stone foundation is sound. They are too big, according to their own absurd notions, too small in

the eyes of colonists, and too far removed and unbending to know anything about it. What can a man learn in five years except the painful fact that he knew nothing when he came, and knows as little when he leaves. He can form a better estimate of himself than when he landed, and returns an humbler, but not a wiser man; but that's all his schoolin ends in. No, *Sirree*, it's only men like you and me who know the ins and outs of the people here."

"Don't say me," said the Doctor, "for goodness sake, for I know nothing about the inhabitants of these woods, and waters, but the birds, the fish, and the beasts."

"Don't you include politicians," said I, "of all shades and colours, under the last genus? because I do, there are regular beasts of prey."

Well, he laughed, he said he didn't know nothing about them.

"Well," sais I, "I ain't so modest I can tell you, for I *do* know. I am a clockmaker, and understand machinery. I know all about the wheels, pulleys, pendulum, balances, and so on, the length of the chain, and what is best of all, the way to wind em up, set em a going, and make em keep time. Now, Doctor, I'll tell you

what, neither the English nor the Yankees, nor the colonists themselves know anything of, and that is about the extent and importance of these North American provinces under British rule. Take your pencil now, and write down a few facts I will give you, and when you are alone meditating, just chew on 'em.

"First—there are four millions of square miles of territory in them, whereas all Europe has but three millions some odd hundred thousands, and our almighty, everlastin United States still less than that again. Canada alone is equal in size to Great Britain, France, and Prussia. The maritime provinces themselves cover a space as large as Holland, Belgium, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland, all put together. The imports for 1853, were between ten and eleven millions, and the exports, (ships sold included) between nine and ten millions. At the commencement of the American revolution, when we first dared the English to fight us, we had but two and a half, these provinces now contain nearly three, and in a half a century will reach the enormous amount of eighteen millions of inhabitants. The increase of population in the States is thirty-three per cent, in Canada

sixty-eight. The united revenue is nearly a million and a half, and their shipping amounts, to four hundred and fifty thousand tons.

"Now, take these facts and see what an empire is here, surely the best in climate, soil, mineral, and other productions in the world, and peopled by such a race, as no other country under heaven can produce. No, Sir, here are *the bundle of sticks* all they want is to be well united. How absurd it seems to us Yankees, that England is both so ignorant and so blind to her own interests, as not to give her attention to this interesting portion of the empire, that in natural and commercial wealth is of infinitely more importance than half a dozen Wallachias and Moldavias, and in loyalty, intelligence, and, enterprise, as far superior to turbulent Ireland as it is possible for one country to surpass another. However, Doctor, it's no affair of mine. I hate politics, and I hate talking figures. Sposin we try a cigar, and *some white satin.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"DOCTOR," sais I, as we ascended the deck the following morning, "I can't tell you how I have enjoyed these incidental runs on shore I have had during my cruise in the 'Black Hawk.' I am amazin fond of the country, and bein' an early riser, I manage to lose none of its charms. I like to see the early streak in the east, and look on the glorious sky when the sun rises. I like every thing about the country, and the people that live in it. The town is artificial, the country is natural. Whoever sees the peep of the morning in a city but a drowsy watchman, who waits for it to go to his bed? a nurse, that is counting the heavy hours, and longs to put out the unsnuffed

candles, and take a cup of strong tea to keep, her peepers open; or some houseless wretch, that is woke up from his nap on a door-step, by a punch in the ribs from the staff of a police-man, who begrudges the misfortunate critter a luxury he is deprived of himself, and asks him what he is a doin' of there, as if he didn't know he had nothin' to do no where, and tells him to mizzle off home, as if he took pleasure in reminding him he had none. Duty petrifies these critters' hearts, harder than the grand marble porch stone that served for a couch, or the door-step that was used for a pillow. Even the dogs turn in then, for they don't think it's necessary to mount guard any longer. Blinds and curtains are all down, and every livin' critter is asleep, breathing the nasty, hot, confined, unwholesome air of their bed-rooms, instead of inhaling the cool dewy breeze of Heaven.

"Is it any wonder that the galls are thin, and pale, and delicate, and are so languid, they look as if they were givin themselves airs, when all they want is air? or that the men complain of dyspepsy, and look hollow and unhealthy, having neither cheeks, stomach, nor thighs, and have

to take bitters, to get an appetite for their food, and pickles and red pepper to digest it? The sun is up, and has performed the first stage of his journey before the maid turns out, opens the front door, and takes a look up and down street, to see who is a stirrin. Early risin must be cheerfulsome, for she is very chipper, and throws some orange-peel at the shopman of their next neighbour, as a hint if he was to chase her, he would catch her behind the hall-door, as he did yesterday, after which she would show him into the supper-room, where the liquors and cakes are still standing as they were left last night.

"Yes, she is right to hide, for it is decent, if it ain't modest, seein the way she has jumped into her clothes, and the danger there is of jumping out of them again. How can it be otherwise, when she has to get up so horrid early. It's all the fault of the vile milkman, who will come for fear his milk will get sour; and that beast, the iceman, who won't wait, for fear his ice will melt; and that stupid nigger who will brush the shoes then, he has so many to clean elsewhere.

"As she stands there, a woman ascends the

step, and produces a basket from under her cloak, into which she looks carefully, examines its contents, (some lace frills, tippets, and collars of her mistress, which she wore a few nights ago at a ball), and returns with something heavy in it, for the arm is extended in carrying it, and the stranger disappears. She still lingers, she is expecting some one. It is the postman, he gives her three or four letters, one of which is for herself. She reads it approvingly, and then carefully puts it into her bosom, but that won't retain it no how she can fix it, so she shifts it to her pocket. It is manifest Posty carries a verbal answer, for she talks very earnestly to him, and shakes hands with him at parting most cordially.

"It must be her turn for a ball to-night I reckon, for a carriage drives very rapidly to within three or four hundred yards of the house, and then crawls to the door so as not to disturb the family. A very fashionably dressed maid is there; (her mistress must be very kind to lend her such expensive head-gear, splendid jewelry and costly and elegant toggery,) and her beau is there with such a handsome moustache and becoming beard, and an ex-

quisitely worked chain that winds six or seven times round him, and hangs loose over his waistcoat, like a coil of golden cord. At a given signal, from the boss of the hack, who stands door in hand, the young lady gathers her clothes well up her drumsticks, and would you believe, two steps or springs only, like those of a kangaroo, take her into the house. It's a streak of light, and nothing more. It's lucky she is thin, for fat tames every critter that is foolish enough to wear it, and spoils agility.

"The beau takes it more leisurely. There are two epochs in a critter's life of intense happiness, first when he doffs the petticoats, pantellets, the hermaphrodite rig of a child, and mounts the jacket and trowsers of a boy; and the other is when that gives way to a 'long tail blue,' and a beard. He is then a man.

"The beau has reached this enviable age, and as he is full of admiration of himself, is generous enough to allow time to others to feast their eyes on him. So he takes it leisurely, his character, like that charming girl's, won't suffer if it is known they return with the cats in the morning; on the contrary, women as they always do, the little fools, will think more of

him. They make no allowance for one of their own sex, but they are very indulgent, indeed they are both blind and deaf to the errors of the other. The fact is, if I didn't know it was only vindicating the honour of their sex, I vow I should think it was all envy of the gall who was so lucky, as to be unlucky; but I know better than that. If the owner of the house should be foolish enough to be up so early, or entirely take leave of his senses, and ask him why he was mousing about there, he flatters himself he is just the child to kick him. Indeed he feels inclined to flap his wings and crow. He is very proud. Celestina is in love with him, and tells him, (but he knew that before) he is very handsome. He is a man, he has a beard as black as the ace of spades, is full dressed, and the world is before him. He thrashed a watchman last night, and now he has a drop in his eye, would fight the devil. He has succeeded in deceiving that gall, he has no more idea of marrying her than I have. It shows his power. He would give a dollar to crow, but suffers himself to be gently pushed out of the hall, and the door fastened behind him, amid such endearing expres-

sions, that they would turn a fellow's head, even after his hair had grown gray. He then lights a cigar, gets up with the driver, and looks round with an air of triumph, as much as to say—"what would you give to be admired and as successful as I am;" and when he turns the next corner, he does actilly crow.

"Yes, yes, when the cat's away, the mice will play. Things ain't in a mess, and that house a hurrah's nest is it? Time wears on and the alternate gall must be a movin' now, for the other who was at the ball, has gone to bed, and intends to have her by-daily head-ache if inquired for. To-night it will be her turn to dance, and to-morrow to sleep, so she cuts round considerable smart. Poor thing, the time is not far off, when you will go to bed and not sleep, but it's only the child that burns its fingers that dreads the fire. In the meantime, set things to rights.

"The curtains are looped up, and the shutters folded back into the wall, and the rooms are sprinkled with tea-leaves, which are lightly swept up, and the dust left behind, where it ought to be, on the carpet, that's all the use there is of a carpet, except you have got corns.

And then the Venetians are let down, to darken the rooms, and the windows are kept closed to keep out the flies, the dust and the heat, and the flowers brought in and placed in the stands. And there is a beautiful temperature in the parlour, for it is the same air that was there a fortnight before. It is so hot, when the young ladies come down to breakfast, they can't eat, so they take nothing but a plate of buck-wheat cakes, and another of hot buttered rolls, a dozen of oysters, a pot of preserves, a cup of honey, and a few ears of Indian corn. They can't abide meat, it's too solid and heavy. It's so horrid warm it's impossible they can have an appetite, and even that little trifle makes them feel dyspeptic. They'll starve soon; what can be the matter? A glass of cool ginger pop, with ice would be refreshing, and soda water is still better. It is too early for wine, and at any rate it's heating, besides being unscriptural.

"Well the men look at their watches, and say they are in a hurry, and must be off for their counting-houses like wink, so they bolt. What a wonder it is the English common people call the stomach, a bread-basket, for it has no meanin' there. They should have

called it a meat-tray, for they are the boys for beef and mutton. But with us it's the identical thing. They clear the table in no time, it's a grand thing, for it saves the servants trouble. And a steak, and a dish of chops, added to what the ladies had is grand. The best way to make a pie, is to make it in the stomach. But flour fixins piping hot is the best, and as their disgestion ain't good, it is better to try a little of every thing on table to see which best agrees with them. So down goes the Johnny cakes, Indian flappers, Lucy Neals, Hoe cakes—with toast, fine cookies, rice batter, Indian batter, Kentucky batter, flannel cakes, and clam fritters. Super-superior fine flour is the wholesomest thing in the world, and you can't have too much of it. It's grand for pastry, and that is as light and as flakey as snow when well made. How can it make paste inside of you, and be wholesome? If you would believe some Yankee doctors you'd think it would make the stomach a regular glue pot. They pretend to tell you pap made of it, will kill a baby as dead as a herring. But doctors must have some hidden thing, to lay the blame of

their ignorance on. Once when they didn't know what was the matter of a child, they said it was water in the brain, and now when it dies—oh, they say, the poor thing was killed by that pastry flour. But they be hanged. How can the best of any thing that is good be bad? The only thing is to be sure a thing is best, and then go a-head with it.

"Well, when the men get to their offices, they are half roasted alive, and have to take ices to cool them, and then for fear the cold will heat them, they have to take brandy cock-tail to counteract it. So they keep up a sort of artificial fever and ague all day. The ice gives the one, and brandy the other, like shuttlecock and battledore. If they had walked down as they had ought to have done, in the cool of the morning, they would have avoided all this.

"How different it is now in the country, ain't it? What a glorious thing the sun rise is, How beautiful the dew-spangled bushes, and the pearly drops they shed, are. How sweet and cool is the morning air, and how refreshing and bracing the light breeze is to

the nerves, that have been relaxed in warm repose. The new ploughed earth, the snowy-headed clover, the wild flowers, the blooming trees, and the balsamic spruce, all exhale their fragrance, to invite you forth. While the birds offer up their morning hymn, as if to proclaim that all things praise the Lord. The lowing herd remind you, that they have kept their appointed time, and the freshening breezes as they swell in the forest, and awaken the sleeping leaves, seem to whisper: "we too come with healing on our wings," and the babbling brook, that it also has its mission to minister to your wants. Oh, morning in the country is a glorious thing, and it is impossible when one rises and walks forth and surveys the scene not to exclaim, 'God is good.'

"Oh, that early hour has health, vigour, and cheerfulness in it. How natural it seems to me, how familiar I am with every thing it indicates. The dew tells me there will be no showers, the white frost warns me of its approach; and if that does not arrive in time, the sun instructs me to notice and remember, that if it rises bright and clear, and soon disappears in a cloud, I must prepare for heavy rain. The birds and the

animals, all, all say, "we, too, are cared for, and we have our fore-knowledge, which we disclose by our conduct to you." The brooks, too, have meaning in their voices, and the southern sentinel proclaims aloud, 'prepare.' And the western, 'all is well.'

"Oh, how well I know the face of nature. What pleasure I take as I commence my journey at this hour, to witness the rising of the mist in the autumn from the low grounds, and its pausing on the hill tops, as if regretting the scene it was about to leave. And how I admire the little insect webs, that are spangled over the field at that time; and the partridge warming itself in the first gleam of sunshine it can discover on the road. The alder, as I descend into the glen, gives me notice that the first frost has visited him, as it always does, before others, to warn him that it has arrived to claim every leaf of the forest as its own. Oh, the country is the place for peace, health, beauty, and innocence. I love it, I was born in it. I lived the greater part of my life there, and I look forward to die in it.

"How different from town life, is that of the country. There are duties to be performed in-

door and out-door, and the inmates assemble round their breakfast-table, refreshed by sleep, and invigorated by the cool air, partake of their simple, plain, and substantial meal, with the relish of health, cheerfulness and appetite. The open window admits the fresh breeze, in happy ignorance of dust, noise, or fashionable darkness. The verandah defies rain, or noon-day sun, and employment affords no room for complaint that the day is hot, the weather oppresive, the nerves weak, or the digestion enfeebled. There can be no happiness where there is an alternation of listlessness and excitement. They are the two extremes between which it resides, and that locality to my mind is the country. Care, disease, sorrow, and disappointment are common to both. They are the lot of humanity ; but the children of mammon, and of God, bear them differently.

"I didn't intend to turn preacher, Doctor, but I do positively believe, if I hadn't a been a clockmaker, dear old Minister would have made me one. I don't allot, though I would have taken in Slickville, for I actilly think I couldn't help waltzing with the galls, which would have put our folks into fits, or kept

old Clay, clergymen like, to leave sinners behind me. I can't make out these puritan fellows, or evangelical boys at all. To my mind, religion is a cheerful thing, intended to make us happy, not miserable; and that our faces, like that of nature, should be smiling, and that like birds, we should sing and carol, and like lilies, we should be well arrayed, and not that our countenances should make folks believe we were chosen vessels, containing, not the milk of human kindness, but horrid sour vinegar and acid mothery grounds. Why, the very swamp behind our house is full of a plant called 'a gall's side-saddle.'*

"Plague take them old independents; I can't, and never could understand them. I believe if Bishop Laud had allowed them to sing through their noses, pray without gowns, and build chapels without steeples, they would have died out like quakers, by being let alone. They wanted to make the state believe they were of consequence. If the state had treated hem as if they were of no importance, they would have felt that, too, very soon. Opposi-

* This is the common name for the Sarracenia.

tion made them obstinate. They won't stick at nothing to carry their own ends.

"They made a law once in Connecticut that no man should ride or drive on a Sunday except to a conventicle. Well, an old Dutch governor of New York, when that was called New Amsterdam and belonged to Holland, once rode into the colony on horseback on a Sabbath day, pretty hard job it was too, for he was a very stout man, and a poor horseman. There were no wheel carriages in those days, and he had been used to home, to travel in canal boats, and smoke at his ease; but he had to make the journey, and he did it, and he arrived just as the puritans were coming out of meeting, and going home, slowly, stately, and solemnly, to their cold dinner cooked the day before (for they didn't think it no harm to make servants work double tides on Saturday) their rule being to do *anything* of a week day, but *nothing* on the Sabbath.

"Well, it was an awful scandal this, and a dreadful violation of the blue laws of the young nation. Connecticut and New Amsterdam (New York) were nothing then but colonies; but the Puritans owed no obedience to princes,

and set up for themselves. The elders and ministry and learned men met on Monday to consider of this dreadful profanity of the Dutch governor. On the one hand it was argued, if he entered their state (for so they called it then) he was amenable to their laws, and ought to be cited, condemned and put into the stocks, as an example to evil doers. On the other hand, they got hold of a Dutch book on the Law of Nations, to cite agin him; but it was written in Latin, and although it contained all about it, they couldn't find the place, for their minister said there was no index to it. Well, it was said if we are independent, so is he, and whoever heard of a king or a prince being put in the stocks. It bothered them, so they sent their Yankee governor to him, to bully and threaten him, and see how he would take it, as we now do, at the present day to Spain about Cuba, and England about your fisheries.

"Well, the governor made a long speech to him, read him a chapter in the Bible, and then expounded it, and told him they must put him in the stocks. All this time the Dutchman went on smoking, and blowing out great long

puffs of tobacco. At last he paused, and said:

"'You be tamned. Stockum me—stockum teivel,' and he laid down his pipe, and with one hand took hold of their governor by the foretop, and with the other drew a line across his forehead and said, 'den I declare war, and Gooten Himmel! I shall scalp you all.'

"After delivering himself of that long speech, he poured out two glasses of Schiedam, drunk one himself, and offered the Yankee governor the other, who objected to the word Schie*dam*, as it terminated in a profane oath, with which, he said, the Dutch language was greatly defiled; but seeing it was also called Geneva, he would swallow it. Well, his high mightiness didn't understand him, but he opened his eyes like an owl and stared, and said, 'dat is tam coot,' and the conference broke up.

"Well, it was the first visit of the Dutch governor, and they hoped it would be the last, so they passed it over. But his business was important, and it occupied him the whole week to settle it, and he took his leave on Saturday evening, and was to set out for home on Sunday again. Well, this was considered as adding

insult to injury. What was to be done? Now it's very easy and very proper for us to sit down and condemn the Duke of Tuscany, who encourages pilgrims to go to shrines where marble statues weep blood, and cataliptic galls let flies walk over their eyes without winking, and yet imprisons an English lady for giving away the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It's very wrong, no doubt, but it aint very new after all. Ignorant and bigoted people always have persecuted, and always will to the end of the chapter. But what was to be done with his high mightiness, the Dutch governor. Well, they decided that it was not lawful to put him into the stocks; but that it was lawful to deprive him of the means of sinning. So one of the elders swapped horses with him, and when he started on the sabbath, the critter was so lame after he went a mile, he had to return and wait till Monday.

"No, I don't understand these Puritan folks; and I suppose if I had been a preacher, they wouldn't have understood me. But I must get back to where I left off. I was a talkin' about the difference of life in town and in the country, and how in the world I got away, off

from the subject, to the Dutch governor and them Puritans, I don't know. When I say I love the country, I mean it in its fullest extent, not merely old settlements and rural districts, but the great unbroken forest. This is a taste, I believe, a man must have in early life. I don't think it can be acquired in middle age, any more than playin' marbles can, though old Elgin tried that game and made money at it. A man must know how to take care of himself, forage for himself, shelter himself, and cook for himself. It's no place for an epicure, because he can't carry his cook, and his spices, and sauces, and all that, with him. Still a man ought to know a goose from a gridiron; and if he wants to enjoy the sports of the flood and the forest, he should be able to help himself; and what he does he ought to do well. Fingers were made afore knives and forks; flat stones before bake-pans; crotched sticks before jacks; bark before tin; and chips before plates; and it's worth knowing how to use them or form them.

It takes two or three years to build and finish a good house. A wigwam is knocked up in an hour; and as you have to be your own architect,

carpenter, mason, and labourer, it's just as well to be handy as not. A critter that can't do that, hante the gumption of a bear who makes a den, a fox who makes a hole, or a bird that makes a nest, let alone a beaver, who is a dab at house building. No man can enjoy the woods, that ain't up to these things. If he ain't, he had better stay to his hotel, where there is one servant to clean his shoes, another to brush his coat, a third to make his bed, a fourth to shave him, a fifth to cook for him, a sixth to wait on him, a seventh to wash for him, and half-a-dozen more for him to scold and bless all day. That's a place where he can go to bed, and get no sleep—go to dinner, and have no appetite—go to the window, and get no fresh air, but snuff up the perfume of drains, bar-rooms, and cooking ranges—suffer from heat, because he can't wear his coat, or from politeness, because he can't take it off—or go to the beach, where the sea breeze won't come, it's so far up the country, where the white sand will dazzle, and where there is no shade, because trees won't grow—or stand and throw stones into the water, and then jump in arter 'em in despair, and forget the way out. He'd better do anything than go to the woods.

"But if he can help himself like a man, oh, it's a glorious place. The ways of the forest are easy to learn, its nature is simple, and the cooking plain, while the fare is abundant. Fish for the catching, deer for the shooting, cool springs for the drinking, wood for the cutting, appetite for eating, and sleep that waits no wooing. It comes with the first star, and tarries till it fades into morning. For the time you are monarch of all you survey. No claimant forbids you; no bailiff haunts you; no thieves molest you; no fops annoy you. If the tempest rages without, you are secure in your lowly tent. Though it humbles in its fury the lofty pine, and uproots the stubborn oak, it passes harmlessly over you, and you feel for once you are a free and independent man. You realize a term which is a fiction in our constitution. Nor pride or envy, hatred or malice, rivalry or strife is there. You are at peace with all the world, and the world is at peace with you. You own not its authority. You can worship God after your own fashion, and dread not the name of bigot, idolator, heretic, or schismatic. The forest is his temple—he is ever present, and the still, small voice of your

short and simple prayer, seems more audible amid the silence that reigns around you. You feel that you are in the presence of your Creator, before whom you humble yourself, and not of man, before whom you clothe yourself with pride. Your very solitude seems to impress you with the belief that though hidden from the world, you are more distinctly visible, and more individually an object of Divine protection, than any worthless atom like yourself ever could be in the midst of a multitude—a mere unit of millions. Yes, you are free to come, to go, to stay; your home is co-extensive with the wild woods. Perhaps it is better for a solitary retreat, than a permanent home; still it forms a part of what I call the country.

"At Country Harbour we had a sample of the simple, plain, natural, unpretending way in which neighbours meet of an evening in the rural districts. But look at that house in the town, where we saw the family assembled at breakfast this morning, and see what is going on there to-night. It is the last party of the season. The family leave the city in a week, for the country. What a delightful change from the heated air of a town-house, to the quiet

retreat of an hotel at a watering place, where there are *only* six hundred people collected. It is positively the very last party, and would have been given weeks ago, but everybody was engaged for so long a time a-head, there was no getting the fashionable folks to come. It is a charming ball. The old ladies are *fully* dressed, only they are so squeezed against the walls, their diamonds and pearls are hid. And the young ladies are so *lightly* dressed, they look lovely. And the old gentlemen seem so happy, as they walk round the room, and smile on all the acquaintances of their early days; and tell every one, they look so well, and their daughters are so handsome. It ain't possible they are bored, and they try not even to look so. And the room is so well lighted, and so well filled, perhaps a little too much so, to leave space for the dancers; but yet not more so than is fashionable. And then the young gentlemen talk so enchantingly about Paris, and London, and Rome, and so disparagingly of home, it is quite refreshing to hear them. And they have been in such high society abroad, they ought to be well bred, for they know John *Manners*, and all the

Manners family, and well informed in politics, for they know John Russell, who never says I'll be hanged if I do, this or that, but I will be beheaded if I do; in allusion to one of his great ancestors who was as *innocent* of trying to subvert the *constitution* as he is. And they have often seen 'Albert, Albert, Prince of Wales, and all the royal family,' as they say in England for shortness. They have travelled with their eyes open, ears open, mouths open, and pockets open. They have heard, seen, tasted, and bought every thing worth having. They are capital judges of wine, and that reminds them, there is lots of the best in the next room; but they soon discover they can't have it in perfection in America. It has been nourished for the voyage, it has been fed with brandy. It is heady, for when they return to their fair friends, their hands are not quite steady, they are apt to spill things over the ladies dresses, (but *they* are so good-natured, they only laugh; for they never wear a dress but wunst.) And their eyes sparkle like jewels, and they look at their partners as if they would eat em up. And I guess they tell them so, for they start sometimes, and say:

"'Oh, well now, that's too bad! Why how you talk! Well, travellin hasn't improved you.'

"But it must be a charming thing to be eat up, for they look delighted at the very idea of it; and their mammas seem pleased that they are so much to the *taste* of these travelled gentlemen.

"Well then, dancing is voted a bore by the handsomest couple in the room, and they sit apart, and the uninitiated think they are making love. And they talk so confidentially, and look so amused; they seem delighted with each other. But they are only criticising.

"'Who is pink skirt?'

"'Blue-nose Mary.'

"'What in the world do they call her Blue-nose for?'

"'It is a nickname for the Nova Scotians. Her father is one; he made his fortune by a diving-*bell*.'

"'Did he? Well, it's quite right then it should go with a *belle*.'

"'How very good! May I repeat that? You do say such clever things! And who is that pale girl that reminds you of brown holland,

bleached white. She looks quite scriptural; she has a proud look and a high stomach.'

"'That's Rachael Scott, one of my very best friends. She is as good a girl as ever lived. My! I wish I was as rich as she is. I have only three hundred thousand dollars, but she will have four at her father's death if he don't bust and fail. But, dear me! how severe you are! I am quite afraid of you. I wonder what you will say of me when my back is turned!'

"'Shall I tell you?'

"'Yes, if it isn't too savage.'

"The hint about the money is not lost, for he is looking for a fortune, it saves the trouble of making one; and he whispers something in her ear that pleases her uncommonly, for she sais:

"'Ah now, the severest thing you can do is to flatter me that way.'

"They don't discourse of the company any more; they have too much to say to each other of themselves now.

"'My! what a smash! what in the world is that?'

"'Nothing but a large mirror. It is lucky it

is broken, for if the host saw himself in it, he might see the face of a fool.'

"'How uproariously these young men talk, and how loud the music is, and how confounded hot the room is! I must go home. But I must wait a moment till that noisy, tipsy boy is dragged down-stairs, and shoved into a hack.'

"And this is upstart life, is it? Yes, but there are changing scenes in life. Look at these rooms next morning. The chandelier is broken; the centre table upset, the curtains are ruined. the carpets are covered with ice-creams, jellies, blancmanges, and broken glass. And the elegant album, souvenirs, and autograph books, are all in the midst of this nasty mess.* The couches are greasy, the *silk* ottoman shews it has been *sat in* since it met with an accident which was only a *trifle*, and there has been the devil to pay everywhere. A doctor is seen going into the house, and soon after a coffin is seen coming out. An unbidden guest, a disgusting levelling democrat came to that ball,

* Whoever thinks this description over drawn, is referred to a remarkably clever work which lately appeared in New York, entitled "The Potiphar Papers." Mr. Slick has evidently spared this class of society.

how or when no one knew; but there he is and there he will remain for the rest of the summer. He has victimized one poor girl already, and is now strangling another. The yellow fever is there. Nature has sent her avenging angel. There is no safety but in flight.

"Good gracious! if people will ape their superiors, why won't they imitate their elegance as well as their extravagance, and learn that it is the refinement alone of the higher orders which in all countries distinguishes them from the rest of mankind. *The decencies of life, when polished, become its brightest ornaments.* Gold is a means, and not an end. It can do a great deal, still it can't do everything; and among others I guess it can't make a gentleman, or else California would be chock full of 'em. No, give me the country, and the folks that live in it I say."

CHAPTER IX.

THE HONEYMOON.

AFTER having given vent to the foregoing lockrum, I took Jehosophat Bean's illustrated "Biography of the Eleven Hundred and Seven Illustrious American Heroes," and turned in to read a spell; but arter a while I lost sight of the heroes and their exploits, and I got into a wide spekilation on all sorts of subjects, and among the rest my mind wandered off to Jordan river, the Collingwood girls in particular, and Jessie and the Doctor, and the Beaver-dam, and its inmates in general. I shall set down my musings as if I was thinking aloud.

I wonder, sais I to myself, whether Sophy and I shall be happy together, sposin always, that she is willing to put her head into

the yoke, for that's by no means sartain yet. I'll know better when I can study her more at leisure. Still matrimony is always a risk, where you don't know what sort of breaking a critter has had when young. Women in a general way don't look like the same critters when they are spliced, that they do before; matrimony like sugar and water, has a nateral affinity for, and tendency to acidity. The clear, beautiful bright sunshine of the wedding morning, is too apt to cloud over at twelve o'clock, and the afternoon to be cold, raw, and uncomfortable, or else the heat generates storms that fairly make the house shake, and the happy pair tremble again. Every body knows the real, solid grounds which can alone make married life perfect. I should only prose if I was to state them, but I have an idea as cheerfulness is a great ingredient, a good climate has a vast deal to do with it, for who can be chirp in a bad one. Wedlock was first instituted in Paradise. Well, there must have been a charming climate there. It could not have been too hot, for Eve never used a parasol, or even a "kiss-me-quick," and Adam never complained though he wore no clothes, that the sun blistered his skin. It couldn't have been wet,

or they would have coughed all the time, like consumptive sheep, and it would have spoiled their garden, let alone giving them the chilblains and the snuffles. They didn't require umbrellas, uglies, fans, or India-rubber shoes. There was no such a thing as a stroke of the sun, or a snow-drift there. The temperature must have been perfect, and connubial bliss, I allot was rael jam up. The only thing that seemed wanting there, was for some one to drop in to tea now and then, for Eve to have a good chat with, while Adam was a studyin astronomy, or tryin to invent a kettle that would stand fire; for women do like talking that's a fact, and there are many little things they have to say to each other, that no man has any right to hear, and if he did, he couldn't understand.

It's like a dodge, Sally and I had to blind mother. Sally was for everlastingly leaving the keys about, and every time there was an inquiry about them, or a hunt for them, the old lady would read her a proper lecture. So at last she altered the name, and said "Sam, wo is shlizel," instead of where is the key, and she tried all she could to find it out, but she couldn't for the life of her.

Yes, what can be expected of such a climate as Nova Scotia or England. Though the first can ripen Indian corn and the other can't, and that is a great test, I can tell you. It is hard to tell which of them is wuss, for both are bad enough, gracious knows, and yet the fools that live in them, brag that their own beats all natur. If it is the former, well then thunder don't clear the weather as it does to the South, and the sun don't come out bright again at wunst and all natur look clear and tranquil and refreshed; and the flowers and roses don't hang their heads down coily for the breeze to brush the drops from their newly painted leaves, and then hold up and look more lovely than ever; nor does the voice of song and merriment arise from every tree; nor fragrance and perfume fill the air, till you are tempted to say now did you ever see anything so charming as this? nor do you stroll out arm-in-arm (that is sposin you ain't in a nasty dirty horrid town) and feel pleased with the dear married gall and yourself, and all you see and hear while you drink in pleasure with every sense—oh, it don't do that. Thunder unsettles everything for most a week, there seems no end to the gloom during these three or

four days. You shiver if you don't make a fire, and if you do you are fairly roasted alive. It's all grumblin and growlin within, and all mud, slush and slop outside. You are bored to death everywhere. And if it's English climate it is wus still, because in Nova Scotia there is an end to all this at last, for the west wind blows towards the end of the week soft and cool and bracing, and sweeps away the clouds, and lays the dust and dries all up, and makes everything smile again. But if it is English it's unsettled and uncertain all the time. You can't depend on it for an hour. Now it rains, then it clears, after that the sun shines; but it rains too, both together, like hystericks, laughing and crying at the same time. The trees are loaded with water, and hold it like a sponge, touch a bough of one with your hat, and you are drowned in a shower-bath. There is no hope, for there is no end visible, and when there does seem a little glimpse of light, so as to make you think it is a going to relent, it wraps itself up in a foggy, drizzly mist, and sulks like anything.

In this country they have a warm summer, a magnificent autumn, a clear, cold, healthy winter, but no sort of spring at all. In England

they have no summer and no winter.* Now, in my opinion, that makes the difference in temper between the two races. The clear sky and bracing air here, when they do come, give the folks good spirits; but the extremes of heat and cold limit the time, and decrease the inclination for exercise. Still the people are good-natured, merry fellows. In England, the perpetual gloom of the sky affects the disposition of the men. America knows no such temper as exists in Britain. People here can't even form an idea of it. Folks often cut off their children there in their wills for half nothing, won't be reconciled to them on any terms, if they once displease them, and both they and their sons die game, and when death sends cards of invitation for the last assemblage of a family, they write declensions. There can't be much real love where there is no tenderness. A gloomy sky, stately houses and a cold, formal people, make Cupid, like a bird of passage, spread his wings, and take flight to a more congenial climate.

Castles have shew-apartments, and the vulgar gaze with stupid wonder, and envy the

* I wonder what Mr. Slick would say now, in 1855.

owners. But there are rooms in them all, not exhibited. In them the imprisoned bird may occasionally be seen, as in the olden time, to flutter against the casement and pine in the gloom of its noble cage. There are chambers, too, in which grief, anger, jealousy, wounded-pride, and disappointed ambition, pour out their sighs, their groans, and imprecations, unseen and unheard. The halls resound with mirth and revelry, and the eye grows dim with its glittering splendour; but amid all this ostentatious brilliancy, poor human nature refuses to be comforted with diamonds and pearls, or to acknowledge that happiness consists in gilded galleries, gay equipages, or fashionable parties. They are cold and artificial. The heart longs to discard this joyless pageantry, to surround itself with human affections, and only asks to love, and be loved.

Still England is not wholly composed of castles and cottages, and there are very many happy homes in it, and thousands upon thousands of happy people in them, in spite of the melancholy climate, the destitution of the poor, and the luxury of the rich. God is good. He is not only merciful, but a just judge. He equalizes the condition of all. The

industrious poor man is content, for he relies on Providence, and his own exertions for his daily bread. He earns his food, and his labour gives him a zest for it. Ambition craves, and is never satisfied, one is poor amid his prodigal wealth, the other rich in his frugal poverty. *No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means; and no one is poor, whose incomings exceeds his outgoings.* Barring such things as climate, over which we have no control, happiness, in my idea, consists in the mind, and not in the purse. These are plain common truths, and every body will tell you there is nothing new in them, just as if there was any thing new under the sun but my wooden clocks, and yet they only say so because they can't deny them, for who acts as if he ever heard of them before. Now, if they do know them, why the plague don't they regulate their time-pieces by them. If they did, matrimony wouldn't make such an everlastin transmogrification of folks as it does, would it ?

The way cupidists scratch their head, and open their eyes and stare, after they are married reminds me of Felix Culpepper. He was a judge at Saint Lewis, on the Mississippi, and the

lawyers used to talk gibberish to him, yougerry, eyegerry, iggery, ogerry, and tell him it was Littleton's Norman French, and Law Latin. It fairly onfakilised him. Wedlock works just such changes on folks sometimes. It makes me laugh and then it fairly scares me.

Sophy, dear, how will you and I get on, eh? The Lord only knows, but you are an uncommon sensible gall, and people tell me till I begin to believe it myself, that I have some common sense, so we must try to learn the chart of life, so as to avoid those sunk rocks so many people make shipwreck on. I have often asked myself the reason of all this onsartainty. Let us jist see how folks talk and think, and decide on this subject. First and foremost they have got a great many cant terms, and you can judge a good deal from them. There is the honeymoon now, was there ever such a silly word as that? Minister said the Dutch at New Amsterdam, as they used to call New York, brought out the word to America, for all the friends of the new married couple, in Holland, did nothing for a whole month, but smoke, drink metheglin, (a tipple made of honey and gin,) and they called that bender the honeymoon; since then the

word has remained, though metheglin is forgot for something better.

Well, when a couple is married now, they give up a whole month to each other, what an everlastin sacrifice, ain't it out of a man's short life? The reason is, they say, the metheglin gets sour after that, and ain't palateable no more, and what is left of it is used for picklin cucumbers, peppers, and nastertions, and what not. Now as Brother Eldad, the doctor says, let us dissect this phrase, and find out what one whole moon means, and then we shall understand what this wonderful thing is. The new moon now as a body might say ain't nothing. It's just two small lines of a semicircle, like half a wheel, with a little strip of white in it, about as big as a cart tire, and it sits a little after sundown; and as it gives no light you must either use a candle or go to bed in the dark, now that's the first week, and it's no great shakes to brag on, is it? Well, then there is the first quarter, and calling that the first which ought to be second, unless the moon has only three quarters, which sounds odd, shows that the new moon counts for nothin. Well, the first quarter is something like the thing, though not the real genuine article either. It's better

than the other, but its light don't quite satisfy us neither. Well, then comes the full moon and that is all there is, as one may say. Now, neither the moon nor nothin else can be more than full, and when you have got all, there is nothing more to expect. But a man must be a blockhead, indeed, to expect the moon to remain one minute after it is full, as every night clips a little bit off, till there is a considerable junk gone by the time the week is out, and what is worse, every night there is more and more darkness afore it rises. It comes reluctant, and when it does arrive it hante long to stay, for the last quarter takes its turn at the lantern. That only rises a little afore the sun, as if it was ashamed to be caught napping at that hour—that quarter therefore is nearly as dark as ink. So you see, the new and last quarter go for nothing; that everybody will admit. The first ain't much better, but the last half of that quarter and the first of the full, make a very decent respectable week.

Well, then, what's all this when its fried? Why it amounts to this, that if there is any resemblance between a lunar and a lunatic month that the honeymoon lasts only one good week.

Dont be skeared, Sophy, when you read this, because we must look things in the face and call them by their right name.

Well, then, let us call it the honey-week. Now if it takes a whole month to make one honey-week, it must cut to waste terribly, mustn't it? But then you know a man can't wive and thrive the same year. Now wastin so much of that precious month is terrible, ain't it? But oh me, bad as it is, it ain't the worst of it. There is no insurance office for happiness, there is no policy to be had to cover losses—you must bear them all yourself. Now suppose, just suppose for one moment, and positively such things have happened before now, they have indeed; I have known them occur more than once or twice myself among my own friends, fact I assure you. Suppose now that week is cold, cloudy, or uncomfortable, where is the honeymoon then? Recollect there is only one of them, there ain't two. You can't say it rained cats and dogs this week, let us try the next; you can't do that it's over and gone for ever. Well, if you begin life with disappointment, it is apt to end in despair.

Now, Sophy dear, as I said before, don't get skittish at seeing this, and start and race off and vow you won't ever let the halter be put on you, for I kinder sorter guess that, with your sweet temper, good sense, and lovin heart, and with the light-hand I have for a rein, our honeymoon will last through life. We will give up that silly word, that foolish boys and girls use without knowing its meanin, and we will count by years and not by months, and we won't expect what neither marriage, nor any other earthly thing can give, perfect happiness. It tante in the nature of things and don't stand to reason, that earth is Heaven, Slickville paradise, or you and me angels; we ain't no such a thing. If you was most likely the first, eastwardly wind (and though it is a painful thing to confess it, I must candidly admit there is an eastwardly wind sometimes to my place to home,) why you would just up wings and off to the sky like wink, and say you didn't like the land of the Puritans, it was just like themselves, cold, hard, uncongenial, and repulsive; and what should I do? Why most likely remain behind, for there is no marrying or giving in marriage up there.

No, no, dear, if you are an angel and positively you are amazingly like one, why the first time I catch you asleep I will clip your wings and keep you here with me, until we are both ready to start together. We won't hope for too much, nor fret for trifles, will we? These two things are the greatest maxims in life I know of. When I was a boy I used to call them commandments, but I got such a lecture for that and felt so sorry for it afterwards, I never did again nor will as long as I live. Oh, dear, I shall never forget the lesson poor dear old Minister taught me on that occasion.

There was a thanksgiving ball wunst to Slickville, and I wanted to go but I had no clothes suitable for such an occasion as that, and father said it would cost more than it was worth to rig me out for it, so I had to stop at home. Sais Mr. Hopewell to me,

"Sam," said he, "don't fret about it, you will find it 'all the same a year hence.' As that holds good in most things, don't it show us the folly now of those trifles we set our hearts on, when in one short year they will be disregarded or forgotten."

"Never fear," said I, "I am not a going to break the twelfth commandment."

"Twelfth commandment," said he, repeatin the words slowly, laying down his book, taking off his spectacles, and lookin hard at me, almost onfakilised. "Twelfth commandment, did I hear right, Sam," said he, "did you say that?"

Well, I saw there was a squall rising to windward, but boy like, instead of shortening sail, and taking down royals and top-gallant masts, and making all snug, I just braved it out, and prepared to meet the blast with every inch of canvas set. "Yes, Sir," said I, "the twelfth."

"Dear me," said he, "poor boy, that is my fault. I really thought you knew there were only ten, and had them by heart years ago. They were among the first things I taught you. How on earth could you have forgotten them so soon. Repeat them to me."

Well, I went through them all, down to "anything that is his," to ampersand without making a single stop.

"Sam," said he, "don't do it again, that's

a good soul, for it frightens me. I thought I must have neglected you."

"Well," sais I, "there are two more, Sir."

"Two more," he said, "why what under the sun do you mean? what are they?"

"Why," sais I, "the eleventh is, 'Expect nothin, and you shall not be disappointed,' and the twelvth is, 'Fret not thy gizzard.'"

"And pray, Sir," said he, lookin thunder-squalls at me, "where did you learn them?"

"From Major Zeb Vidito," said I.

"Major Zeb Vidito," he replied, "is the greatest reprobate in the army. He is the wretch who boasts that he fears neither God, man, nor devil. Go, my son, gather up your books, and go home. You can return to your father. My poor house has no room in it for Major Zeb Vidito, or his pupil, Sam Slick, or any such profane wicked people, and may the Lord have mercy on you."

Well, to make a long story short, it brought me to my bearings that. I had to heave to, lower a boat, send a white flag to him, beg pardon, and so on, and we knocked up a treaty of peace, and made friends again.

"I won't say no more about it, Sam," said

he, " but mind my words, and apply your experience to it afterwards in life, and see if I ain't right. *Crime has but two travelling companions. It commences its journey with the scoffer, and ends it with the blasphemer*, not that talking irreverently ain't very improper in itself, but it destroys the sense of right and wrong, and prepares the way for sin."

Now, I won't call these commandments, for the old man was right, it's no way to talk, I'll call them maxims. Now, we won't expect too much, nor fret over trifles, will we, Sophy ? It takes a great deal to make happiness, for every thing must be in tune like a piano ; but it takes very little to spoil it. Fancy a bride now having a tooth-ache, or a swelled face during the honeymoon. In courtship she won't show, but in marriage she can't help it, or a felon on her finger, (it is to be hoped she hain't given her hand to one) ; or fancy now, just fancy, a hooping-cough caught in the cold church, that causes her to make a noise like drowning, a great gurgling in-draught, and a great out-blowing, like a young sporting porpoise, and instead of being all alone with her own dear husband, to have to admit the horrid

doctor, and take draughts that make her breath as hot as steam, and submit to have nauseous garlic and brandy rubbed on her breast, spine, palms of her hands, and soles of her feet, that makes the bridegroom, every time he comes near her to ask her how she is, sneeze, as if he was catching it himself. He don't say to himself in an under tone damn it, how unlucky this is. Of course not; he is too happy to swear, if he ain't too good, as he ought to be; and she don't say, eigh—augh, like a donkey, for they have the hooping-cough all the year round; "dear love, eigh—augh, how wretched this is, ain't it? eigh—augh," of course not; how can she be wretched? Ain't it her honeymoon? and ain't she as happy as a bride can be, though she does eigh—augh her slippers up amost. But it won't last long, she feels sure it won't, she is better now, the doctor says it will be soon over; yes, but the honeymoon will be over, too, and it don't come like Christmas, once a-year. When it expires like a dying swan, it sings its own funeral hymn.

Well then fancy, just fancy, when she gets well, and looks as chipper as a canary-bird, though not quite so yaller from the effects of

the cold, that the bridegroom has his turn and is taken down with the acute rheumatism, and can't move, tack nor sheet, and has camphor, turpentine, and hot embrocations of all sorts and kinds applied to him till his room has the identical perfume of a druggist's shop, while he screams if he aint moved and yells if he is, and his temper peeps out. It don't break out of course, for he is a happy man; but it just peeps out as a masculine he-angel's would if he was tortured.

The fact is, lookin at life, with its false notions, false hopes, and false promises, my wonder is, not that married folks don't get on better, but that they get on as well as they do. If they regard matrimony as a lottery, is it any wonder more blanks than prizes turn up on the wheel? Now, my idea of mating a man is, that it is the same as matching a horse; the mate ought to have the same spirit, the same action, the same temper, and the same training. Each should do his part, or else one soon becomes strained, sprained, and spavined, or broken winded, and that one is about the best in a general way that suffers the most.

Don't be shocked at the comparison; but

to my mind a splendiferous woman and a first chop horse is the noblest works of creation. They take the rag off the bush quite; a woman "that will come" and a horse that "will go" ought to make any man happy. Give me a gall that all I have to say to is, "*Quick, pick up chips and call your father to dinner,*" and a horse that enables you to say, "*I am thar.*" That's all I ask. Now just look at the different sorts of love-making in this world. First, there is boy and gall love; they are practising the gamut, and a great bore it is to hear and see them; but poor little things, their whole heart and soul is in it, as they were the year before on a doll or a top. They don't know a heart from a gizzard, and if you ask them what a soul is, they will say it is the dear sweet soul they love. It begins when they enter the dancing-school, and ends when they go out into the world; but after all, I believe it is the only real romance in life.

Then there is young maturity love, and what is that half the time based on? vanity, vanity, and the deuce a thing else. The young lady is handsome, no, that's not the word, she is beautiful, and is a belle, and all the young

fellows are in her train. To win the prize is an object of ambition. The gentleman rides well, hunts and shoots well, and does everything well, and moreover he is a fancy man, and all the girls admire him. It is a great thing to conquer the hero, aint it? and distance all her companions; and it is a proud thing for him to win the prize from higher, richer, and more distinguished men than himself. It is the triumph of the two sexes. They are allowed to be the handsomest couple ever married in that church. What an elegant man, what a lovely woman, what a splendid bride! they seem made for each other! how happy they both are, eyes can't show—words can't express it; they are the admiration of all.

If it is in England they have two courses of pleasure before them—to retire to a country-house or to travel. The latter is a great bore, it exposes people, it is very annoying to be stared at. Solitude is the thing. They are all the world to each other, what do they desire beyond it—what more can they ask? They are quite happy. How long does it last? for they have no resources beyond excitement. Why, it lasts till the first juicy day comes, and

that comes soon in England, and the bridegroom don't get up and look out of the window, on the cloudy sky, the falling rain, and the inundated meadows, and think to himself, "well, this is too much bush, aint it? I wonder what de Courcy and de Lacy and de Devilcourt are about to-day?" and then turn round with a yawn that nearly dislocates his jaw. Not a bit of it. He is the most happy man in England, and his wife is an angel, and he don't throw himself, down on a sofa and wish they were back in town. It aint natural he should; and she don't say, "Charles, you look dull dear," nor he reply, "Well, to tell you the truth, it is devilish dull here, that's a fact," nor she say, "Why you are very complimentary," nor he rejoin, "No, I don't mean it as a compliment, but to state it as a fact, what that Yankee, what is his name, Sam Slick, or Jim Crow, or Uncle Tom, or somebody or another calls an established fact!" Her eyes don't fill with tears at that, nor does she retire to her room and pout and have a good cry; why should she? she is so happy, and when the honied honeymoon is over, they will return to town and all will be sunshine once more.

But there is one little thing both of them

forget, which they find out when they do return. They have rather, just a little overlooked, or undervalued means, and they can't keep such an establishment as they desire, or equal to their former friends. They are both no longer single. He is not asked so often where he used to be, nor courted and flattered as he lately was; and she is a married woman now, and the beaus no longer cluster around her. Each one thinks the other the cause of this dreadful change. It was the imprudent and unfortunate match did it. Affection was sacrificed to pride, and that deity can't and won't help them, but takes pleasure in tormenting them. First comes coldness, and then estrangement; after that words ensue, that don't sound like the voice of true love, and they fish on their own hook, seek their own remedy, take their own road, and one or the other, perhaps both find that road leads to the devil.

Then, there is the "ring-fence match," which happens everywhere. Two estates or plantations, or farms adjoin, and there is an only son in one, and an only daughter in the other; and the world, and fathers, and mothers, think what a suitable match it would be, and

what a grand thing a ring-fence is, and they cook it up in the most fashionable style, and the parties most concerned take no interest in it, and having nothing particular to object to, marry. Well, strange to say, half the time it don't turn out bad, for as they don't expect much, they can't be much disappointed. They get after a while to love each other from habit; and finding qualities they didn't look for, end by getting amazin fond of each other.

Next is a cash-match. Well, that's a cheat. It begins in dissimulation, and ends in detection and punishment. I don't pity the parties; it serves them right. They meet without pleasure, and part without pain. The first time I went to Nova Scotia to vend clocks, I fell in with a German officer, who married a woman with a large fortune; she had as much as three hundred pounds. He could never speak of it without getting up, walking round the room, rubbing his hands, and smacking his lips. The greatest man he ever saw, his own prince, had only five hundred a-year, and his daughters had to select and buy the chickens, wipe the glasses, starch their own muslins, and see the fine soap made. One half of them were Protestants, and the other

half Catholics, so as to bait the hooks for royal fish of either creed. They were poor and proud, but he hadn't a morsel of pride in him, for he had condescended to marry the daughter of a staff surgeon; and she warn't poor, for she had three hundred pounds. He couldn't think of nothin' but his fortune. He spent the most of his time in building castles, not in Germany, but in the air, for they cost nothing. He used to delight to go marooning* for a day or two in Maitland settlement, where old soldiers are located, and measured every man he met by the gauge of his purse. "Dat poor teevil," he would say, " is wort twenty pounds, well I am good for tree hundred, in gold and silver, and provinch notes, and de mortgage on Burkit Crowse's farm for twenty-five pounds ten shillings and eleven pence halfpenny—fifteen times as much as he is, pesides ten pounds interest." If he rode a horse, he calculated how many he could purchase; and he found they would make an everlastin cahoot.† If he sailed in a boat, he

* Marooning differs from pic-nicing in this—the former continues several days, the other lasts but one.

† Cahoot is one of the new coinage, and, in Mexico, means a band, or cavalcade.

counted the flotilla he could buy ; and at last he used to think, " Vell now, if my vrow would go to de depot (graveyard) vat is near to de church, Goten Himmel, mid my fortune I could marry any pody I liked, who had shtock of cattle, shtock of clothes, and shtock in de park, pesides farms and foresht lands, and dyke lands, and meadow lands, and vind-mill and vater-mill ; but dere is no chanse, she shall die, for I was dirty (thirty) when I married her, and she was dirty-too (thirty-two.) Tree hundred pounds ! Vell, it's a great shum ; but vat shall I do mid it. If I leave him mid a lawyer, he say, Mr. Von Sheik, you gub it to me. If I put him into de pank, den de ting shall break, and my forten go smash, squash—vot dey call von shilling in de pound. If I lock him up, den soldier steal and desert away, and conetry people shall hide him, and I will not find him no more. I shall mortgage it on a farm. I feel vary goot, vary pig, and vary rich. If I would not lose my bay and commission, I would kick de colonel, kiss his vife, and put my cane thro' his vinder. I don't care von damn for nopoty no more."

Well, his wife soon after that took a day

and died; and he followed her to the grave. It was the first time he ever gave her precedence, for he was a disciplinarian; he knew the difference of "rank and file," and liked to give the word of command, "Rear rank, take open order—march!" Well, I condoled with him about his loss. Sais he: "Mr. Shlick, I didn't lose much by her: The soldier carry her per order, de pand play for noting, and de crape on de arm came from her ponnet."

"But the loss of your wife?" said I.

Well, that excited him, and he began to talk Hessian. "*Jubes renovare dolorem*," said he.

"I don't understand High Dutch,' sais' I, "when it's spoke so almighty fast."

"It's a ted language," said he.

I was a goin to tell him I didn't know the dead had any language, but I bit in my breath.

"Mr. Shlick," said he, "de vife is gone," (and clapping his waistcoat pocket with his hand, and grinning like a chissy cat) he added, "but *de monish remain*."

Yes, such fellows as Von Sheik don't call this ecclesiastical and civil contract, wedlock. They use a word that expresses their meaning

better—matri-*money*. Well, even money aint all gold, for there are two hundred and forty nasty dirty, mulatto looking copper pennies in a sovereign; and they have the affectation to call the filthy incrustation if they happen to be antient coin, verd-antique. Well, fine words are like fine dresses; one often covers ideas that ain't nice, and the other sometimes conceals garments that are a little the worse for wear. Ambition is just as poor a motive. It can only be gratified at the expense of a journey over a rough road, and he is a fool who travels it by a borrowed light, and generally finds he takes a *rise* out of himself.

Then there is a class like Von Sheik, "who feel so pig and so hugeaciously grandiferous," they look on a wife's fortune with contempt. The independent man scorns connection, station, and money. He has got all three, and more of each than is sufficient for a dozen men. He regards with utter indifference the opinion of the world, and its false notions of life. He can afford to please himself; he does not stoop if he marries beneath his own rank; for he is able to elevate any wife to his. He is a great admirer of beauty, which is confined to no

circle and no region. The world is before him, and he will select a woman to gratify himself and not another. He has the right and ability to do so, and he fulfils his intention. Now an independent man is an immoveable one, until he is proved, and a soldier is brave until the day of trial comes. He, however, is independent and brave enough to set the opinion of the world at defiance, and he marries. Until then, society is passive, but when defied and disobeyed, it is active, bitter, and relentless.

The conflict is only commenced—marrying is merely firing the first gun. The battle has yet to be fought. If he can do without the world, the world can do without him, but, if he enters it again bride in hand, he must fight his way inch by inch, and step by step. She is slighted and he is stung to the quick. She is ridiculed and he is mortified to death. He is able to meet open resistance, but he is for ever in dread of an ambuscade. He sees a sneer in every smile, he fears an insult in every whisper. The unmeaning jest must have a hidden point for him. Politeness seems cold, even good-nature looks like the insolence of condescension. If his wife is addressed, it is manifestly to draw her out. If her society is

not sought, it is equally plain there is a conspiracy to place her in Coventry. To defend her properly, and to put her on her guard it is necessary he should know her weak points himself.

But, alas, in this painful investigation, his ears are wounded by false accents, his eyes by false motions and vulgar attitudes, he finds ignorance where ignorance is absurd, and knowledge where knowledge is shame, and what is worse, this distressing criticism has been forced upon him, and he has arrived at the conclusion that beauty without intelligence, is the most valueless attribute of a woman. Alas, the world is an argus-eyed, many headed, sleepless, heartless monster. The independent man, if he would retain his independence, must retire with his wife to his own home, and it would be a pity if in thinking of his defeat he was to ask himself, was my pretty doll worth this terrible struggle after all? wouldn't it? Well I pity that man, for at most he has only done a foolish thing, and he has not passed through life without being a public benefactor. *He has held a reversed lamp. While he has walked in the dark himself, he has shed light on the path of others.*

Ah, Sophy, when you read this, and I know

you will, you'll say what a dreadful picture you have drawn; it ain't like you—you are too good-natured, I can't believe you ever wrote so spiteful an article as this, and woman like, make more complimentary remarks than I deserve. Well, it ain't like me, that's a fact, but it is like the world for all that. Well then you will puzzle your little head, whether after all there is any happiness in married life, won't you?

Well, I will answer that question. I believe there may be and are many very many happy marriages; but then people must be as near as possible in the same station of life, their tempers compatible, their religious views the same, their notions of the world similar, and their union, based on mutual affection, entire mutual confidence, and what is of the utmost consequence, the greatest possible mutual respect. Can you feel this towards me Sophy, can you dear? Then be quick—"pick up chips and call your father to dinner."

CHAPTER X.

A DISH OF CLAMS

EATING is the chief occupation at sea. It's the great topic, as well as the great business of the day, especially in small sailing vessels, like the 'Black Hawk;' although anything is good enough for me, when I can't get nothin better, which is the true philosophy of life. If there is a good dish and a bad one set before me, I am something of a rat, I always choose the best.

There are few animals, as there are few men that we can't learn something from. Now a rat, although I hate him like pyson, is a travelling gentleman, and accommodates himself to circumstances. He likes to visit people that are well off, and has a free and easy way about him, and don't require an introduction. He

does not wait to be pressed to eat but helps himself, and does justice to his host and his viands. When hungry, he will walk into the larder and take a lunch or a supper without requiring any waiting on. He is abstemious, or rather temperate in his drinking. Molasses and syrup he prefers to strong liquors, and he is a connoisseur in all things pertaining to the dessert. He is fond of ripe fruit, and dry or liquid preserves, the latter of which he eats with cream, for which purpose he forms a passage to the dairy. He prides himself on his knowledge of cheese, and will tell you in the twinkling of an eye which is the best in point of flavour or richness. Still he is not proud—he visits the poor when there is no gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and can accommodate himself to coarse fare and poor cookery. To see him in one of these hovels, you would think he never knew anything better, for he has a capital appetite, and can content himself with mere bread and water. He is a wise traveller, too. He is up to the ways of the world, and is aware of the disposition there is every where to entrap strangers. He knows how to take care of himself. If he is ever deceived, it is by

treachery. He is seized sometimes at the hospitable board, and assassinated, or perhaps cruelly poisoned. But what skill can ensure safety, where confidence is so shamefully abused? He is a capital sailor, even bilge-water don't make him squeamish, and he is so good a judge of the sea-worthiness of a ship, that he leaves her at the first port, if he finds she is leaky or weak. Few architects, on the other hand, have such a knowledge of the stability of a house as he has. He examines its foundations thoroughly, and if he perceives any, the slightest chance of its falling, he retreats in season, and leaves it to its fate. In short, he is a model traveller, and much may be learned from him.

But then, who is perfect? He has some serious faults, from which we may also take instructive lessons, so as to avoid them. He runs all over a house, sits up late at night, and makes a devil of a noise. He is a nasty, cross-grained critter, and treacherous even to those who feed him best. He is very dirty in his habits, and spoils as much food as he eats, If a door ain't left open for him, he cuts right through it, and if by accident he is locked in, he won't wait to be let out, but hacks a passage

slap through the floor. Not content with being entertained himself, he brings a whole retinue with him, and actilly eats a feller out of house and home, and gets as sassy as a free nigger. He gets into the servant-gall's bed-room sometimes at night, and nearly scares her to death under pretence he wants her candle; and sometimes jumps right on to the bed, and says she is handsome enough to eat, gives her a nip on the nose, sneezes on her with great contempt, and tells her she takes snuff. The fact is, he is hated every where he travels for his ugly behaviour as much as an Englishman, and that is a great deal more than sin is by half the world.

Now, being fond of natur, I try to take lessons from all created critters. I copy the rat's travelling knowledge and good points as near as possible, and strive to avoid the bad. I confine myself to the company apartments, and them that's allotted to me. Havin no family, I take nobody with me a-visitin, keep good hours, and give as little trouble as possible; and as for goin to the servant-gall's room, under pretence of wanting a candle, I'd scorn such an action. Now, as there is lots of good things in

this vessel, rat like, I intend to have a good dinner.

"Sorrow, what have you got for us to-day?"

"There is the moose-meat, Massa."

"Let that hang over the stern, we shall get tired of it."

"Den, Massa, dar is de Jesuit-priest, by golly Massa, dat is a funny name. Yah, yah, yah! dis here niggar was took in dat time. Dat ar a fac."

"Well, the turkey had better hang over, too."

"Sposin I git you fish dinner to-day, Massa?"

"What have you got?"

"Some tobacco-pipes, Massa, and some miller's thumbs." The rascal expected to take a rise out of me, but I was too wide awake for him. Cutler and the Doctor, strange to say, fell into the trap, and required an explanation, which delighted Sorrow amazingly. Cutler, though an old fisherman on the coast, didn't know these fish at all. And the Doctor had some difficulty in recognising them, under names he had never heard of before.

"Let us have them."

"Well, there is a fresh salmon, Massa?"

"Let us have steaks off of it. Do them as I told you, and take care the paper don't catch fire, and don't let the coals smoke 'em. Serve some lobster sauce with them, but use no butter, it spoils salmon. Let us have some hoss-radish with it."

"Hoss-radish! yah, yah, yah! Why Massa, whar under the sun, does you suppose now I could git hoss-radish, on board ob dis 'Black Hawk?' De sea broke into my garden de oder night, and kill ebery created ting in it. Lord a massy, Massa, you know dis is notin but a fishin-craft, salt pork and taters one day, and salt beef and taters next day, den twice laid for third day, and den begin agin. Why, dere neber has been no cooking on board of dis here fore-and-after till you yourself comed on board. Dey don't know nuffin. Dey is as stupid, and ignorant as coots."

Here his eye rested on the Captain, when, with the greatest coolness, he gave me a wink, and went on without stopping.

"Scept Massa Captain," said he, "and he do know what is good, dat ar a fact, but he don't like to be ticular, so he takes same fare as men,

and dey isn't jealous. 'Sorrow,' sais he, 'make no stinction for me. I is used to better tings, but I'll put up wid same fare as men.'"

"Sorrow," said the Captain, "how can you tell such a bare-faced falsehood. What an impudent liar you are, to talk so before my face. I never said anything of the kind to you."

"Why, Massa, now," said Sorrow, "dis here child is wide awake, that are a fac, and no mistake, and it's onpossible he is a dreamin. What is it you did say den, when you ordered dinner?"

"I gave my orders, and said nothing more."

"Exactly, Massa, I knowed I was right; dat is de identical ting I said. You was used to better tings; you made no stinctions, and ordered all the same for boaf of you. Hoss-raddish, Massa Slick," said he, "I wish I had some, or could get some ashore for you, but hoss-raddish ain't French, and dese folks nebber hear tell ob him."

"Make some."

"Oh, Massa, now you is makin' fun ob dis poor niggar."

"I am not. Take a turnip, scrape it the same as the raddish, into fine shaving, mix it with

fresh mustard, and a little pepper and vinegar, and you can't tell it from 'tother."

"By golly, Massa, but dat are a wrinkle. Oh, how Missus would a lubbed you. It was loud all down sout, dere was a great deal ob 'finement in her. Nobody was good nuff for her dere; dey had no taste for cookin. She was mighty high 'mong de ladies in de instep, but not a mossel of pride to de niggars. Oh, you would a walked right into de cockles ob her heart. If you had tredded up to her, she would a married you, and gub you her tree plantations, and eight hundred niggar, and ebery ting, and order dinner for you herself. Oh, wouldn't she been done, gone stracted, when you showed her how she had shot her grandmother?* wouldn't she? I'll be dad fetched if she wouldn't."

"Have you any other fish?" I said.

"Oh yes, Massa; some grand fresh clams."

"Do you know how to cook them."

"Massa," said he, putting his hands under his white apron, and, sailor-like, giving a hitch up to his trousers, preparatory to stretching himself straight; "Massa, dis here niggar is a

* Shooting one's granny, or grandmother, means fancying you have discovered what was well known before.

rambitious niggar, and he kersaits he can take de shine out ob any niggar that ever played de juice harp, in cookin clams. Missus structed me husself. Massa, I shall nebber forget dat time, de longest day I live. She sent for me, she did, and I went in, and she was lyin on de sofa, lookin pale as de inside of parsimmon seed, for de wedder was brilin hot.

"'Sorrow,' said she.

"'Yes, Missus,' said I.

"'Put the pillar under my head. Dat is right,' said she; 'tank you, Sorrow.'

"Oh, Massa, how different she was from abulitinists to Boston. She always said, tankee, for ebery ting. Now ablutinists say, 'Hand me dat piller, you darned rascal, and den make yourself skase, you is as black as de debbil's hind leg.' And den she say—

"'Trow dat scarf over my ankles, to keep de bominable flies off. Tankee, Sorrow; you is far more handier dan Aunt Dolly is. Dat are niggar is so rumbustious, she jerks my close so, sometimes, I tink in my soul she will pull em off.' Den she shut her eye, and she gabe a cold shiver all ober.

"'Sorrow,' sais she, 'I am goin to take a

long, bery long journey, to de far off counteree.'

"'Oh dear me! Missus,' says I; 'Oh Lord, Missus, you ain't a goin to die, is you?' and I fell down on my knees, and kissed her hand, and said 'Oh, Missus; don't die, please Missus? What will become ob dis niggar if you do? If de Lord in his goodness take you away, let me go wid you, Missus?' and I was so sorry I boohooed right out, and groaned and wipy eye like courtin amost.

"'Why, Uncle Sorrow,' said she, 'I isn't a goin to die; what makes you tink dat? Stand up: I do railly believe you do lub your Missus. Go to dat closet, and pour yourself out a glass of whiskey;' and I goes to de closet—just dis way—and dere stood de bottle and a glass, as dis here one do, and I helpt myself dis fashen.

"'What made you tink I was a goin for to die,' said she? 'do I look so ill?'

"'No, Missus; but dat is de way de Boston preacher dat staid here last week, spoke to me, —de long-legged, sour face, Yankee villain. He is uglier and yallerer dan Aunt Phillissy Anne's crooked-necked squashes. I don't want

to see no more ob such fellers pysonin de minds ob de niggars here.'

"Says he, 'my man.'

"'I isn't a man,' sais I, 'I is only a niggar.'

"'Poor, ignorant wretch,' said he.

"'Massa,' sais I, 'you has waked up de wrong passenger dis present time. I isn't poor, I ab plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and two great trong wenches to help me cook, and plenty of fine frill shirt, longin to my old Massa, and bran new hat, and when I wants money I asks Missus, and she gives it to me, and I ab white oberseer to shoot game for me. When I wants wild ducks or venison, all I got to do, is to say to dat Yankee oberseer, 'Missus and I want some deer or some canvas-back, I spect you had better go look for some Massa Buccra.' No, no, Massa, I ain't so ignorant, as to let any man come over me to make seed-corn out of me. If you want to see wretches, go to James Town, and see de poor white critters, dat ab to do all dere own work, deyselves cause dey are so poor, dey ab no niggars to do it for em.'

"Sais he, 'hab you ebber tort ob dat long journey dat is afore you? to dat far off coun-

teree where you will be mancipated and free, where de weary hab no rest, and de wicked hab to labor ?'

"'Down to Boston I suppose, Massa,' sais I, 'among dem pententionists and ablutionists, Massa, ablution is a mean, nasty, dirty ting, and don't suit niggars what hab good Missus like me, and I won't take dat journey, and I hate dat cold counteree, and I want nottin to do wid mansipationists.'

"'It ain't dat,' said he 'it's up above.'

"'What,' sais I, 'up dere in de mountains? What onder de sun should I go dere for to be froze to defth, or to be voured by wild beasts. Massa, I won't go no where widout dear Missus goes.'

"'I mean Heaben,' he said, 'where all are free and all equal; where *joy* is, and *sorrow* enters not.'

"'What,' sais I, 'Joy in Heaben? I don't believe one word of it. Joy was de greatest tief on all dese tree plantations of Missus; he stole more chicken, and corn, and backey, dan his great bull neck was worth, and when he ran off, Missus wouldn't let no one look for him. Joy in Heaben, eh! and Sorrow nebber go dere!

Well, I clare now! Yah, yah, yah, Massa, you is foolin dis here niggar now, I know you is when you say Joy is dead, and gone to Heaben, and dis child is shot out for ebber. Massa,' sais I, 'me and Missus don't low ablution talk here, on no account whatsomever, de only larnin we lows of is whippin fellows who tice niggars to rections, and de slaves of dis plantation will larn you as sure as you is bawn, for dey lub Missus dearly. You had better kummence de long journey usself. Sallust bring out dis gentleman hoss? and Plutarch, go fetch de saddle-bag down.'

"I led his hoss by where de dogs was, and, sais I, 'Massa, I can't help larfin no how, I can fix it, at dat ar story you told me about dat young rascal Joy. Dat story do smell rader tall, dat are a fac; yah, yah, yah,' and I fell down and rolled ober and ober on de grass, and it's lucky I did, for as I dodged he fetched a back handed blow at me, wid his huntin whip that would a cut my head off, if it had tooked me round my neck.

"My Missus larfed right out like any ting, tho' it was so hot, and when Missus larf, I always know she is good-natured.

"'Sorrow,' said Missus, 'I am afraid you is more rogue dan fool.'

"'Missus,' sais I, 'I nebber stole the vally of a pin's head off ob dis plantation, I scorn to do such a nasty dirty mean action, and you so kind as to gib me more nor I want, and you knows dat, Missus; you knows it, oderwise you wouldn't send me to de bank, instead ob white oberseer, Mr. Succatash, for six, seben, or eight hundred dollars at a time. But, dere is too much stealin going on here, and you and I Missus must be more ticklar. You is too dulgent altogether.'

"'I didn't mean that, Sorrow,' she said, 'I don't mean stealin.'

"'Well, Missus, I's glad to hear dat, if you will let me ab permission den, I will drink you good helf.'

"'Why didn't you do it half an hour ago?' she said.

"'Missus,' sais I, 'I was so busy talkin, and so scared about your helf, and dere was no hurry,' and I stept near to her side, where she could see me, and I turned de bottle up, and advanced dis way, for it hadn't no more dan what old Cloe's thimble would hold, jist like dis bottle.

"'Why,' said she, (and she smiled, and I knowed she was good-natured,) 'dere is nottin dere, see if dere isn't some in de oder bottle,' and I went back and set it down, and took it up to her, and poured it out dis way."

"Slick," said Cutler, "I am astonished at you, you are encouraging that black rascal in drinking, and allowing him to make a beast of himself," and he went on deck to attend to his duty, saying as he shut the door, "that fellow will prate all day if you allow him." Sorrow followed him with a very peculiar expression of eye as he retired.

"Massa Captain," said he, "as sure as de world is an ablutionist, dat is just de way dey talk. Dey call us coloured breddren when they tice us off from home, and den dey call us black rascals and beasts. I wish I was to home agin, Yankees treat dere coloured breddren like dogs, dat is a fact; but he is excellent man, Massa Captain, bery good man, and though I don't believe it's a possible ting, Joy is in heaben, I is certain de Captain, when de Lord be good nuff to take him, will go dere."

"The Captain is right," said I, "Sorrow, put down that bottle; you have had more than

enough already—put it down;" but he had no idea of obeying, and held on to it.

"If you don't put that down, Sorrow," I said, "I will break it over your head."

"Oh! Massa," said he, "dat would be a sin, to waste dis oloriferous rum dat way; just let me drink it first, and den I will stand, and you may break de bottle on my head; it can't hurt niggar's head, only cut a little wool."

"Come, no more of this nonsense," I said, "put it down," and seeing me in earnest, he did so.

"Now," sais I, "tell us how you are going to cook the clams."

"Oh! Massa," said he, "do let me finish de story about de way I larned it.

"'Sorrow,' said Missus, 'I am going to take a long journey all de way to Boston, and de wedder is so cold, and what is wus, de people is so cold, it makes me shudder,' and she shivered like cold ague fit, and I was afraid she would unjoint de sofa.

"'Don't lay too close to them, Missus,' sais I.

"'What,' said she, and she raised herself up off ob de pillar, and she larfed, and rolled ober and ober, and tosticated about almost in a con-

niption fit, 'you old goose,' said she, 'you onaccountable fool,' and den she larfed, and rolled ober agin, I tought she would a tumbled off on de floor, 'do go way; you is too foolish to talk to, but turn my pillar again. Sorrow,' said she, 'is I showin of my ankles,' said she, 'rollin about so like mad?'

"'Little bit,' sais I, 'Missus.'

"'Den put dat scarf ober my feet agin. What on earth does you mean, Sorrow, bout not sleepin too close to de Yankees.'

"'Missus,' sais I, 'does you recollect de day when Zeno was drownded off de raft? Well, dat day Plutarch was lowed to visit next plantation and dey bring him home mazin drunk—stupid as owl, his mout open and he couldn't speak, and his eye open and he couldn't see. Well, as you don't low niggar to be flogged, Aunt Phillissy Ann and I lay our heads together, and we tought we'd punish him; so we ondressed him, and put him into same bed wid poor Zeno, and when he woke up in de mornin, he was most frighten to def, and had de cold chills on him, and his eye stared out ob his head, and his teeth chattered like monkeys. He was so frighten, we had to burn lights for a week—he

tought after dat he saw Zeno in bed wid him all de time. It's werry dangerous, Missus, to sleep near cold people, like Yankees and dead niggars.'

"'Sorrow, you is a knave I believe,' she said.

"'Knave, knave, Missus,' I sais, 'I don't know dat word.'

"'Sorrow,' said she, 'I is a goin to take you wid me.'

"'Tank you, Missus,' said I, 'oh! bless your heart, Missus.'"

"Sorrow," said I, sternly, "do you ever intend to tell us how you are going to cook them clams, or do you mean to chat all day?"

"Jist in one minute, Massa, I is jist comin to it," said he.

"'Now,' sais Missus, 'Sorrow, it's werry genteel to travel wid one's own cook; but it is werry ongenteel when de cook can't do nuffin super-superior; for bad cooks is plenty eberywhere widout travellin wid em. It brings disgrace.'

"'Exactly, Missus,' sais I, 'when you and me was up to de president's plantation, his cook was makin plum pudden, he was. Now how

in natur does you rimagine he did it? why, Missus, he actilly made it wid flour, de stupid tick-headed fool, instead ob de crumbs ob a six cent stale loaf, he did; and he nebber 'pared de gredients de day afore, as he had aughten to do. It was nuffin but stick jaw—jist fit to feed turkeys and little niggeroons wid. Did you ebber hear de likes ob dat in all your bawn days, Missus; but den, Marm, de general was a berry poor cook hisself you know, and it stand to argument ob reason, where Massa or Missus don't know nuffin, de sarvant can't neither. Dat is what all de gentlemen and ladies says dat wisit here, Marm: 'What a lubly beautiful woman Miss Lunn is,' dey say, 'dere is so much finement in her, and her table is de best in all Meriky.'

"'What a fool you is, Uncle Sorrow,' she say, and den she larf again; and when Missus larf den I know she was pleased. 'Well,' sais she, 'now mind you keep all your secrets to yourself when travellin, and keep your eyes open wide, and see eberyting and say nuffin.'

"'Missus,' sais I, 'I will be wide awake; you may pend on me—eyes as big as two dog wood blossoms, and ears open like mackarel.'

"'What you got for dinner to-day?' she say

—jist as you say, Massa. Well, I tell her all ober, as I tells you, numeratin all I had. Den she picked out what she wanted, and mong dem, I recklect was clams.'"

"Now tell us how you cooked the clams," I said, "what's the use of standing chattering all day there like a monkey?"

"Dat, Massa, now is jist what I is goin' to do dis blessid minit. 'Missus,' says I, 'talkin of clams, minds me of chickens.'

"'What on airth do you mean,' sais she, 'you blockhead; it might as well mind you of tunder.'

"'Well Missus,' sais I, 'now sometimes one ting does mind me of anoder ting dat way; I nebber sees you, Missus, but what you mind me ob de beautiful white lily, and dat agin ob de white rose dat hab de lubly color on his cheek.'

"'Do go away, and don't talk nonsense,' she said, larfing; and when she larfed, den I know she was pleased.

"'So clams mind me of chickens.'

"'And whiskey,' she said.

"'Well, it do Missus; dat are a fac;' and I helped myself agin dis way."

"Sorrow," said I, "this is too bad; go forward now and cut this foolery short. You will be too drunk to cook the dinner if you go on that way."

"Massa," said he, "dis child nebber was drunk in his life; but he is frose most to deaf wid de wretched fogs (dat give people here "blue noses,") an de field ice, and raw winds: I is as cold as if I slept wid a dead niggar or a Yankee. Yah, yah, yah.

"'Well, Missus,' sais I, 'dem clams do mind me ob chickens. Now, Missus, will you skuse me if I git you the receipt Miss Phillis and I ab cyphered out, how to presarve chickens?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I will. Let me hear it. Dat is sumthen new.'

"'Well, Missus, you know how you and I is robbed by our niggars like so many minks. Now, Missus, sposin you and I pass a law dat all fat poultry is to be brought to me to buy, and den we keep our fat poultry locked up; and if dey steal de lean fowls, and we buy em, we saves de fattenin of em, and gibs no more arter all dan de vally of food and tendin, which is all dey gits now, for dere fowls is always de best fed in course; and when we ab more nor we

wants for you and me, den I take em to market and sell em; and if dey will steal em arter dat, Missus, we must try ticklin; dere is nuffin lik it. It makes de down fly like a feather bed. It makes niggars wery sarcy to see white tief punished tree times as much as dey is; dat are a fac, Missus. A poor white man can't work, and in course he steal. Well, his time bein no airthly use, dey gib him six month pensiontary; and niggar, who can airn a dollar or may be 100 cents a day, only one month. I spise a poor white man as I do a skunk. Dey is a cuss to de country; and its berry hard for you and me to pay rates to support em: our rates last year was bominable. Let us pass dis law, Missus, and fowl stealin is done—de ting is dead.'

"'Well, you may try it for six months,' she say, 'only no whippin. We must find some oder punishment,' she said.

"'I ab it,' sais I, 'Missus! Oh Lord a massy, Missus! oh dear Missus! I got an inwention as bright as bran new pewter button. I'll shave de head of a tief close and smooth. Dat will keep his head warm in de sun, and cool at night; do him good. He can't go courtin den, when he ab 'no wool whar de wool ought to

grow,' and spile his frolicken, and all de niggaroons make game ob him. It do more good praps to tickle fancy ob niggers, dan to tickle dere hide. I make him go to church reglar, den to shew hisself and his bald pate. Yah, yah, yah!' "

"Come, Sorrow," I said, "I am tired of all this foolery; either tell me how you propose to cook the clams, or substitute something else in their place."

"Well, Massa," he said, "I will; but railly now when I gits talkin' bout my dear ole Missus, pears to me as if my tongue would run for ebber. Dis is de last voyage I ebber make in a fishin' craft. I is used to de first society, and always moved round wid ladies and gentlemen what had finement in em. Well, Massa, now I comes to de clams. First of all, you must dig de clams. Now dere is great art in diggin' clams.

"Where you see little hole like wormhole dere is de clam. He breathe up tru dat, and suck in his drink like sherry-cobbler through a straw. Whar dere is no little air holes, dere is no clam dat are a fac. Now, Massa, can you tell who is de most knowin' clam-digger in de worl? De gull is, Massa; and he eat his clam raw, as some

folks who don't know nuffin bout cookin, eat oysters. He take up de clam ebber so far in de air, and let him fall right on de rock, which break shell for him, and down he goes and pounces on him like a duck on a June bug. Sometimes clam catch him by de toe though, and hold on like grim death to a dead niggar, and away goes bird screamin and yellin, and clam stickin to him like burr to a hosses tail. Oh, geehillikin, what fun it is. And all de oder gulls larf at him like any ting; dat comes o' seezin him by de mout instead ob de scruff ob de neck.

"Well, when you git clam nuff, den you must wash em, and dat is more trouble dan dey is worth; for dey is werry gritty naturally, like buckwheat dat is trashed in de field—takes two or tree waters, and salt is better dan fresh, cause you see fresh water make him sick. Well, now, Massa, de question is, what will you ab; clam soup, clam sweetbread, clam pie, clam fritter, or bake clam?"

"Which do you tink best, Sorrow?" sais I.

"Well, Massa, dey is all good in dere way; Missus used to fection baked clams mighty well; but we can't do dem so tip top at sea;

clam sweetbread, she said, was better den what is made ob oyster, and as to clam soup, dat pends on de cook. Now, Massa, when Missus and me went to wisit de president's plantation, I see his cook, Mr. Sallust, didn't know nuffin bout 'parin de soup. What you tink he did, Massa? stead ob poundin de clams in a mortar fust, he jist cut em in quarters and puts em in dat way. I nebber see such ignorance since I was raised. He made de soup ob water, and actilly put some salt in it; when it was sarved up—it was rediculous disgraceful—he left dem pieces in de turcen, and dey was like leather. Missus said to me:

"'Sorrow,' sais she, 'I shall starve here; dem military men know nuffin, but bout hosses, dogs, and wine; but dey aint delicate no way in dere tastes, and yet to hear em talk, you'd be most afeered to offer em anyting, you'd tink dey was de debbel and all.'"

"Did she use those words, Sorrow?"

"Well, not zactly," he said, scratching his head, "dey was dicksionary words and werry fine, for she had great finement bout her; but dat was de meanin ob em.

"'Now, Sorrow,' she said, 'tell me de

trut, wasn't dat soup now made ob water?'

"'Yes, Missus, it was,' said I, 'I seed it wid my own eyes.'

"'I taut so,' she said, 'why dat cook aint fit to tend a bear trap, and bait it wid sheep's innerds.'"

"Did she use those words?"

"Why laws a massy, Massa! I can't swear to de identical words; how can I? but as I was a sayin, dere was finement in em, werry long, werry crooked, and werry pretty, but dat was all de sense ob em.

"'Now, Sorrow,' said she, 'he ought to ab used milk; all fish soups ought to be made o' milk, and den tickened wid flour.'

"'Why in course, Missus,' sais I, 'dat is de way you and me always likes it.'

"'It has made me quite ill,' said she.

"'So it ab nearly killed me, Missus,' sais I, puttin my hand on my stomach, 'I ab such a pain down here, I tink sometimes I shall die.'

"'Well, you look ill, Uncle Sorrow,' she said, and she went to her dressin-case, and took a little small bottle (covered ober wid printed words), 'take some o' dis,' said she,

and she poured me out bout dis much (filling his glass again), 'take dat, it will do you good.'

"'Is it berry bad to swaller,' sais I, 'Missus, I is most afeard it will spile the finement of my taste.'

"'Try it,' sais she, and I shut to my eyes, and made awful long face, and swallowed it jist dis way.

"'By golly,' sais I, 'Missus, but dat is grand. What is dat?'

"'Clove water,' said she.

"'Oh, Missus,' sais I, 'dat is plaguy trong water, dat are a fac, and bery nice flavoured. I wish in my heart we had a nice spring ob it to home. Wouldn't it be grand, for dis is a bery thirsty niggar, dat are a fac. Clam pie, Massa, is first chop, my Missus ambitioned it some punkins.'

"Well, how do you make it?"

"Dere is seberal ways, Massa. Sometime we used one way, and sometime anoder. I do believe Missus could do it fifty ways."

"Fifty ways," said I, "now Sorrow, how can you lie that way. I shall begin to think at last, you never had a mistress at all."

"Fifty ways! Well, Massa, goodness gracious me! You isnt goin to tie me down to swear to figures now, any more nor identical words, is you? I ab no manner o' doubt she could fifty ways, but she only used eight or ten ways which she said was de best. First dere is de clam bake."

"Well, I know that," sais I, "go on to the clam pie."

"What is it?" said the Doctor, "for I should like to know how they are prepared."

"This," said I, "is the most approved mode. A cavity is dug in the earth, about eighteen inches deep, which is lined with round stones. On this a fire is made; and when the stones are sufficiently heated, a bushel or more of clams (according to the number of persons who are to partake of the feast) is thrown upon them. On this is put a layer of rock-weed, gathered from the beach, and over this a second layer of sea-weed. This prevents the escape of the steam, and preserves the sweetness of the fish. Clams baked in this manner, are preferred to those cooked in the usual way in the kitchen. On one occasion, that of a grand political mass-meeting in favour of General Harrison on the

4th of July, 1840, nearly 10,000 persons assembled in Rhode Island, for whom a clam-bake and chowder was prepared. This was probably the greatest feast of the kind that ever took place in New England."

"Zactly," said Sorrow, "den dere is anoder way."

"I won't hear it," said I, "stiver now, make the pie any way you like."

"Massa," said he, "eber since poor Missus died from eaten hogs wid dere heads on, I feel kinder faint when I sees clams, I hab neber swallowed one since, and neber will. De parfume gits into my stomach, as it did when de General's cook used water instead of milk in his soup. I don't spose you ab any clove-water, but if you will let me take jist a tumbler-full ob dis, I tink it would make me survive a little," and without waiting for leave, he helped himself to a bumper. "Now Massa," he said, "I show you what cookin is, I know," and making a scrape of his leg, he left the cabin.

"Doctor," said I, "I am glad you have seen this specimen of a southern negro. He is a fair sample of a servant in the houses of our

great planters. Cheerful, grateful, and contented, they are better off and happier than any portion of the same race I have met with in any part of the world. They have a quick perception of humour, a sort of instinctive knowledge of character, and great cunning, but their reasoning powers are very limited. Their appetites are gross, and their constitutional indolence such, that they prefer enduring any suffering and privation to regular habits of industry.

"Slavery in the abstract is a thing that nobody approves of, or attempts to justify. We all consider it an evil—but unhappily it was entailed upon us by our forefathers, and has now grown to be one of such magnitude that it is difficult to know how to deal with it—and this difficulty is much increased by the irritation which has grown out of the unskilful and unjustifiable conduct of abolitionists. The grossest exaggerations have been circulated, as to the conduct and treatment of our slaves by persons who either did not know what they were talking about, or who have wilfully perverted facts. The devil we have painted black, and the negro received the same colour from

the hand of his Maker. It only remained to represent the planter as of a deeper dye than either. This picture, however, wanted effect, and latterly lights and shades have been judiciously introduced, by mingling with these groups, eastern abolitionists, white overseers, and English noblemen, and ladies of rank. It made a clever caricature—had a great run—has been superseded by other follies and extravagancies, and is now nearly forgotten. The social evil still remains and ever will, while ignorant zeal, blind bigotry, hypocrisy and politics, demand to have the exclusive treatment of it. The planter has rights as well as the slave, and the claims of both must be well weighed and considered, before any dispassionate judgment can be formed.

"In the meantime invective and misrepresentation by irritating the public, disqualify it for the deliberate exercise of its functions. If the slaves have to mourn over the want of freedom, the planters may lament the want of truth in their opponents; and it must be admitted, that they have submitted to the atrocious calumnies that have been so liberally heaped upon them of late years, with a contempt that is the best

refutation of falsehood, or a meekness and forbearance that contrast very favourably with the violence and fury of their adversaries."

My object, however, Squire, is, not to write a lecture on emancipation, but to give you a receipt for cooking "a dish of clams."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE; OR, FISH AND FLESH.

"SORROW," said the Doctor, "seems to me to consider women, from the way he flatters his mistress, as if she was not unlike the grupers at Bermuda. There is a natural fish-pond there near Flats Village, in which there is a great lot of these critters, which are about the size of the cod. They will rise to the surface, and approach the bank for you to tickle their sides, which seem to afford them particular delight."

"It is what you would call I suppose, practical soft sawdering."

"But it is an operation of which the rest are exceedingly jealous, and while you are thus amusing one of them, you must take care

others do not feel offended, and make a dash at your fingers. With true feminine jealousy too, they change colour when excited, for envy seems to pervade all animate nature."

"It's called the Devil's Hole where they are, ain't it?" sais I.

"Yes," said he, "it is, and it is situated not far from Moore's favourite tree, under whose shade he used to recline while writing his poetry, at a time when his deputy was equally idle, and instead of keeping his accounts, kept his money. Bermuda is a fatal place to poets. Moore lost his purse there, and Waller his favourite ring; the latter has been recently found, the former was never recovered. In one thing these two celebrated authors greatly resembled each other, they both fawned and flattered on the great."

"Yes," said Cutler, "and both have met their reward. Everybody regrets that anything was known of either, but his poetry—"

"Well," sais I, "I am glad I am not an Englishman, or as true as the world, a chap like Lord John Russell would ruin me for ever. I am not a poet, and can't write poetry, but I am a Clockmaker, and write common sense. Now a biographer like that man, that

knows as little of one as he does of the other, would ruin me for everlastingly. It ain't pleasant to have such a burr as that stick on to your tail, especially if you have no comb to get it off, is it? A politician is like a bee; he travels a zig zag course every way, turnin first to the right and then to the left, now makin a dive at the wild honeysuckle, and then at the sweet briar; now at the buck-wheat blossom, and then at the rose; he is here, and there, and everywhere; you don't know where the plague to find him; he courts all and is constant to none. But when his point is gained and he has wooed and deceived all, attained his object, and his bag is filled, he then shews plain enough, what he was after all the time. He returns as straight as a chalk line, or as we say as the crow flies to his home, and neither looks to the right or to the left, or knows or cares for any of them, who contributed to his success. His object is to enrich himself and make a family name. A politician therefore is the last man in the world to write a biography. Having a kind of sneakin regard for a winding, wavy way himself, he sees more beauty in the in and out line of a Varginny fence, then

the stiff straight formal post and rail one of New England. As long as a partizan crittur is a thorn in the flesh of the adverse party, he don't care whether he is Jew or Gentile. He overlooks little pecadilloes as he calls the worst stories, and thinks everybody else will be just as indulgent as himself. He uses romanists, dissenters, republicans, and evangelicals at his own great log-rolling* frollicks, and rolls for them in return.

*Log-rolling.—In the lumber regions of Maine, it is customary for men of different logging camps to appoint days for helping each other in rolling the logs to the river after they are felled and trimmed, this rolling being about the hardest work incident to the business. Thus the men of three or four different camps will unite, say on Monday, to roll for camp No. 1, on Tuesday, for camp No. 2, on Wednesday, for camp No. 3, and so on through the whole number of camps within convenient distance of each other. The term has been adopted in legislation to signify a little system of mutual co-operation. For instance, a member from St. Lawrence has a pet bill for a plank-road which he wants pushed through. He accordingly makes a bargain with a member from Onondaga, who is coaxing along a charter for a bank, by which St. Lawrence agrees to vote for Onondaga's bank if Onondaga will vote St. Lawrence's plank-road. This is legislative log-rolling, and there is abundance of it carried on at Albany every winter. Generally speaking, the subject

"Who the plague haint done something, said something, or thought something he is sorry for, and prays may be forgot and forgiven; big brag as I am, I know I can't say I haven't over and over again offended. Well, if it's the part of a friend to go and rake all these things up, and expose em to the public, and if it's agreeable to my wife sposin I had one, to have em published because the stained paper will sell, all I can sais is, I wish he had shewn his regard for me, by running away with my wife, and letting me alone. It's astonishing how many friends Moore's disloyalty made him. A seditious song or a treasonable speech finds more favour with some people in the old country than building a church, that's a fact. Howsomever, I think I am safe from him, for first I am a Yankee, secondly I ain't married, thirdly I am a Clockmaker, and fourthly my biography is

of the log-rolling is some merely local project, interesting only to the people of a certain district; but sometimes there is party log-rolling, where the Whigs, for instance, will come to an understanding with the Democrats that the former shall not oppose a certain democratic measure merely on party grounds, provided the Democrats will be equally tender to some Whig measure in return.—J. INMAN.

written by myself in my book, fifthly I write no letters I can help, and never answer one except on business."

"This is a hint father gave me: 'Sam,' said he, 'never talk to a woman, for others may hear you; only whisper to her, and never write to her, or your own letters may rise up in judgment against you some day or another. Many a man afore now has had reason to wish he had never seen a pen in his life;' so I aint afeard therefore that he can write himself up or me down, and make me look skuywoniky, no how he can fix it. If he does, we will declare war again England, and blow the little darned thing out of the map of Europe; for it aint much bigger than the little island Cronstadt is built on after all, is it? It's just a little dot and nothin more, dad fetch my buttons if it is.

"But to go back to the grupers and the devil's hole; I have been there myself and seen it, Doctor," sais I, "but there is other fish besides these in it; there is the parrot-fish, and they are like the feminine gender too; if the grupers are fond of being tickled, parrots are fond of hearing their own voices. Then there is the

angel-fish, they have fins like wings of a pale blue colour; but they must be fallen angels to be in such a place as that hole too, musn't they? and yet they are handsome even now. Gracious! what must they have been before the fall? and how many humans has beauty caused to fall, Doctor, hasn't it? and how many there are that the sound of that old song, 'My face is my fortune, Sir, she said,' would make their hearts swell till they would almost burst.

"Well, then there is another fish there, and those Mudians sartainly must have a good deal of fun in them, to make such a capital and comical assortment of queer ones for that pond. There is the lawyer-fish—can anything under the sun be more appropriate than the devil's hole for a lawyer. What a nice place for him to hang out his shingle in, aint it? it's no wonder his old friend the landlord finds him an office in it—rent free is it? What mischief he must brood there; bringing actions of slander against the foolish parrot-fish that will let their tongues run, ticklin the grupers, and while they are smirking and smiling, devour their food, and prosecute the fallen angels for violating the Maine law and disturbing the peace. The

devil's hole like Westminster Hall, is a dangerous place for a fellow of substance to get into I can tell you; the way they fleece him is a caution to sinners.

"My dog fell into that fish-pond and they nearly fixed his flint before I got him out, I tell you; his coat was almost stripped off when I rescued him."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said the Doctor, "what in the world took you to Bermuda?"

"Why," sais I, "I had heard a great deal about it. It is a beautiful spot and very healthy. It is all that has ever been said or sung of it, and more too, and that's sayin a great deal, for most celebrated places disappoint you; you expect too much, and few crack parts of the world come up to the idea you form of them before hand. Well, I went down there to see if there was anything to be done in the way of business, but it was too small a field for me, although I made a spec that paid me very well too. There is a passage through the reefs there and it's not every pilot knows it, but there was a manuscript chart of it made by a captain of a tradin vessel. When he died his widow offered it to the government, but they hummed

and hawed about the price, and was for gitting it for half nothing, as they always do. So what does I do, but just steps in and buys it, for in war time it is of the greatest importance to know this passage, and I sold it to our navy-board, and I think if ever we are at loggerheads with the British, we shall astonish the weak nerves of the folks at the summer islands some fine day.

"I had a charming visit. There are some magnificent caves there, and in that climate they are grand places I do assure you. I never saw anything so beautiful. The ceiling is covered with splendiferous spary-likeicicles, or chandelier drops. What do you call that word, Doctor?"

"Stalactites."

"Exactly, that's it, glorious stalactites reaching to the bottom and forming fluted pillars. In one of those caves where the water runs, the Admiral floored over the bottom and gave a ball in it, and it was the most Arabian Night's entertainment kind of thing that I ever saw. It looked like a diamond hall, and didn't it show off the Mudian galls to advantage, lick! I guess it did, for they are the handsomest Creoles in all creation.

There is more substance in 'em than in the tropical ladies. I don't mean worldly (though that ain't to be sneered at, neither by them that ain't got none themselves.) When the people used to build small clippers there for the West India trade, cedar was very valuable, and a gall's fortune was reckoned, not by pounds, but by so many cedars. Now it is banana trees. But dear me, somehow or another we have drifted away down to Bermuda, we must stretch back again to the Nova Scotian coast east of Chesencook, or like Jerry Boudrot, we shall be out of sight of land, and lost at sea."

On going up on the deck, my attention was naturally attracted to my new purchase, the Canadian horse.

"To my mind," said the Doctor, "Jerry's knee action does not merit the extravagant praise you bestowed upon it. It is not high enough to please me."

"There you are wrong," sais I, "that's the mistake most people make. It is not the height of the action, but the nature of it, that is to be regarded. A high stepping horse pleases the eye more than the judgment. He seems to go

faster than he does. There is not only power wasted in it, but it injures the foot. My idea is this; you may compare a man to a man, and a woman to a woman, for the two, including young and old, make the world. You see more of them and know more about em than horses, for, you have your own structure to examine and compare them by, and can talk to them, and if they are of the feminine gender, hear their own account of themselves. They can speak, for they were not behind the door when tongues were given out, I can tell you. The range of your experience is larger, for you are always with them, but how few hosses does a man own in his life. How few he examines, and how little he knows about other folks beasts. They don't live with you, you only see them when you mount, drive or visit the stable. They have separate houses of their own, and pretty buildings they are too in general, containin about as much space for sleepin as a berth on board a ship, and about as much ventilation too, and the poor critturs get about as little exercise as passengers, and are just about worth as much as they are when they land, for a day's hard tramp. Poor critturs they have to be on their taps most all

the time.* The Arab and the Canadian have the best horses, not only because they have the best breed, but because one has no stalls, and t'other has no stable treatment.

"Now in judging of a horse's action, I compare him not with other horses, but with animals of a different species. Did you ever know a fox stumble, or a cat make a false step? I guess not, but haven't you seen a bear when chased and tired go head over heels. A dog in a general way is a sure footed crittur, but he trips now and then, and if he was as big as a horse, would throw his rider sometimes. Now then I took to these animals, and I find there are two actions to be combined, the knee and the foot action. The fox and the cat bend the knee easy and supply, but don't arch em, and though they go near the ground, they don't trip. I take that then as a sort of standard. I like my beast, especially if he is for the saddle, to be said, to trot like a fox. Now, if he lifts too high you see, he describes half a circle, and don't go ahead as he ought, and then he pounds his frog into a sort of mortar at every step, for the horny shell of a foot is just like one. Well then,

* On their feet.

if he sends his fore leg away out in front, and his hind leg away out behind like a hen scratchin gravel, he moves more like an ox than anything else, and hainte sufficient power to fetch them home quick enough for fast movement. Then the foot action is a great point, I looked at this crittur's tracks on the pasture and asked myself, does he cut turf, or squash it flat. If he cuts it as a gardener does weeds with his spade, then good bye Mr. Jerry, you won't suit me, it's very well to dance on your toes, but it don't convene to *travel on em,* or you're apt to make somersets.

" Now, a neck is a valuable thing. We have two legs, two eyes, two hands, two ears, two nostrils, and so on, but we have only one neck, which makes it so easy to hang a fellow, or to break it by a chuck from your saddle; and besides, we can't mend it, as we do a leg or an arm. When it's broken it's done for; and what use is it if it's insured? The money don't go to you, but to your heirs, and half the time they wouldn't cry, except for decency sake, if you did break it. Indeed, I knew a great man once, who got his neck broke, and all his friends said, for his own reputation it was a pity he

hadn't broke it ten years sooner. The Lord save me from such friends, I say. Fact is, a broken neck is only a nine days' wonder after all, and is soon forgotten.

"Now, the fox has the right knee action, and the leg is 'thar.' In the real knee movement, there is a peculiar spring, that must be seen to be known and valued, words don't give you the idea of it. It's like the wire end of a pair of gallusses—oh, it's charming. It's down and off in a jiffy, like a gall's finger on a piano, when she is doin chromatic runs. Fact is, if I am walking out, and see a critter with it, I have to stop, and stare; and Doctor, I will tell you a queer thing. Halt and look at a splendid movin hoss, and the rider is pleased; he thinks half the admiration is for him, as rider and owner, and tother half for his trotter. The gony's delighted, chirups his beast, gives him a sly touch up with the off heel, and shews him off to advantage. But stop and look at a woman, and she is as mad as a hatter. She don't care how much you look at her, as long as you don't stand still or turn your head round. She wouldn't mind slackin her pace if you only attended to that.

"Now the fox has that special springy movement I speak of, and he puts his foot down flat, he bends the grass rather to him, than from him, if anything, but most commonly crumples it flat; but you never see it inclinin in the line of the course he is runnin—never. Fact is, they never get a hoist, and that is a very curious word, it has a very different meanin at sea from what it has on land. In one case it means to haul up, in the other to fall down. The term 'look out,' is just the same.

"A canal boat was once passing through a narrow lock on the Erie line, and the captain hailed the passengers and said, 'Look out.' Well, a Frenchman thinking something strange was to be seen, popt his head out, and it was cut off in a minute. 'Oh, mon dieu!' said his comrade, 'dat is a very *striking* lesson in English. On land, look out, means open de window and see what you will see. On board canal boat it means, haul your head in, and don't look at nothin.'

"Well, the worst hoist that I ever had, was from a very high actioned mare, the down foot slipped, and tother was too high to be back in time for her to recover, and over both of us went ker-

lash in the mud. I was skeered more about her than myself, lest she should git the skin of her knee cut, for to a knowing one's eye, that's an awful blemish. It's a long story to tell how such a blemish warn't the hoss's fault, for I'd rather praise than apologize for a critter any time. And there is one thing few people knows. *Let the cut come which way it will, the animal is never so safe afterwards. Nature's bandage, the skin, is severed, and that leg is the weakest.*

"Well, as I was a sayin, Doctor, there is the knee action and the foot action, and then there is a third thing. The leg must be just *thar*."

"Where?" said the Doctor.

"*Thar*," said I, "there is only one place for that, and that is 'thar,' well forward at the shoulder point, and not where it most commonly is, too much under the body—for if it's too far back he stumbles, or too forward he can't 'pick chips quick stick.' Doctor, I am a borin of you, but the fact is, when I get a goin 'talkin hoss,' I never know where to stop. How much better tempered they are than half the women in the world, ain't they? and I don't mean to undervally the dear critters

neither by no manner of means, and how much more sense they have than half the men either, after all their cracking and bragging. How grateful they are for kindness, how attached to you they get. How willin they are to race like dry dust in a thunder squall, till they die for you. I do love them, that is a fact, and when I see a feller a ill-usin of one of 'em, it makes me feel as cross as two crooked gate-posts, I tell you.

"Indeed, a man that don't love a hoss is no man at all. I don't think he can be religious. A hoss makes a man humane and tender-hearted, teaches him to feel for others, to share his food, and be unselfish. To anticipate wants and supply them, to be gentle and patient. Then the hoss improves him otherwise. He makes him rise early, attend to meal hours, and to be cleanly. He softens and improves the heart. Who is there that ever went into a stable of a morning, and his crittur whinnered to him and played his ears back and forward, and turned his head affectionately to him, and lifted his fore feet short and moved his tail, and tried all he could to express his delight, and say, 'morning to you master,' or when he went up to the manger

and patted his neck, and the lovin crittur rubbed his head agin him in return, that didn't think within himself, well, after all the hoss is a noble crittur. I do love him. Is it nothin to make a man love at all? How many fellers get more kicks than coppers in their life—have no home, nobody to love them and nobody to love, in whose breast all the affections are pent up, until they get unwholesome and want ventilation. Is it nothin to such an unfortunate crittur to be made a stable help? Why it elevates him in the scale of humanity. He discovers at last he has a head to think and a heart to feel. He is a new man. Hosses warn't given to us, Doctor, to ride steeple-chases, or run races, or brutify a man, but to add new powers, and lend new speed to him. He was destined for nobler uses.

"Is it any wonder, that a man that has owned old Clay likes to talk hoss? I guess not. If I was a gall I wouldn't have nothin to say to a man that didn't love a hoss and know all about him. I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs. I'd scorn him as I would a nigger. Sports-men breed pheasants to kill, and amature hunts-men shoot deer for the pleasure of the slaughter. The angler hooks salmon for the cruel delight

he has in witnessing the strength of their dying struggles. The black-leg gentleman runs his hoss agin time, and wins the race, and kills his noble steed, and sometimes loses both money and hoss, I wish to gracious he always did; but the rail hossman, Doctor, is a rail *man*, every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel."

"Massa," said Sorrow, who stood listenin to me as I was warmin on the subject. "Massa, dis hoss will be no manner of remaginable use under de blessed light ob de sun."

"Why Sorrow?"

"Cause Massa, he don't understand one word of English, and de French he knows, no libbin soul can understand but a Cheesencooker, yah, yah, yah! Dey called him a '*shovel*,' and his tail a '*queue*.'"

"What a goose you are, Sorrow," sais I.

"Fac, Massa," he said, "fac I do ressure you, and dey called de little piggy, Doctor fell over, '*a coach*.' Dod drat my hide if they didn't, yah, yah, yah!"

"The English ought to import, Doctor," sais I, "some of these into their country, for as to ridin and driivn, there is nothin like them. But catch Britishers admitting there is anything good

in Canada, but the office of Governor-General, the military commands, and other pieces of patronage, which they keep to themselves, and then say they have nothing left. Ah me! times is altered as Elgin knows. The pillory and the peerage have changed places. Once, a man who did wrong was first elevated, and then pelted. A peer is now assailed with eggs, and then exalted."

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," said the Doctor.

"Is that the Latin for how many hands high the horse is?" sais I. "Well, on an average, say fifteen, perhaps oftener less than more. It's the old Norman horse of two centuries ago, a compound of the Flemish stock, and the Barb introduced into the Low Countries by the Spaniards. Havin been transported to Canada at that early period, it has remained unchanged, and now may be called a distinct breed, differing widely in many respects from those found at the present day in the locations from which they originally came. But look at the amazin strength of his hip, look at the lines, and anatomical formation (as you would say) of his frame, which fit him for both a saddle and a gig hoss. Look at his chest not too wide to

make him paddle in his gait, nor too narrow to limit his wind. Observe all the points of strength. Do you see the bone below the knee and the freedom of the cord there. Do you mark the eye and head of the Barb. Twig the shoulder, the identical medium for a hoss of all work, and the enormous power to shove him ahead. This fellow is a picture, and I am glad they have not mutilated or broken him. He is just the hoss I have been looking for, for our folks go in to the handle for fast trotters, and drive so much and ride so little, it ain't easy to get the right saddle beast in our State. The Cape Breton pony is of the same breed, though poor feed, exposure to the weather, and rough usage has caused him to dwindle in size; but they are the toughest, hardiest, strongest, and most serviceable of their inches, I know anywhere."

I always feel scared when I git on the subject of hosses for fear I should ear-wig people, so I stopt short; "and," sais I, "Doctor, I think I have done pretty well with the talking tacks, spose you give me some of your experience in the trapping line, you must have had some strange adventures in your time."

"Well, I have," said he, "but I have

listened with pleasure to you, for although I I am not experienced in horses, performing most of my journeys on foot; I see you know what you are talking about, for I am familiar with the anatomy of the horse. My road is the trackless forest, and I am more at home there than in a city. Like you I am fond of nature, but unlike you I know little of human nature, and I would rather listen to your experience, than undergo the labour of acquiring it. Man is an artificial animal, but all the inhabitants of the forest are natural. The study of their habits, propensities, and instincts is very interesting, and in this country the only one that is formidable is the bear, for he is not only strong and courageous, but he has the power to climb trees, which no other animal will attempt in pursuit of man in Nova Scotia. The bear therefore is an ugly customer, particularly the female when she has her young cubs about her, and a man requires to have his wits about him, when she turns the table on him and hunts him. But you know these things as well as I do, and to tell you the truth there is little or nothing that is new to be said on the subject; one bear hunt is like another. The interest of

these things is not so much in their incidents or accidents, as in the mode of telling them."

"That's a fact," sais I, "Doctor. But what do you suppose was the object Providence had in view in filling the world with beasts of prey? The east has its lions and tigers, its boa-constrictors and anacondas; the south its panthers, and catamounts; the north its bears and wolves; and the west its crocodiles and rattle-snakes. We read that dominion was given over the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the beast of the forest, and yet no man in a state of nature scarcely, is a match for any one of these creatures; they don't minister to his wants, and he can't tame them to his uses."

"I have often asked myself, Slick," said he, "the same question, for nothing is made in vain, but it is a query not easy to answer. My own opinion is, they were designed to enforce civilisation. Without these terrors attending a sojourn in the wilderness, man would have wandered off as they do, and lived alone; he would have made no home, dwelt with no wife, and nurtured no children. His descendants would have done the same. When he encountered another male, he would have given him battle, perhaps

killed and eat him. His very language would have perished, if ever he had any, and he would have been no better than an ourang-outang. The option was not given him. He was so constructed and so situated, he could not live alone. Individual strength was insufficient for independant existence. To preserve life he had to herd with his kind. Thus tribes were first formed, and to preserve one tribe from the violence of another, they again united and formed nations. This combination laid the foundation of civilisation, and as that extended, these beasts of prey retired to the confines of the country, enforcing while they still remain, the observance of that law of nature which assigned to them this outpost duty.

" Where there is nothing revealed to us on the subject, all is left to conjecture. Whatever the cause was, we know it was a wise and a necessary one; and this appears to me, to be the most plausible reason I can assign. Perhaps we may also trace a farther purpose in their creation, in compelling by the terror they inspire, the inferior animals to submit themselves to man, who is alone able to protect them against their formidable enemies, or to congregate, so that he

may easily find them when he requires food; and may we not further infer that man also may by a similar sense of weakness be led to invoke in like manner the aid of him who made all things and governs all things. Whatever is, is right," and then he quoted two Latin lines.

I hate to have a feller do that, it's like throwin an apple into the water before a boy. He either has to lose it and go off disappointed, wonderin what its flavour is, or else wade out for it, and like as not get out of his depth afore he knows where he is. So I generally make him first translate it, and then write it down for me. He ain't likely after that to do it a second time. Here are the words:

"Siquid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CUCUMBER LAKE.

"HERE is a place under the lee bow," said the Pilot, "in which there are sure to be some coasters, among whom the mate may find a market for his wares, and make a good exchange for his mackarel."

So we accordingly entered and cast anchor among a fleet of fore-and-afters in one of those magnificent ports, with which the eastern coast is so liberally supplied.

"There is some good salmon-fishing in the stream that falls into the harbour," said the Doctor, "suppose we try our rods;" and while Cutler and his people were occupied in traffic, we rowed up the river, beyond the little settlement which had nothing attractive in it, and

landed at the last habitation we could see. Some thirty or forty acres had been cleared of the wood, the fields were well fenced, and a small stock of horned cattle, principally young ones, and a few sheep were grazing in the pasture. A substantial rough log hut and barn were the only buildings. With the exception of two little children playing about the door, there were none of the family to be seen.

On entering the house, we found a young woman, who appeared to be its sole occupant. She was about twenty-five years of age; tall, well formed, strong, and apparently in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. She had a fine open countenance, an artless and prepossessing manner, and was plainly but comfortably clad in the ordinary homespun of the country, and not only looked neat herself, but everything around her was beautifully clean. It was manifest she had been brought up in one of the older townships of the province, for there was an ease and air about her somewhat superior to the log hut in which we found her. The furniture was simple and of rude manufacture, but sufficient for the wants of a small family, though here and there was an article of

a different kind, and old fashioned shape, that looked as if it had once graced a substantial farm-house, probably a present from the inmates of the old homestead.

We soon found from her, that she and her husband were as she said new beginners, who, like most persons in the wilderness had had many difficulties to contend with, which from accidental causes had during the past year been greatly increased. The weavil had destroyed their grain crop and the rot their potatoes, their main dependance, and they had felt the pressure of hard times. She had good hopes, however, she said for the present season, for they had sowed the golden straw wheat, which they heard was exempt from the ravages of insects, and their potatoes had been planted early on burnt land without manure, and she was confident they would thereby be rescued from the disease. Her husband, she informed us, in order to earn some money to make up for their losses, had entered on board of an American fishing vessel, and she was in daily expectation of his arrival, to remain at home, until the captain should call for him again, after he had landed his cargo at Portland. All this was told

in a simple and unaffected manner, but there was a total absence of complaint or despondency, which often accompany the recital of such severe trials.

Having sent Sorrow back in the boat with an injunction to watch our signal of recall, we proceed further up the river, and commenced fishing. In a short time we killed two beautiful salmon, but the black flies and musquitoes were so intolerably troublesome, we were compelled to return to the log hut. I asked permission of our cheerful, tidy young hostess to broil a piece of the salmon by her fire, more for the purpose of leaving the fish with her than anything else, when she immediately offered to perform that friendly office for us herself.

"I believe," she said, "I have a drawing of tea left," and taking from the shelf a small mahogany caddy, emptied it of its contents. It was all she had. The flour-barrel was also examined and enough was gathered, as she said by great good luck, to make a few cakes. Her old man, she remarked, for so she termed her young husband would be back in a day or two and bring a fresh supply. To relieve her of our presence, while she was busied in those prepara-

tions, we strolled to the bank of the river, where the breeze in the open ground swept away our tormentors, the venomous and ravenous flies, and by the time our meal was ready, returned almost loaded with trout. I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything more than this unexpected meal. The cloth was snowy white, the butter delicious, and the eggs fresh laid. In addition to this, and what rendered it so acceptable, it was a free offering of the heart.

In the course of conversation I learned from her, that the first year they had been settled there they had been burnt out, and lost nearly all they had, but she didn't mind that she said, for thank God, she had saved her children, and she believed they had originally put up their building in the wrong place. The neighbours had been very kind to them, helped them to erect a new and larger house, near the beautiful spring we saw in the green ; and besides, she and her husband were both young, and she really believed they were better off than they were before the accident.

Poor thing, she didn't need words of comfort, her reliance on Providence and their own exertions was so great, she seemed to have no doubt

as to their ultimate success. Still, though she did not require encouragement; confirmation of her hopes, I knew would be grateful to her, and I told her to tell her husband on no account to think of parting with or removing from the place, for I observed there was an extensive intervale of capital quality, an excellent mill privilege on the stream where I caught the salmon, and as he had the advantage of water carriage, that the wood on the place, which was of a quality to suit the Halifax markets would soon place him in independent circumstances.

"He will be glad to hear you think so, Sir." she replied, "for he has often said the very same thing himself; but the folks at the settlement laugh at him when he talks that way, and say, he is too sanguine. But I am sure he aint, for it is very much like my poor father's place in Colchester, only it has the privilege of a harbour which he had not, and that is a great thing."

The signal for Sorrow having been hung out for some time, we rose to take leave, and wishing to find an excuse, for leaving some money behind me, and recollecting having seen some cows in the field, I asked her if she could sell me some of her excellent butter for the use of

the cabin. She said, she could not do so, for the cows all had calves, and she made but little; but she had five or six small prints, if I would accept them, and she could fill me a bottle or two with cream.

I felt much hurt—I didn't know what to do. She had given me her last ounce of tea, baked her last cake, and presented me with all the butter she had in the house. "Could or would you have done that?" said I to myself, "come, Sam, speak the truth now." Well, Squire, I only brag when I have a right to boast, though you do say I am always brim full of it, and I won't go for to deceive you or myself either, I know I couldn't that's a fact. I have mixed too much with the world, my feelings have got blunted, and my heart ain't no longer as soft as it used to did to be. I can give and give liberally, because I am able, but I give what I don't want and what I don't miss; but to give as this poor woman did all she had of these two indispensable articles, tea and flour, is a thing, there is no two ways about it, I could not.

I must say I was in a fix; if I was to offer to pay her, I knew I should only wound

her feelings. She derived pleasure from her hospitality, why should I deprive her of that gratification. If she delighted to give, why should I not in a like feeling be pleased to accept, when a grateful reception was all that was desired—must I be outdone in all things? must she teach me how to give freely and accept gracefully?

She shall have her way this hitch and so will I have mine bime by, or the deuce is in the die. I didn't surely come to Liscombe Harbour to be taught those things.

"Tell your busband," sais I, "I think very highly of his location, and if hard times continue to pinch him, or he needs a helping hand, I am both able and willing to assist him, and will have great pleasure in doing so for her sake, who has so kindly entertained us in his absence. Here is my card and address, if he wants a friend let him come to me, and if he can't do that, write to me, and he will find I am on hand. Any man in Boston will tell him where Sam Slick lives."

"Who?" said she.

"Sam Slick," sais I.

"My goodness," said she, "are you *the* Mr.

Slick who used to sell—" She paused and coloured slightly, thinking perhaps as many people do, I would be ashamed to be reminded of pedling.

"Wooden clocks," sais I, helping her to the word. "Yes," sais I, "I am Sam Slick the Clockmaker, at least what is left of me."

"Goodness gracious, Sir," said she, advancing and shaking hands cordially with me, "how glad I am to see you. You don't recollect me of course, I have grown so since we met, and I don't recollect your features for it is so long ago, but I mind seeing you at my father's old house, Deacon Flint's, as well as if it was yesterday. We bought a clock from you; you asked mother's leave to let you put it up, and leave it in the room till you called for it. You said you trusted to 'soft sawder' to get it into the house, and to 'human natur' that it should never come out of it. How often our folks have laughed over that story. Dear, dear, only to think we should have ever met again," and going to a trunk she took out of a bark-box a silver sixpence with a hole in it, by which it was suspended on a black ribbon.

"See, Sir, do you recollect that, you gave that to me for a keepsake? you said it was 'luck-money.'"

"Well," sais I, "*if that* don't pass, don't it? Oh, dear, how glad I am to see you and yet how sad it makes me too. I am delighted at meetin you so onexpected, and yet it makes me feel so old it scares me. It only seems as if it was the other day when I was at your house, and since then you have growd up from a little girl into a tall handsome woman, got married, been settled and are the mother of two children. Dear me, its one o' the slaps old Father Time gives me in the face sometimes as much as to hint, 'I say, Slick, you are gettin too old now to talk so much nonsense as you do.' Well," sais I, "my words have come true about that silver sixpence."

"Come here my little man," sais I to her pretty curly-headed little boy; "come here to me," and I resumed my seat. "Now," sais I, "my old friend, I will shew you how that prophesy is fulfilled to this child. That clock I sold to Deacon Flint only cost me five dollars, and five dollars more would pay duty, freight, and carriage, and all expenses, which left five

pounds clear profit, but that warn't the least share of the gain. It introduced my wares all round and through the country, and it would have paid me well if I had given him a dozen clocks for his patronage. I always thought I would return him that profit if I could see him, and as I can't do that I will give it to this little boy," so I took out my pocket-book and gave her twenty dollars for him.

"Come," sais I, "my friend, that relieves my conscience now of a debt of gratitude, for that is what I always intended to do if I got a chance."

Well, she took it, said it was very kind, and would be a great help to them; but that she didn't see what occasion there was to return the money, for it was nothing but the fair profit of a trade, and the clock was a most excellent one, kept capital time, and was still standing in the old house.

Thinks I to myself, "you have taught me two things my pretty friend; first, how to give, and second, how to receive."

Well, we bid her good-bye, and after we had proceeded a short distance I returned.

Sais I, "Mrs. Steele, there is one thing I

wish you would do for me; is there any cranberries in this neighbourhood?"

"Plenty, Sir," she said; "at the head of this river there is an immense bog, chock full of them."

"Well," sais I, "there is nothin in natur I am so fond of as them; I would give anything in the world for a few bushel. Tell your husband to employ some people to pick me this fall a barrel of them, and send them to me by one of our vessels, directed to me to Slickville, and when I go on board I will send you a barrel of flour to pay for it."

"Dear me, Sir," said she, "that's a great deal more than their value; why they ain't worth more than two dollars. We will pick them for you with great pleasure. We don't want pay."

"Ain't they worth that?" said I, "so much the better. Well, then, he can send me another barrel the next year. Why, they are as cheap as bull beef at a cent a pound. Good bye; tell him to be sure to come and see me the first time he goes to the States. Adieu."

"What do you think of that, Doctor," said I, as we proceeded to the boat; "ain't that a nice woman? how cheerful and uncomplaining she is; how full of hope and confidence in the

future. Her heart is in the right place, ain't it? My old mother had that same sort of contentment about her, only, perhaps, her resignation was stronger than her hope. When anything ever went wrong about our place to home to Slickville, she'd always say, 'Well, Sam, it might have been worse;' or, 'Sam, the darkest hour is always just afore day,' and so on. But Minister used to amuse me beyond anything, poor old soul. Once the congregation met and raised his wages from three to four hundred dollars a-year. Well, it nearly set him crazy; it bothered him so he could hardly sleep. So after church was over the next Sunday, he sais, 'My dear brethren, I hear you have raised my salary to four hundred dollars. I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but I can't think of taking it on no account. First you can't afford it no how you can fix it, and I know it; secondly, I ain't worth it, and you know it; and thirdly, I am nearly tired to death collecting my present income; if I have to dun the same way for that, it will kill me. I can't stand it; I shall die. No, no; pay me what you allow me more punctually, and it is all I ask, or will ever receive.'

"But this poor woman is a fair sample of her class in this country; I do believe the only true friendship and hospitality is to be found among them. They aint rich enough for ostentation, and are too equal in condition and circumstances for the action of jealousy or rivalry; I believe they are the happiest people in the world, but I know they are the kindest. Their feelings are not chilled by poverty or corrupted by plenty; their occupations preclude the hope of wealth, and forbid the fear of distress. Dependant on each other for mutual assistance, in those things that are beyond individual exertion, they interchange friendly offices, which commencing in necessity, grow into habit, and soon become the 'labour of love.' They are poor, but not destitute, a region in my opinion in which the heart is more fully developed than in any other. Those who are situated like Steele and his wife, and commence a settlement in the woods, with the previous training they have received in the rural districts, begin at the right end; but they are the only people who are fit to be pioneers in the forest. How many there are who begin at the wrong end; perhaps there is no one subject on which men form such

false notions as the mode of settling in the country, whether they are citizens of a colonial town, or strangers from Great Britain.

"Look at that officer at Halifax: he is the best dressed man in the garrison; he is well got up always; he looks the gentleman every inch of him; how well his horses are groomed; how perfect his turn-out looks; how well appointed it is as he calls it. He and his servant and his cattle are a little bit of fashion imported from the park and astonish the natives. Look at his wife, aint she a beautiful creature? they are proud of, and were just made for each other. This is not merely all external appearance either: they are accomplished people; they sing, they play, they sketch, they paint, they speak several languages, they are well read, they have many resources. Soldiering is dull, and, in time of peace, only a police service. It has disagreeable duties; it involves repeated removals, and the alternation of bad climates—from Hudson's Bay to Calcutta's Black Hole. The juniors of the regimental officers are mere boys—the seniors great empty cartouch boxes, and the women have cabals—there is a sameness even

in its variety; but worse than all, it has no home—in short, the whole thing is a bore. It is better to sell out and settle in the province; land is cheap; their means are ample, and more than sufficient for the requirements of the colony; country society is stupid; there are no people fit to visit. It is best to be out of the reach of their morning calls and their gossip. A few miles back in the woods there is a splendid stream with a beautiful cascade on it; there is a magnificent lake communicating with several others that form a chain of many miles in extent. That swelling knoll that slopes so gently to the water would be such a pretty site for a cottage-*orné*, and the back-ground of hanging wood has an indescribable beauty in it, especially in the autumn, when the trees are one complete mass of variegated hues. He warms on the theme as he dilates on it, and sings as he turns to his pretty wife:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

"How sweet to plan, how pleasant to execute.

How exciting to see it grow under one's own eye, the work of one's own hand—the creation of one's own taste. It is decided on ; Dechamps retires, the papers go in, the hero goes out—what a relief ! no inspection of soldiers' dirty kits—no parade by day—no guards nor rounds by night—no fatigue parties of men who never fatigue themselves—no stupid court-martial—no horrid punishments—no reviews to please a colonel who never is pleased, or a general who will swear—no marching through streets, to be stared at by housemaids from upper windows, and by dirty boys in the side paths—no procession to follow brass instruments, like the train of a circus—no bearded band-master with his gold cane to lead on his musicians, and no bearded white goat to march at the head of the regiment. A'l, all, are gone.

" He is out of livery, he has played at soldiering long enough, he is tired of the game, he sells out, the man of business is called in, *his* lawyer as he terms him, as if every gentleman kept a lawyer, as he does a footman. He is in a hurry to have the purchase completed with as little delay as possible. But delays will occur, he is no longer a centurion and a man of

authority, who has nothing to do but to say to this one come, and he cometh; and another go, and he goeth; do this and it is done. He can't put a lawyer under arrest, he is a man of arrests himself. He never heard of an attachment for contempt, and if he had, he couldn't understand it; for, when the devil was an attorney, he invented the term, as the softest and kindest name for the hardest and most unkind process there is. *Attachment* for *contempt*, what a mockery of Christian forgiveness!

"A conveyancer is a slow coach, he must proceed cautiously, he has a long journey to take, he has to travel back to a grant from the crown, through all the 'mesne' conveyances. He don't want a *mean* conveyance, he will pay liberally if it is only done quickly. And is informed 'mesne' in law signifies intermediate. It is hard to say what the language of law does mean. Then there are searches to be made in the record offices, and the—damn the searches, for he is in a hurry and loses his patience—search at the bankers and all will be found right. Then there are releases and assignments and discharges. He can stand it no longer, he

releases his lawyer, discharges him, and assigns another, who hints, insinuates, he don't charge; but gives him to understand his predecessor was idle. He will lose no time, indeed he has no time to lose, he is so busy with other clients' affairs, and is as slow as the first man was.

"But at last it is done; the titles are completed. He is presented with a huge pile of foolscap paper, very neatly folded, beautifully engrossed and endorsed in black letters, and nicely tied up with red tape, which with sundry plans, surveys and grants, are secured in a large dispatch box, on which are inscribed in gold letters the '*Epaigwit estate.*' It is a pretty Indian word that, it means the 'home on the wave.' It is the original name of that gem of the western ocean, which the vulgar inhabitants have christened Prince Edward's Island.

"But what can you expect of a people whose governor calls the gentry 'the upper crust of society,' and who in their turn see an affinity between a Scotch and a Roman fiddle and denounce him as a Nero. But then who looks, as he says, for taste in a colony, it is only us Englishmen who have any. Yes, he calls this place

'Epaigwit.' It has a *distingué* appearance on his letters. It has now a name, the next thing is 'a local habitation.' Well we won't stop to describe it, but it has an elegant drawing-room, if there was only company to collect in it, a spacious dining-room, and though only two plates are on the table there is room for twenty, and a charming study, only awaiting his leisure to enjoy it and so on.

"It is done and the design carried out, though not completed; prudence forbids a further expenditure just now. It has cost five times as much as was contemplated, and is not worth a tenth part of the outlay, still it is very beautiful. Strangers go to see it, and every one pronounces it the prettiest thing in the Lower provinces. There have been some little drawbacks, but they are to be expected in a colony and among the Goths and Vandals who live there. The contractors have repudiated their agreement on account of the extensive alterations made in the design and the nature of the work, and he has found there is law in the country if not justice. The servants find it too lonely, they have no taste for the beauties of nature, and remain without work,

or quit without notice. If he refuses to pay he is sued, if he pays he is cheated. The house leaks, for the materials are green, the chimneys smoke for the drafts are in the wrong place. The children are tormented by black flies and musquitoes, and their eyes are so swelled they can't see. The bears make love to his sheep, and the minks and foxes devour his poultry. The Indians who come to beg, are supposed to come to murder, and the negroes who come to sell wild berries are suspected to come to steal. He has no neighbours, he did not desire any, and if a heavy weight has to be lifted, it is a little, but not much inconvenience to send to the town for assistance; and the people go cheerfully, for they have only five miles to come, and five to return, and they are not detained more than five minutes, for he never asks them into his house. The butcher won't come so far to carry his meat, nor the baker his bread, nor the postman to deliver his letters.

"The church is too far off, and there is no school. But the clergyman is not fit to be heard, he is such a drone in the pulpit; and it is a sweet employment to train one's own

children, who thus avoid contamination by not associating with vulgar companions.

"These are trifling vexations and what is there in this life that has not some little drawback. But there is something very charming in perfect independance in living for each other, and in residing in one of the most delighful spots in America, surrounded by the most exquisite scenery that was ever beheld. There is one thing, however, that is annoying. The country people will not use, or adopt that pretty word Epaigwit, 'the home of the wave,' which rivals in beauty of conception, an eastern expression. The place was originally granted to a fellow of the name of Umber, who was called after the celebrated navigator Cook. These two words when united soon became corrupted, and the magnificent sheet of water was designated 'the Cucumber Lake,' while its splendid cateract known in ancient days by the Indians as the 'Pan-ook' or 'the River's Leap,' is perversely called by way of variation 'the Cowcumber Falls;' can any thing be conceived more vulgar or more vexatious, unless it be their awkward attempt at pronunciation, which converts Epaigwit into 'a pig's wit,' and Pan-ook into 'Pond-hook.'

"But then what can you expect of such boors, and who cares, or what does it matter, for after all if you come to that, the 'Cumberland Lakes' is not very euphonious, as he calls it, whatever that means. He is right in saying it is a beautiful place, and as he often observes what an immense sum of money it would be worth if it were only in England! but the day is not far distant, now that the Atlantic is bridged by steamers, when 'bag-men' will give place to tourists, and 'Epaigwit' will be the 'Killarney' of America. He is quite right, that day will come and so will the millenium, but it is a good way off yet; and dear old Minister used to say there was no dependable authority that it ever would come at all.

"Now and then a brother officer visits him. Elliott is there now, not the last of the Elliotts, for there is no end of them, and though only a hundred of them have been heard of in the world, there are a thousand well known to the Treasury. But he is the last chum from his regiment he will ever see. As they sit after dinner he hands the olives to his friend, and suddenly checks himself, saying I forgot, you never touch the '*after-feed.*' Then

he throws up both eyes and hands, and affects to look aghast at the mistake. 'Really,' he sais, 'I shall soon become as much of a boor, as the people of this country. I hear nothing now but mowing, browsing, and 'after-feed,' until at last I find myself using the latter word for 'desert.' He says it prettily and acts it well, and although his wife has often listened to the same joke, she looks as if it would bear repetition, and her face expresses great pleasure. Poor Dechamps, if your place is worth nothing, she at least, is a treasure above all price.

"Presently Elliott sais, 'By-the-bye, Dechamps have you heard we are ordered to Corfu, and embark immediately.'

"Dear me, what magic there is in a word. Sometimes it discloses in painful distinctness the past, at others it reveals a prophetic page of the future; who would ever suppose there was anything in that little insignificant word, to occasion a thought, unless it was whether it is pronounced Corfoo or Corfew, and it's so little consequence which, I always give it the go by and say Ionian Isles.

"But it startled Dechamps. He had hoped before he left the army to have been ordered

there, and from thence to have visited the classic coasts of Greece. Alas, that vision has gone, and there is a slight sigh of regret, for possession seldom equals expectation, and always cloys. He can never more see his regiment, they have parted for ever. Time and distance have softened some of the rougher features of military life. He thinks of the joyous days of youth, the varied scenes of life, his profession exposed to his view, and the friends he has left behind him. The service he thinks not so intolerable after all, and though regimental society is certainly not what he should choose, especially as a married man, yet, except in a rolleking corps, it may at least negatively be said to be 'not bad.'

"From this review of the past, he turns to the prospect before him. But, he discerns something that he does not like to contemplate, a slight shadow passes over his face, and he asks Elliott to pass the wine. His wife, with the quickness of perception so natural to a woman, sees at once what is passing in his mind; for similar, but deeper, far deeper thoughts, like unbidden guests have occupied hers many an anxious hour. Poor thing, she at once perceives her duty and resolves to fulfil it. She will be

more cheerful. She at least will never murmur. After all, Doctor, it's no great exaggeration to call a woman, that has a good head and kind heart, and the right shape, build and bearings, an angel, is it? But let us mark their progress, for we shall be better able to judge then.

"Let us visit Epaigwit again in a few years. Who is that man near the gate, that looks unlike a servant, unlike a farmer, unlike a gentleman, unlike a sportsman, and yet has a touch of all four characters about him? He has a shocking bad hat on, but what's the use of a good hat in the woods, as poor Jackson said, where there is no one to see it. He has not been shaved since last sheep-shearing, and has a short black pipe in his mouth, and the tobacco smells like nigger-head or pig-tail. He wears a coarse check shirt without a collar, a black silk neckcloth frayed at the edge that looks like a rope of old ribbons. His coat appears as if it had once been new, but had been on its travels, until at last it had got pawned to a Jew at Rag-alley. His waistcoat was formerly buff, but now resembles yellow flannel, and the buttons though complete in number are of different sorts. The trowsers are homespun, much worn, and his

boots coarse enough to swap with a fisherman for mackarel. His air and look betokens pride rendered sour by poverty.

"But there is something worse than all this, something one never sees without disgust or pain, because it is the sure precursor of a diseased body, a shattered intellect, and voluntary degradation. There is a bright red colour that extends over the whole face, and reaches behind the ears. The whiskers are prematurely tipt with white, as if the heated skin refused to nourish them any longer. The lips are slightly swelled, and the inflamed skin indicates inward fever, while the eyes are bloodshot, the under lids distended, and incline to shrink from contact with the heated orbs they were destined to protect. He is a dram-drinker; and the poison that he imbibes with New England rum, is as fatal, and nearly as rapid in its destruction as strikline.

"Who is he; can you guess? do you give it up? He is that handsome officer, the Laird of Epaigwit as the Scotch would say, the general as we should call him, for we are liberal of titles, and the man that lives at *Cow*-cumber Falls as they say here. Poor fellow, he has made the

same discovery Sergeant Jackson did, that there is no use of good things in the woods where there is no one to see them. He is about to order you off his premises, but it occurs to him that would be absurd, for he has nothing now worth seeing. He scrutinises you, however, to ascertain if he has ever seen you before. He fears recognition, for he dreads both your pity and your ridicule; so he strolls leisurely back to the house with a certain bull-dog air of defiance.

"Let us follow him thither; but before we enter, observe there is some glass out of the window, and its place supplied by shingles. The stanhope is in the coach-house, but the bye-road was so full of stumps and cradle-hills, it was impossible to drive in it, and the moths have eaten the lining out. The carriage has been broken so often it is not worth repairing, and the double harness has been cut up to patch the tacklin of the horse-team. The shrubbery has been browsed away by the cattle, and the rank grass has choked all the rose bushes and and pretty little flowers. What is the use of these things in the woods? That remark was on a level with the old dragoon's intellect; but I am surprised at this intelligent officer, this

man of the world, this martinet didn't also discover, that he who neglects himself soon becomes so careless as to neglect his other duties, and that to lose sight of them is to create and invite certain ruin. But let us look at the interior.

"There are some pictures on the walls, and there are yellow stains where others hung. Where are they? for I think I heard a man say he bought them on account of their handsome frames, from that crack-brained officer at Cucumber Lake, and he shut his eye, and looked knowing, and whispered, 'something wrong there, had to sell out of the army; some queer story about another wife still living; don't know particulars.' Poor Dechamps, you are guiltless of that charge at any rate to my certain knowledge; *but how often does slander bequeath to folly, that which of right belongs to another!* The nick-knacks, the antique china, the Apostles' spoons, the queer little old-fashioned silver ornaments, the French clock, the illustrated works, and all that sort of thing,—all, all, are gone. The housemaids broke some, the children destroyed others, and the rest were sent to auction, merely to *secure their preservation.*

The paper is stained in some places, in others has pealed off; but where under the sun have all the accomplishments gone to?

"The piano got out of tune, and there was nobody to put it in order: it was no use; the strings were taken out, and the case was converted into a cupboard. The machinery of the harp became rusty, and the cords were wanted for something else. But what is the use of these things in the woods where there is nobody to see them? But here is Mrs. Dechamps. Is it possible! My goody gracious as I am a living sinner! Well I never in all my born days! what a dreadful wreck! you know how handsome she was. Well, I won't describe her now, I pity her too much. You know I said they were counterparts, just made for each other, and so they were; but they are of different sexes, made of different stuff, and trouble has had a different effect on them. He has neglected himself, and she is negligent of her dress too, but not in the same way. She is still neat, but utterly regardless of what her attire is; but let it be what it may, and let her put on what she will, still she looks like a lady. But her health is gone, and her spirits too; and in their place a little, delicate

hectic spot has settled in her cheek, beautiful to look at, but painful to think of. This faint blush is kindly sent to conceal consumption, and the faint smile is assumed to hide the broken heart. If it didn't sound unfeelin, I should say she was booked for an early train; but I think so, if I don't say so. The hour is fixed, the departure certain; she is glad to leave Epaigwit.

"Somehow, though, I must say I am a little disappointed in her. She was a soldier's wife; I thought she was made of better stuff, and if she had died would have at least died game. Suppose they have been unfortunate in pitching their tent 'on the home of the wave,' and got aground, and their effects have been thrown overboard; what is that, after all? Thousands have done the same; there is still hope for them. They are more than a match for these casualties; how is it she has given up so soon? Well don't allude to it, but there is a sad tragical story connected with that lake. Do you recollect that beautiful curly-headed child, her eldest daughter, that she used to walk with at Halifax? Well, she grew up into a magnificent girl; she was full of health and spirits, and as fleet and as wild as a hare. She lived in the woods and

on the lake. She didn't shoot, and she didn't fish, but she accompanied those who did. The beautiful but dangerous bark canoe was her delight; she never was happy but when she was in it. Tom Hodges, the orphan boy they had brought with them from the regiment, who alone of all their servants had remained faithful in their voluntary exile, was the only one permitted to accompany her; for he was so careful, so expert, and so good a swimmer. Alas! one night the canoe returned not. What a long, eager, anxious night was that! but towards noon the next day, the upturned bark drifted by the shore, and then it was but too evident that that sad event which the anxious mother had so often dreaded and predicted had come to pass. They had met a watery grave. Often and often were the whole chain of lakes explored, but their bodies were never found. Entangled in the long grass and sunken driftwood, that covered the bottom of these basins, it was not likely they would ever rise to the surface.

"It was impossible to contemplate that fearful lake without a shudder. They must leave the place soon, and for ever. Oh, had Emily's life been spared, she could have endured

any and everything for her sake. Poor thing! how little she knew what she was a talking about, as she broke the seal of a letter in a well-known hand. Her life was spared; it never was endangered. She had eloped with Tom Hodges—she had reached Boston—she was very happy—Tom was all kindness to her. She hoped they would forgive her and write to her, for they were going to California, where they proposed to be married as soon as they arrived. Whoever appealed to a mother for forgiveness in vain? Everything appeared in a new light. The child had been neglected; she ought not to have been suffered to spend so much of her time with that boy; both her parents had strangely forgotten that they had grown up, and—it was no use to say more. Her father had locked her out of his heart, and thrown away the key for ever. He wished she had been drowned, for in that case she would have died innocent; and he poured out such a torrent of imprecations, that the poor mother was terrified lest, as the Persians say, these curses, like fowls, might return home to roost, or like prayers, might be heard, and procure more than was asked.

"You may grieve over the conduct of a child, and lament its untimely death, and trust in God for his mercy; but no human being can reverse the order of things, and first mourn the decease of a child, and then grieve for its disgraceful life; for there is a grave again to be dug, and who knoweth whether the end shall be peace? We can endure much, but there is a load that crusheth. Poor thing! you were right, and your husband wrong. Woman-like, your judgment was correct, your impulses good, and your heart in the right place. The child was not to be blamed, but its parents. You could, if you thought proper, give up society and live for each other; you had proved it, and knew how hollow and false it was; but your children could not resign what they never had, nor ignore feelings which God had implanted within them. Nature has laws which must and will be obeyed. The swallow selects its mate, builds its nest, and occupies itself in nurturing its young. The heart must have something to love, and if it is restricted in its choice, it will bestow its affections not on what it would approve and select, but upon what it may chance to find; you are not singular in your domestic affliction; it is the

natural consequence of your isolation, and I have known it happen over and over again.

"Now, Doctor, let us return, after the lapse of a few years, as I did, to Epaigwit. I shall never forget the impression it made upon me. It was about this season of the year, I went there to fish, intending to spend the night in a camp, so as to be ready for the morning sport. 'Why, where am I,' sais I to myself, when I reached the place. 'Why surely, this aint Cucumber Lake! where is that beautiful hanging wood, the temptation in the wilderness that ruined poor Dechamps? gone, not cleared, but destroyed; not subdued to cultivation, but reduced to desolation.' Tall gaunt black trees stretch out their withered arms on either side, as if balancing themselves against a fall, while huge trunks lie scattered over the ground, where they fell in their fierce conflict with the devouring fire, that overthrew them. The ground is thickly covered with ashes, and large white glistening granite rocks which had formerly been concealed by moss, the creeping evergreen, and the smiling, blushing may-flower, now rear their cold snowy heads that contrast so strangely with the funereal pall that envelopes

all around them. No living thing is seen there, nor bird, nor animal, nor insect, nor verdant plant; even the hardy fire-weed has not yet ventured to intrude on this scene of desolation, and the woodpecker, afraid of the atmosphere which charcoal has deprived of vitality, shrinks back in terror when he approaches it. Poor Dechamps, had you remained to witness this awful conflagration, you would have observed in those impenetrable boulders of granite a type of the hard, cold, unfeeling world around you, and in that withered and blackened forest, a fitting emblem of your blighted and blasted prospects.

"But if the trees had disappeared from that side of the lake, they had been reproduced on the other. The fields, the lawn, and the garden were over-run with a second growth of wood that had nearly concealed the house from view. It was with some difficulty I forced my way through the chaparel (thicket), which was rendered almost impenetrable by thorns, Virginia creepers, honeysuckles, and sweet-briars, that had spread in the wildest profusion. The windows, doors, mantle-pieces, bannisters, and every portable thing had been removed from

the house by the blacks, who had squatted in the neighbourhood; even the chimneys had been taken down for the bricks. The swallows were the sole tenants; the barn had fallen a prey to decay and storms, and the roof lay comparatively uninjured at some distance, on the ground. A pair of glistening eyes, peeping through a broken board at the end, showed me that the foxes had appropriated it to their own use. The horse-stable, coach-house, and other buildings were in a similar state of dilapidation.

"I returned to the camp, and learned that Mrs. Dechamps was reposing in peace in the village church-yard, the children had been sent to England to their relatives, and the Captain was residing in California with his daughter and Tom Hodges, who were the richest people in St. Francisco."

"What a sad picture," said the Doctor.

"Well, it's true though," said I, "aint it?"

"I never was at Cucumber Lake," said he, smiling, "but I have known several similar failures. The truth is, Mr. Slick, though I needn't tell you, for you know better than I do,

our friend Steele began at the right and Dechamps at the wrong end. The poor native ought always to go to the woods, the emigrant or gentleman never; the one is a rough and ready man; he is at home with an axe and is conversant as well with the privations and requirements, as with the expedients and shifts of forest life; his condition is ameliorated every year, and in his latter days he can afford to rest from his labours; whereas, if he buys what is called a half-improved farm, and is unable to pay for it at the time of the purchase, the mortgage is almost sure to ruin him at last. Now a man of means who retires to the country is wholly unfit for a pioneer and should never attempt to become one; he should purchase a farm ready made to his hands, and then he has nothing to do but to cultivate and adorn it. It takes two generations, at least, to make such a place as he requires. The native again is one of a class, and the most necessary one too in the country; the people sympathise with him, aid and encourage him. The emigrant-gentleman belongs to no class, and wins no affection; he is kindly received and judiciously advised by people of his own standing in life, but he

affects to consider their counsel obtrusive and their society a bore; he is therefore suffered to proceed his own way, which they all well know, as it has been so often travelled before, leads to ruin. They pity, but they can't assist him. Yes, yes; your sketch of "Epaigwit" is so close to nature I shouldn't wonder if many a man who reads it, should think he sees the history of his own place under the name of 'the Cucumber Lake.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RECALL.

In compiling this Journal, Squire, my object has been less to give you the details of my cruise, than to furnish you with my remarks on men and things in general. Climate, locality and occupation, form or vary character, but man is the same sort of critter everywhere. To know him thoroughly, he must be studied in his various aspects. When I learned drawing, I had an india-rubber figure, with springs in it, and I used to put it into all sorts of attitudes. Sometimes it had its arms up, and sometimes down, now a-kimbo, and then in a boxing posture. I stuck out its legs or made it stand bolt upright, and put its head every way which I could think of and so on. It taught me to

draw, and showed me the effect of light and shade. So in sketching human character, feelings, prejudices, and motives of action, I have considered man at one time as a politician, a preacher or a trader, and at another as a countryman or a citizen, as ignorant, or wise and so on. In this way I soon learned to take his guage as you do a cask of spirits, and prove his strength or weakness, by the bead I could raise on him.

If I know anything of these matters, and you seem to consait I do, why I won't act "Peter Funk*" to myself, but this I will say "Human natur is my weakness." Now I think it best to send you only such portions of my Journal as will interest you, for a mere diary of a cruise is a mere nothing. So I skip over my sojourn at Canzeau, and a trip the Doctor and I took to Prince Edward's Island, as containing nothing but a sort of ship's log, and will proceed to tell you about our sayings and doings, at that celebrated place Louisburg, in Cape Breton,

* At petty auctions in the States, a person is employed to bid up articles, in order to raise their price. Such a person is called a *Peter Funk*, probably from that name having frequently been given when things were bought in. In short, it is now used as a "puffer."—BARTLETT.

which was twice beseiged and taken, first by our colony-forefathers from Boston, and then by General Wolfe, the Quebec hero, and of which nothing now remains but its name, which you will find in history, and its harbour which you will find in the map. The French thought building a fortress was colonization, and the English that blowing it up was the right way to settle the country. The world is wiser now.

As we approached the place the Doctor said, "you see Mr. Slick the entrance to Louisburg is pointed out to voyagers coming from the eastward, by the ruins of an old French light-house, and the lantern of a new one, on the rocky wall of the north shore, a few minutes after approaching which, the mariner shoots from a fretful sea into the smooth and capacious port. The ancient ruins display even yet the most attractive object to the eye. The outline of these neglected mounds, you observe, is boldly marked against the sky, and induces a visit to the spot where the fortress once stood. Louisburg is everywhere covered with a mantle of turf, and without the assistance of a native it is not easy to discover even the foundations of the public buildings. Two or three casemates

still remain, appearing like the mouths of huge ovens, surmounted by a great mass of earth and stone. These caverns, originally the safeguards of powder and other combustible munitions of war, now serve to shelter the flocks of sheep that graze upon the grass that conceals them. The floors are rendered nearly impassible, by the ordure of these animals, but the vaulted ceilings are adorned by dependant stalactites, like icicles in shape, but not in purity of colour, being of a material somewhat similar to oyster shells. The mass of stone* and brick that composed the buildings, and which is now swept so completely from its site, has been distributed along the shores of America, as far as Halifax and Boston, having been successively carried away for the erections in those places, and the intermediate coast, which contains many a chimney bearing the memorials of Louisburg. The remains of the different batteries on the island and round the harbour are still shown by the inhabitants, as well as of the wharves, stockade, and sunken ships of war. On gaining the walls above the town, they are found to consist of a range of earthen fortifications with projecting angles, and

* See Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia."

extending as already mentioned from the harbour to the sea, interrupted at intervals by large pits, said to have been produced by the efforts of the captors to blow up the walls. From these heights, the glacis slopes away to the edge of the bog outside, forming a beautiful level walk, though now only enjoyed by the sheep, being, like the walls, carpeted by short turf. At the termination of this line of fortification, on the sea-shore, is a huge and uncouth black rock, which appears to have been formerly quarried for building stone, large quantities ready hewn being still scattered round it, and gathered in masses as if prepared for that use.

"The prospect from the brow of the dilapidated ramparts, is one of the most impressive that the place affords. Looking to the south-west over the former city, the eye wanders upon the interminable ocean, its blue rolling waves occupying three-fourths of the scene, and beyond them, on the verge of the horizon, a dense bank of fog sweeps along with the prevailing S.W. wind, precluding all hopes of discerning any vista beyond that curtain. Turning landwards towards the south-west, over the spacious bog that lies at the foot of the walls,

the sight is met by a range of low wood in the direction of Gabarus, and can penetrate no further. The harbour is the only prospect to the northward, and immediately in its rear the land rises so as to prevent any more distant view, and even the harbour appears dwindled to a miniature of itself, being seen in the same picture with the mighty ocean that nearly surrounds the beholder. The character of the whole scene is melancholy, presenting the memorials of former life and population, contrasted with its present apparent isolation from the natives of the earth. The impression is not weakened by the sight of the few miserable huts scattered along the shores of the port, and the little fishing vessels, scarcely perceptible in the mountain swell of the ocean; they serve but to recall painfully the images of elegant edifices that once graced the foreground, and of proud flags that waved upon the face of that heaving deep.

"It is not easy to give a reason for the continued desolation of Louisburg. A harbour opening directly upon the sea, whence egress is unobstructed and expeditious, and return equally convenient at all seasons; excellent

fishing grounds at the very entrance; space on shore for all the operations of curing the fish; every advantage for trade and the fisheries is offered in vain. The place would appear to be shunned by tacit consent. The shallops come from Arichet and St. Peter's Bay to fish, at its very mouth, but no one sets up his establishment there. The merchants resort to every station in its vicinity, to Main-a-Dieu, the Bras d'Or, St. Anne, Inganish, nay even Cape North, places holding out no advantage to compare with those of Louisburg, yet no one ventures there. The fatality that hangs over places of fallen celebrity, seems to press heavily on this once valued spot."

"Massa Doctor," said Sorrow, when he heard this description, "peers to me, dem English did gib de French, goss widout sweetenin, most particular jess dat are a nateral fac. By golly but dey was strange folks boff on em. Ki dey must been gwine stracted sure as you born, when dey was decomposed (angry) wid each other, to come all de way out here to fight. Lordy gracious, peers to me crossin de sea might a cooled them, sposin dar hair was rumpled."

"You are right, Sorrow," said I; "and Doctor, niggers and women often come to a right conclusion, though they cannot give the right reasons for it, don't they?"

"Oh, oh, Mr. Slick," said he, "pray don't class ladies and niggers together. Oh, I thought you had more gallantry about you than that."

"Exactly," sais I, "there is where the shoe pinches. You are a so far and no further emancipationist. You will break up the social system of the south, deprive the planter of his slave, and set the nigger free; but you will not admit him to your family circle, associate with him, or permit him to intermarry with your daughter. Ah, Doctor, you can emancipate him, but you can't emancipate yourself. You are willing to give him the liberty of a dog; he may sleep in your stable, exercise himself in the coach-yard, and may stand or run behind your carriage, but he must not enter the house, for he is offensive, nor eat at your table, for the way he devours his food is wolfish; you unchain him, and that is all. But before the collar was unfastened he was well and regularly fed, now he has to forage for it; and if he can't pay for his grub, he can and will steal it. Abolition has

done great things for him. He was once a life-labourer on a plantation in the south, he is now a prisoner for life in a penitentiary in the north, or an idle vagrant, and a shameless, houseless beggar. The fruit of cant is indeed bitter. The Yankees emancipated their niggers because it didn't pay to keep slaves. They now want the southern planters to liberate theirs for conscience sake. But here we are on the beach; let us land."

After taking a survey of the scene from the sight of the old town, we sat down on one of the eastern mounds, and the Doctor continued his account of the place. "It took the French twenty-five years to erect Louisburg," he said, "and though not completed according to the original design, it cost not less than thirty millions of livres. It was environed, two miles and a half in circumference, with a stone wall from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide. There was, as you will see, six bastions and eight batteries, with embrasures for 148 cannon. On the island, at the entrance of the harbour which we just passed, was a battery of thirty twenty-eight pounders, and at the bottom of the port another mounting thirty-

eight heavy guns. In 1745, a plan for taking it was conceived by a colonial-lawyer, a Governor of Massachussets, and executed by a body of New England volunteers, led on by a country trader. History can hardly furnish such another instance of courage and conduct in an undisciplined body, laying siege to a regular constructed fortress like this. Commodore Warren when first applied to for assistance, declined to afford it, as well because he had no orders as that he thought the enterprise a rash one. He was, however, at last instructed from home to co-operate with the Yankee troops, and arrived in season to witness the progress of the siege, and receive the whole of the honour which was so exclusively due to the Provincials. This act of insolence and injustice on the part of the British was never forgotten by your countrymen, but the memory of favours is short-lived, and a similar distribution of rewards has lately surprised and annoyed the Canadians. The colonist who raised the militia and saved Canada, as you have justly remarked elsewhere was knighted, while he who did no more than his duty as an officer in the army, was compensated for two or three little affairs in which the

soldiers were engaged, by a coronet and a pension."

"Exactly," sais I, "what's sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander; but it seems English geese are all swans."

"Well, in 1758, it was again taken by the English, who attacked it with an immense and overpowering armament, consisting of 151 sail and 14,000 men. Profiting by the experience of the Provincials, they soon reduced the place, which it is astonishing could have made any resistance at all against such an overwhelming force. Still, this attack was mostly an English one; and though it dwindles into utter insignificance, when compared with the previous capture by the colonists, occasioned a great outbreak of national pride. The French colours were carried in pompous parade, escorted by detachments of horse and foot-guards, with kettle-drums and trumpets, from the palace of Kensington to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were deposited as trophies, under a discharge of cannon, and other noisy expressions of triumph and exultation. Indeed, the public rejoicings for the conquest of Louisburg, were diffused through every part of the British dominions;

and addresses of congratulation were presented to the king by a great number of flourishing towns and corporations."

"Twenty-five years afterwards, the colonists who were denied the credit of their gallant enterprise, made good their claim to it by conquering those who boasted that they were the conquerors themselves."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Doctor," said I, "for I concur in it all. The English are liberal, but half the time they ain't just. Spendin money in colonies is one thing, but givin them fair play is another. The army complains that all commendation and promotion is reserved for the staff. Provincials complain of similar injustice, but there is this wide difference, the one has the 'Times' for its advocate, the other is unheard or unheeded. An *honest* statesman, will not refuse to do justice — a *willy* poilitician, will concede with grace what he knows he must soon yield to compulsion. The old Tory was a man after all every inch of him."

"Now," sais the Doctor, "that remark reminds me of what I have long intended to ask you, if I got a chance. How is it, Mr. Slick,

that you, who are a republican, whenever you speak of England are so conservative? It always seemed to me as if it warn't quite natural. If I didn't know you, I should say your books were written by a colonist who had used your name for a medium for giving his own ideas."

"Well," sais I, "Doctor, I am glad you asked me, for I have thought myself it wasn't unlikely some folks would fall into that mistake. I'll tell you how this comes, though I wouldn't take the trouble to enlighten others, for it kinder amuses me to see a fellow find a mare's nest with a tee-hee's egg in it. First, I believe that a republic is the only form of government suited to us, or practicable in North America. A limited monarchy could not exist in the states, for royalty and aristocracy never had an original root there. A military or despotic one could be introduced, because a standing army can do any thing, but it couldn't last long. Liberty is too deeply seated, and too highly prized, to be suppressed for any length of time.

"Now, I like a republic, but I hate a democracy. The wit of man never could have devised any thing more beautiful, better balanced, and

more skilfully checked, than our constitution is, or rather was; but every change we make is for the worse. I am, therefore, a conservative at home. On the other hand, the English constitution is equally well suited to the British. It is admirably adapted to the genius, traditions, tastes, and feelings of the people. They are not fitted for a republic. They tried it once, and it failed; and if they were to try it again, it would not succeed. Every change *they* make, is also for the worse. In talking, therefore, as I do, I only act and talk consistently, when I say I am a conservative abroad also.

"Conservatism, both in the States and in Great Britain when rightly understood has a fixed principle of action, which is to conserve the constitution of the country, and not subvert it. Now, liberalism every where is distinguished by having no principle. In England it longs for office, and sacrifices everything to it. It does nothing but pander. It says religion is a matter of taste, leave it to itself and it will take care of itself—now that maxim was forced on us by necessity, for at the revolution we scarcely had an Episcopal church, it was so small as hardly to deserve the name. But, in England

it is an unconstitutional, irrational, and monstrous maxim. Still it suits the views of Romanists, (although they hold no such doctrine themselves), for it is likely, to hand over the church revenues in Ireland to them. It also suits Dissenters, for it will relieve them of church rates, and it meets the wishes of the republican party, because they know, no church, and no bishop will soon lead to no monarch. Again it says, enlarge the franchise, so as to give an increase of voters; that doctrine suits all those sections also, for it weakens both monarchy and aristocracy. Then again it advocates free-trade, for that weakens the landed interest, and knocks from under nobility one of its best pillars. To lower the influence of the church pleases all political Come-outers, some for one, and some for another reason. Their views are not identical, but it is for their interest to unite. One advocates it because it destroys Protestantism as a principle of the constitution, another because the materials of this fortress, like those of Louisburg, may be useful for erecting others, and among them conventicles.

"Then there is no truth in liberalism. When Irish emancipation was discussed, it was said,

pass that and you will hear no more greivances, it will tend to consolidate the church and pacify the people. It was no sooner granted, than ten bishopricks were suppressed, and monster meetings paraded through and terrified the land. One cardinal came in place of ten Protestant prelates, and so on. So liberalism said pass the Reform Bill and all England will be satisfied, well, though it has not worked well for the kingdom, it has done wonders for the radical party, and now another and more extensive one is promised. The British Lion has been fed with living raw meat, and now roars for more victims. It ain't easy to onseat liberals, I tell you, for they know how to pander. If you promise power to those who have none, you must have the masses with you. I could point you out some fellows that are sure to win the dead* heads, the dough† boys, the numerous body that

* Dead heads may perhaps be best explained by substituting the words "the unproductive class of operatives," such as spend their time in ale-houses; demagogues, the men who, with free tickets, travel in steam-boats, frequent theatres, tavern-keepers, &c.

† Pliable politicians, men who are accessible to personal influences or considerations.

is on the fence* and political Come-outers.† There is at this time a postponed Reformed Bill. The proposer actually cried when it was deferred to another session. It nearly broke his heart. He couldn't bear that the public should have it to say, 'they had seen the elephant.'"

"Seeing the elephant," said the Doctor, "was he so large a man as that?"

"Lord bless you," sais I, "no, he is a little man, that thinks he pulls the wires, like one of Punch's small figures, but the wires pull him and set him in motion. It is a cant term we have, and signifies 'going out for wool and coming back shorn.' Yes, he actually shed tears, like a cook peelin onions. He reminded me of a poor fellow at Slickville, who had a family of twelve small children. His wife took a day, and died one fine morning, leaving another youngster to complete the baker's

* A man is said to *be on a fence,* who is ready to join the strongest party; because he who sits on a fence is in a position to jump down, with equal facility, on either side of it.

† "Political come-outers" are the loose fish of all parties. Dissenters from their own side.—See Bartlett's definitions.

dozen, and next week that dear little innocent died too. He took on dreadfully about it. He boo-hooed right out, which is more than the politicioner did over his chloroformed bill.

"'Why,' sais I, 'Jeddediah, you ought to be more of a man than to take on that way. With no means to support your family of poor helpless little children, with no wife to look after them, and no airthly way to pay a woman to dry-nurse and starve the unfortunate baby, it's a mercy it did die, and was taken out of this wicked world.'

"'I know it and feel it Mr. Sam,' said he, lookin up in a way that nobody but him could look, 'but—'

"'But what?' sais I.

"'Why,' says he, 'but it don't do to say so you know.'

"Jist then some of the neighbours came in, when he burst out wuss than before and groaned like a thousand sinners at a camp-meetin.

"Most likely the radical father of the strangled Reform Bill, comforted himself with the same reflection, only he thought *it wouldn't do to say so.* Crocodiles can cry when they are *hungry*,

but when they do it's time to vamose the poke-loken,* that's a fact. Yes, yes, they understand these things to England as well as we do, you may depend. They warn't born yesterday. But I wont follow it out. Liberalism is playing the devil both with us and the British. Change is going on with railroad haste in America, but in England, though it travels not so fast, it never stops, and like a steam-packet that has no freight, it daily increases its rate of speed as it advances towards the end of the voyage. Now you have my explanation, Doctor, why I am a conservative on principle, both at home and abroad."

"Well," said the Doctor, "that is true enough as far as England is concerned, but still I don't quite understand how it is as a republican, you are so much of a conservative at home, for your reasons appear to me to be more applicable to Britain than to the United States."

"Why," sais I, "my good friend, liberalism is the same thing in both countries, though its work and tactics may be different. It is destructive but not creative. It tampers with the checks and balances of our constitution. It

* Poke-loken, a marshy place, or stagnant pool, connected with a river.

flatters the people by removing the restraints they so wisely placed on themselves to curb their own impetuosity. It has shaken the stability of the judiciary by making the experiment of electing the judges. It has abolished equity in name, but infused it so strongly in the administration of the law, that the distinctive boundaries are destroyed, and the will of the court is now substituted for both. In proportion as the independence of these high officers is diminished, their integrity may be doubted. Elected, and subsequently sustained by a faction, they become its tools, and decide upon party and not legal grounds. In like manner, wherever the franchise was limited, the limit is attempted to be removed. We are, in fact, fast merging into a mere pure democracy,* for the first blow

* De Tocqueville, who has written incomparably the best work that has ever appeared on the United States, makes the following judicious remarks on this subject: "Where a nation modifies the elective qualification, it may easily be foreseen, that sooner or later that qualification will be abolished. There is no more invariable rule in the history of society. The farther electoral rights are extended the more is felt the need of extending them; for after each concession, the strength of the democracy increases, and its demands increase with its strength. The ambition of those who are below the appointed rate is irritated, in exact

on the point of the wedge that secures the franchise, weakens it so that it is sure to come out at last. Our liberals know this as well your British Gerrymanderers do."

"Gerrymanderers,"* he said, "who in the world are they? I never heard of them before."

"Why," sais I, "skilful politicians, who so arrange the electoral districts of a state that in an election, one party may obtain an advantage over its opponent, even though the latter may possess a majority of the votes in the state;

proportion of the number of those who are above it. The exception at last becomes the rule, concession follows concession, and no step can be made, short of universal suffrage.

* This term came into use in the year 1811, in Massachusetts, where, for several years previous, the federal and democratic parties stood nearly equal. In that year, the democratic party, having a majority in the Legislature, determined so to district the State anew, that those sections which gave a large number of federal votes, might be brought into one district. The result was, that the democratic party carried everything before them at the following election, and filled every office in the State, although it appeared by the votes returned, that nearly two-thirds of the votes were Federalists. Elridge Gerry, a distinguished politician at that period, was the inventor of that plan, which was called gerrymandering, after him.—Glossary of Americanisms.

the truth is, it would be a long story to go through, but we are corrupted by our liberals with our own money, that's a fact. Would you believe it now, that so long ago as six years, and that is a great while in our history, seein we are growing at such a rate, there were sixty thousand offices in the gift of the general government, and patronage to the extent of more than forty million of dollars, besides official pickings and parquisites, which are nearly as much more in the aggregate. Since then it has grown with our growth. Or would you believe that a larger sum is assessed in the city of *New York*, than would cover the expenses of the general government at *Washington*. Constructive mileage may be considered as the principle of the party, and literally runs through everything."

"What strange terms you have, Mr. Slick," said he, "do pray tell me what that is."

"Snooping and stool-pidgeoning," sais I.

"Constructive mileage, snooping and stool-pidgeoning!" said he, and he put his hands on his ribs, and running round in a circle, laughed until he nearly fell on the ground fairly tuckered out, "what *do* you mean?"

"Constructive mileage," sais I, "is the same allowance for journeys *supposed* to be performed, as for those that are *actually* made, to and from the seat of government. When a new president comes into office, Congress adjourns of course on the third of March, and his inauguration is made on the fourth; the senate is immediately convened to act on his nominations, and though not a man of them leaves Washington, each is *supposed* to go home and return again in the course of the ten or twelve hours that intervene between the adjournment and their reassembling. For this ideal journey the senators are allowed their mileages, as if the journey was actually made. In the case of those who come from a distance, the sum often amounts, individually to one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars."

"Why, Mr. Slick," said he, "that ain't honest."

"Honest," said I, "who the plague ever said it was; but what can you expect from *red* republicans. Well, snooping means taking things on the sly after a good rumage, and stool-pidgeoning means plundering under cover of law; for instance if a judge takes a bribe, or a

fellow is seized by a constable, and the stolen property found on him is given up, the merciful officer seizes the goods and lets him run, and that is all that ever is heard of it—that is stool-pidgeoning. But now," sais I, "sposin we take a survey of the place here, for in a general way I don't affection politics, and as for party leaders, whether English reformers or American democrats, critturs that are dyed in the wool, I hate the whole caboodle of them. Now having donated you with my reasons for being a conservative, sposin you have a row yourself. What do you consider best worth seeing here, if you can be said to see a place when it don't exist; for the English did sartainly deacon the calf* here, that's a fact. They made them smell cotton, and gave them partikilar Moses, and no mistake."

"Of the doings of the dead," he said, "all that is around us has a melancholy interest; but of the living there is a most extraordinary old fellow that dwells in that white house on the opposite side of the harbour. He can tell us all the particulars of the two sieges and show

* To deacon a calf, is to knock a thing on the head as soon as born or finished.

us the site of most of the public buildings; he is filled with anecdotes of all the principal actors in the sad tragedies that have been enacted here; but he labours under a most singular monomania. Having told these stories so often he now believes that he was present at the first capture of the fortress, under Colonel Pepperal and the New England militia in 1745, and at the second in 1754, when it was taken by Generals Amherst and Wolfe. I suppose he may be ninety years of age; the first event must have happened therefore nineteen and the other six years before he was born; in everything else his accuracy of dates and details is perfectly astonishing."

"Massa," said Sorrow, "I don't believe he is nuffin but a reeblushionary suspensioner (a revolutionary pensioner,) but it peers to me dem folks do lib for ebber. My poor old Missus used to call em King George's hard bargains, yah, yah, yah. But who comma dere Massa?" said he, pointing to a boat, that was rapidly approaching the spot where we stood.

The steersman who appeared to be the skipper of a vessel, inquired for Cutler and

gave him a letter, who said as soon as he had read it, "Slick, our cruise has come to a sudden termination. Blowhard has purchased and fitted out his whaler, and only awaits my return to take charge of her and proceed to the Pacific. With his usual generosity, he has entered my name as the owner of one half of the ship, her tackle and outfit. I must go on board the 'Black Hawk' immediately and prepare for departing this evening."

It was agreed that he should land the Doctor at Ship Harbour who was anxious to see Jessie, which made him as happy as a clam at high-water, and put me ashore at Jordan, where I was no less in a hurry to see a fair friend whose name is of no consequence now, for I hope to induce her to change it for one that is far shorter, easier to write and remember; and though I say it that shouldn't say it, one, that I consait she needn't be ashamed of neither.

On our way back, sais the Doctor to me:

"Mr. Slick, will you allow me to ask you another question?"

"A hundred," sais I, "if you like."

"Well," sais he, "I have inquired of you what you think of state affairs; will you tell me what you think about the Church? I see you belong to what we call the Establishment, and what you denominate the American Episcopal Church, which is very nearly the same thing. What is your opinion, now, of the Evangelical and Puseyite parties? Which is right, and which is wrong?"

"Well," sais I, "coming to me about theology is like going to a goat's house for wool. It is out of my line. My views on all subjects are practical, and not theoretical. But first and foremost, I must tell you, I hate all nick-names. In general, they are all a critter knows of his own side, or the other either. As you have asked me my opinion, though, I will give it. I think both parties are wrong, because both go to extremes, and therefore are to be equally avoided. Our articles, as dear old Minister used to say, are very wisely so worded as to admit of some considerable latitude of opinion; but that very latitude naturally excludes anything ultra. The Puritanical section, and the Newmanites (for Pusey, so far, is steadfast), are not, in fact, real churchmen, and ought to

leave us. One are dissenters, and the other Romanists. The ground they severally stand on is slippery. A false step takes one to the conventicle, and the other to the chapel. If I was an Evangelical, as an honest man, I would quit the establishment as Baptist Noel did, and so I would if I were a Newmanite. It's only rats that consume the food and undermine the foundations of the house that shelters them. A traitor within the camp is more to be dreaded than an open enemy without. Of the two, the extreme low-churchmen are the most dangerous, for they furnish the greatest number of recruits for schism, and, strange to say, for popery too. Search the list of those who have gone over to Rome, from Ahab Meldrum to Wilberforce, and you will find the majority were originally Puritans or infidels—men who were restless, and ambitious of notoriety, who had learning and talent, but wanted common sense. They set out to astonish the world, and ended by astonishing themselves. They went forth in pursuit of a name, and lost the only one they were known by. Who can recognise Newman in Father Ignatius, who, while searching for truth, embraced error? or Baptist Noel in the

strolling preacher, who uses a horse-pond instead of a font, baptises adults instead of infants, and, unlike his Master, 'will not suffer little children to come unto him.' Ah, Doctor, there are texts neither of these men know the meaning of. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' One of them has yet to learn that pictures, vestments, music, processions, candlesticks, and confessionals are not religion, and the other that it does not consist in oratory, excitement, camp-meetings, rant, or novelties. There are many, very many, unobtrusive, noiseless, laborious, practical duties which clergymen have to perform; what a pity it is they won't occupy themselves in discharging them, instead of entangling themselves in controversies on subjects not necessary to salvation! But, alas! the Evangelical divine, instead of combating the devil, occupies himself in fighting his bishop, and the Newmanite, instead of striving to save sinners, prefers to 'curse and quit' his church. Don't ask me, therefore, which is *right;* I tell you, they are both *wrong.*"

"Exactly," sais he.

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

"Doctor," sais I, "there are five languages

spoke on the Nova Scotia coast already: English, Yankee, Gaelic, French, and Indian; for goodness gracious sake don't fly off the handle that way, now, and add Latin to them! But, my friend, as I have said, you have waked up the wrong passenger, if you think I am an ecclesiastical Bradshaw. I know my own track. It is a broad gauge, and a straight line, and I never travel by another, for fear of being put on a wrong one. Do you take? But here is the boat alongside;" and I shook him by the hand, and obtained his promise at parting that he and Jessie would visit me at Slickville in the autumn.

And now, Squire, I must write finis to the cruise of the 'Black Hawk,' and close my remarks on "Nature and Human Nature," or, "Men and Things," for I have brought it to a termination, though it is a hard thing to do I assure you, for I seem as if I couldn't say farewell. It is a word that don't come handy no how I can fix it. It's like Sam's hat-band which goes nineteen times round and won't tie at last. I don't like to bid good-bye to my Journal, and I don't like to bid good-bye to you, for one is like a child and the other a

brother. The first I shall see again, when Hurst has a launch in the spring, but shall you and I ever meet again Squire? that is the question, for it is dark to me. If it ever does come to pass, there must be a considerable slip of time first. Well, what can't be cured must be endured. So here goes. Here is the last fatal word, I shut my eyes when I write it, for I can't bear to see it. Here it is

Ampersand.

THE END.

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